

PSYCHOLOGIC ATTRACTION, FASCINATION,

7883
OR THE

Science of the Soul.

AS APPLIED to the PURPOSES OF LIFE, with full instructions to exert the influence upon the Human Mind as well as the brute creation; being the substance of two lectures delivered in St. James Hall, London, by

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"Chemical Researches," etc.

A CURIOUS BOOK FOR CURIOUS PEOPLE.

USEFUL AND INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

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PREFACE.

BEFORE proceeding with the subject of Psychologic Attraction, &c., I am desirous that my readers shall become familiar with the meaning, phases, and significance of the term "Psychology," as applicable to the mental faculties; to illustrate which, I annex the following criticism from Fraser's Magazine, of a book called "Psychological Inquiries, in a series of Essays, intended to illustrate the Mutual Relations of the Physical Organization and Mental Faculties." Published by Longman, Brown, Green & Longmans, London. It will be observed that the work criticized deals only with abstract theories; while my effort is to apply Psychology to the practical purposes of life, so as to benefit the community at large.

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

KNOW THYSELF, said the wise Grecian—a simple but significant form of words, worthy, from its pregnant brevity, of the place which it occupied over the portico of the Delphic temple. Self-knowledge is the first step towards the attainment of that greatest of all sciences—the science of human nature; and the mutual relations of the physical organization and the mental faculties form a problem which must be solved, so far as it is capable of solution, at the very threshold of the investigation.

"Some points may be considered as established with a sufficient degree of certainty; there are others as to which opinions may reasonably differ; while there is still a greater number of

others as to which we must be content to acknowledge that, with our limited capacities, we have no means of forming an opinion at all."

When we read the last sentence, extracted from the advertisement of the valuable book before us, we felt satisfied that the volume was the production of no ordinary mind, but that it proceeded from a writer fully aware of the great difficulties of his subject, and honestly confessing them. Every succeeding page satisfied us that the author had brought to his interesting task talents and experience of no common order.

With every wish to respect the feelings which induce an author to conceal his name, we could not long hesitate, in this case, before we pronounced it aloud in our solitary study. The mask is worn very loosely. We think we do know the fine Roman initial subscribed to the "Advertisement" aforesaid, and can trace the able hand that guided the pen, and that has relieved so much human suffering, as belonging to one long in the front rank of surgical science, and now the foremost man among the helpers of men.

This searching treatise is in the form of dialogue; and, in our opinion, is one of the best published in that form since the appearance of the late Sir Humphrey Davy's *Consolations in Travel*. You soon discover whether a supply comes from a stream or a tank; and it is quite refreshing in these reservoir-days to find yourself in the presence of a fountain clear and sparkling as that of Blandusia. None could have written well on this intricate subject without great knowledge of disease and of mankind; and none could have been better qualified to discuss it than "B. C. B."

The plan of the work is this: Ergates and Crites go down at that season when members of parliament begin to live for themselves, and

grouse to die, as visitors to their friend Eubulus, who had retired from active life to a property which he possessed at the distance of a hundred miles from the metropolis. But Ergates shall describe it:—

“Our friend’s house had been built in the seventeenth century, and like many country houses of that date, was in a low situation, with a very limited prospect. But this defect was compensated by the beauty of the surrounding country, which exhibited all that variety of picturesque scenery which a varied geological structure usually affords. On one side were steep and lofty chalk hills, covered by a scanty herbage, and dotted with yews and junipers. On another side was a still loftier hill, but of a more gradual elevation, composed of sand with a thin soil over it, and covered with heath, with some clumps of Scotch firs scattered here and there. In the intermediate valley there were fields and meadows, with stubble and green pasture, and intersected by a stream of water; while at the foot of the chalk hills, and at no great distance from the house, there was an extensive beech wood, which, from the absence of underwood, and the magnitude and height of the trees, with their branches mingling above, might be compared to an enormous cathedral, with its columns, and arches, and ‘dim religious light.’”

To a congratulation on the luxurious “perfect leisure” enjoyed by the master of the house, he acknowledges, in reply, that he has reason to be grateful for many blessings. “But do not,” says he, “speak of perfect leisure as one of them.” To a mind of any activity, idleness is terribly hard labor. Even to those who have been brought up in that listless condition, a life of leisure is, as Eubulus truly observes, bad enough. When a man is idle, we know what personage is on the watch ready to set him

to work ; nor can we imagine a more useless or a more wretched being than a man without business, or profession, arts, sciences, or exercises.

But if, observes Eubulus to Ergates, a life of leisure be painful to persons who have been brought up in idleness—

“What must it be to one like you or me, who have advanced beyond the middle period of life, without having had any experience of it ? This is no speculative inquiry ; it may be answered from actual observation. Not a few persons who abandon their employments under the impression that they will be happy in doing so, actually die of ennui. It induces bodily disease more than physical or mental labor. Others, indeed, survive the ordeal. But, where the body does not suffer, the mind often does. I have known instances of persons whose habits have been suddenly changed from those of great activity to those of no employment at all, who have been for a time in a state of mental excitement or hypochondriasis, bordering on mental aberration. Moreover, it is with the mind as it is with the body—it is spoiled from want of use ; and the clever and intelligent young man, who sits down to lead what is called a life of leisure, invariably becomes a stupid old man.”

Truer words were never written. Even the retired tallow-chandler begged, in his despair, to be allowed to revisit the establishment which he had left, on *melting days*, and derived some consolation from the permission—such consolation as a ghost may be supposed to derive from haunting the scene of its former pleasures. But, even refined pursuits will pall on the intellectual palate. Study, drawing, music, writing, soon lose their zest : “one cannot always be dancing, nowther,” as the boatswain said. No, there must be some peremptory occupation ; something that is your master, to

give relish to the holiday: *Il faut cultiver notre jardin.*

Eubulus, after noticing the pastimes to which the cabbage-planting Diocletian and the self-flagellating Charles the Fifth were reduced, thus continues:—

“But I suspect that, in spite of his misfortunes, Lord Bacon was not altogether unhappy while engaged in completing his philosophical works; and I cannot doubt that he was much less so than he would have been if he had shared the occupations and amusements of the Emperors.”

To this, Crites objects that Lord Bacon could not have been wholly and entirely occupied in the way mentioned, but that he must still have had many hours of leisure on his hands; and Eubulus replies:

“That is true. A man in a profession may be engaged in professional matters for twelve or fourteen hours daily, and suffer no very great inconvenience beyond that which may be traced to bodily fatigue. The greater part of what he has to do (at least it is so after a certain amount of experience) is nearly the same as that which he has done many times before, and becomes almost matter of course. He uses not only his previous knowledge of facts, or his simple experience, but his previous thoughts, and the conclusions at which he had arrived formerly; and it is only at intervals that he is called upon to make any considerable mental exertion. But at every step in the composition of his philosophical works Lord Bacon had to think; and no one can be engaged in that which requires a sustained effort of thought for more than a very limited portion of the twenty-four hours. Such an amount of that kind of occupation must have been quite sufficient, even for so powerful a mind as that of Lord Bacon. Mental relaxation after severe mental exertion

is not less agreeable than bodily repose after bodily labor. A few hours of *bona fide* mental labor will exhaust the craving for active employment, and will leave the mind in a state in which the subsequent leisure (which is not necessarily mere idleness) will be as agreeable as it would have been irksome and painful otherwise."

We have heard physiologists, speaking on the labor of thought, declare that every effort consumed—burned, as it were—a portion of the vigor of the brain; and that where the mental labor has been long and excessive, the nervous fluid of the over-worked organ has been deteriorated, and, in aggravated cases, utterly impoverished.

To an inquiry by Crites, what limits may be placed to exertion of the kind above alluded to, Eubulus refers to the impossibility of laying down rules in that respect more than for the body; so much must depend on the original powers of the mind, the physical condition of the individual, and his previous early training; but he instances Cuvier as having been usually engaged for seven hours daily, in his scientific researches, these not having been of a nature to require continuous thought; and Sir Walter Scott as having devoted about six hours daily to literary composition, and then his mind was in a state to enjoy lighter pursuits afterwards. When, however, after his misfortunes, he allowed himself no relaxation, there can be little doubt, as Eubulus observes, that his over-exertion contributed, as much as the moral suffering he endured, to the production of the disease of the brain which ultimately caused his death.

One day, when he was thus exerting himself beyond his powers, Sir Walter said to Captain Basil Hall, who also suffered and died from disease in the brain,—

“How many hours can you work?” “Six,” answered the captain. “But, can’t you put on the spurs?” “If I do, the horse won’t go.” “So much the better for you,” said Scott, with a sigh. “When I put on the spurs, the horse *will* go well enough ; but it is killing the horse.”

The whole of the observations on the limits of mental exertion, the source of mental fatigue, and on the imagination in waking and in sleep, are most instructive. Take this illustration of the difference between attention and thinking :

“Mere attention is an act of volition. Thinking implies more than this, and a still greater and more constant exercise of volition. It is with the mind as it is with the body. When the volition is exercised, there is fatigue ; there is none otherwise ; and in proportion as the will is more exercised, so is the fatigue greater. The muscle of the heart acts sixty or seventy times in a minute, and the muscles of respiration act eighteen or twenty times in a minute, for seventy or eighty, or in some rare instances, even for a hundred successive years ; but there is no feeling of fatigue. The same amount of muscular exertion under the influence of volition, induces fatigue in a few hours. I am refreshed by a few hours’ sleep. I believe that I seldom, if ever, sleep without dreaming. But in sleep there is a suspension of volition. If there be occasions on which I do not enjoy the full and complete benefit of sleep, it is when my sleep is imperfect ; when my dreams are between waking and sleeping, and a certain amount of volition may be supposed to be mixed up with the phantoms of the imagination.”

When awake, we can arrest the current of imagination, unless we indulge in one of those reveries or waking dreams, when we give the reins to our imagination, and build or visit our castles in Spain ; and even then we do not lose all control. But in the ordinary waking state—

“Our minds are so constructed that we can keep the attention fixed on a particular object until we have, as it were, looked all around it; and the mind that possesses this faculty in the greatest degree of perfection, will take cognizance of relations of which another mind has no perception. It is this, much more than any difference in the abstract power of reasoning, which constitutes the vast difference which exists between the minds of different individuals. This is the history alike of the poetic genius and of the genius of discovery in science. ‘I keep the subject,’ said Sir Isaac Newton, ‘constantly before me, and wait until the first dawns open by little and little into a full light.’ It was thus that, after long meditation, he was led to the invention of fluxions, and to the anticipation of the modern discovery of the combustibility of the diamond. It was thus that Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, and that those views were suggested to Davy which are propounded in the Bakerian lecture of 1806, and which laid the foundation of that grand series of experimental researches which terminated in the decomposition of the earths and alkalies.”

And it was thus that Owen arrived at the conception of the archetype, and those views which are working an entire change in anatomical teaching.

Those dreams in which conversations or arguments are held with other persons, when the dreamer must invent the arguments used against himself, without being aware that he has done so, naturally lead to the consideration of Dr. Wigan’s somewhat ponderous but very ingenious volume, *On the Duality of the Mind* (1844), published to prove that each hemisphere of the cerebrum has a separate mind, and that on such occasions the two hemispheres might be considered as conversing with each other—a cap-

tivating theory, which we have heard supported by some who had read the book, and declared that they felt, especially in determining some difficult question where the *pros* and *cons* were nearly balanced, conscious of two antagonistic internal powers, each advocating, as it were, opposite sides of the question. But they were obliged to confess that they ultimately decided the question; and when reminded that there must then have been a third mental power to give judgment after weighing the opposite arguments, if the theory were well founded, acknowledged the force of the observation, and thereafter valued the Doctor's work more for the many curious illustrations of mental phenomena therein contained than for the conclusion extracted from them. No, we agree with Eubulus in thinking that Père Buffier has disposed of this heresy, and clearly made out "the oneness and individuality of the mind."

And so the dialogue proceeds, gradually attaining to "thoughts more elevate," without ever losing sight of the fact that man is an animal; though we could mention an author of no mean attainments, who wrote a system of zoology and left the plumeless biped out, considering him altogether as a superior being, who was not to be degraded to a place in it.

The influence of enthusiasts and crazy fanatics over the masses is well touched. There are "epidemics of opinion," as well as of disease, and it is, indeed, a melancholy fact that a great extension of education and knowledge does not produce any corresponding improvement in this respect. A half-madman could set on foot a moral epidemic, and lead a mob to destroy Newgate, gut the houses of the most intellectual and elevated persons, and nearly burn down London. Such moral epidemics are more destructive in their way than typhus, small-pox, or the much dreaded cholera. But

let not the age of table-turning and spirit rapping smile at the dupes of Peter the Hermit, Lord George Gordon, Joanna Southcote—herself, we verily believe, the dupe of her own imagination—and Joe Smith. Without giving any opinion on the subject, we may at least observe that the subscribers to the Mesmeric Hospital have no right to curl the lip at the sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm Digby.

Upon the subject of Education we entirely agree with Eubulus. Crites asks—

“But does not what you have now stated tend to show that there is some defect in modern education? Might it not do more than it does towards the improvement of the reasoning faculty?”

“*Eubulus*.—I doubt it. Education does a great deal. It imparts knowledge, and gives the individual worthy objects of contemplation for the remainder of his life. It strengthens his power of attention; and such is especially the case with the study of mathematics; and in doing so it cannot fail, to a certain extent, to assist the judgment. Still, it seems to me, that to reason well is the result of an instinct originally implanted in us, rather than of instruction; and that a child or a peasant reasons quite as accurately on the thing before him and within the sphere of his knowledge as those who are versed in all the rules of logic. With regard even to mathematics, I much doubt whether they tend to improve the judgment on those subjects to which they are not immediately applicable.”

Without going so far as Dugald Stewart, who observes, that in the course of his own experience, he had never met with a *mere* mathematician who was not credulous to a fault, not only with respect to human testimony, but also in matters of opinion, we think that there is a great deal of truth in the observation. To say

nothing of Sir Isaac Newton and others, whose minds, powerful as they were, were prone to credulity, we could name one of the ablest mathematicians of the day, who is said to believe that he can communicate with disembodied spirits. Eubulus well explains this somewhat startling phenomenon :

“The principal errors of reasoning on all subjects beyond the pale of the exact sciences arise from our looking only on one side, or too exclusively on one side, of the question. But in mathematics there is no alternative. It has nothing to do with degrees of probability. The truth can be on one side only, and we arrive at a conclusion about which there is no possibility of doubt, or at none at all. In making these observations, however, do not suppose that I do not sufficiently estimate this most marvellous science, which, from the simplest data, has been made to grow up into what it now is by the mere force of the human intellect ; the truth of which would have been the same if Heaven and Earth had never existed ; would be the same still if they were now to pass away ; and by means of which those branches of knowledge to which it is applicable have been brought to a state of perfection which others can never be expected to attain.”

Nothing can be more fairly put than the following, which we recommend to the especial attention of parents and guardians :—

“A high education is a leveller, which, while it tends to improve ordinary minds, and to turn idleness into industry, may in some instances have the effect of preventing the full expansion of genius. The great amount of acquirement rendered necessary by the higher class of examinations, as they are now conducted, not only in the universities, but in some other institutions, while it strengthens the power of learning, is by no means favorable to the higher faculty of reflection. But it must be borne in mind that in

this world none of our schemes are perfect, and that in all human affairs we must be content to do that which is best on the whole. Geniuses are rare exceptions to the general rule; and a mode of education which might be well adapted to the few who think for themselves, would be ruinous to the unreflecting majority. As to making one system of education for one class of minds, and another for another, there are, if I may be allowed to use a metaphorical expression, mechanical difficulties in the way. Besides, who is to know what a boy's mind is, or what is his peculiar turn, until the greater part of his education is completed?"

No doubt the system pursued at our universities, narrow as it still remains, is good training for the business of life; and we may point to worthies high in the state and in the law who have borne away the brightest honors of the universities of which they are ornaments; we could also indicate brilliant examples in the same departments, who never shone till they appeared in their proper sphere. But how many senior wranglers and first-class men who went up like rockets have been as speedily extinguished, or pass unheeded in the by-ways of fame. Eubulus refers to Sir Walter Scott's observation, that "the best part of every man's education is that which he gave himself."—True, Thomas never spoke more truly—and Sir Humphrey Davy and John Hunter are brought forward as examples of men whose faculties might have been cramped and deranged, rather than improved by a more systematic education. It has been our privilege, and a great privilege it was, and still is, to have lived, and to be living, on intimate terms with some of the first philosophers, literary men, engineers, and artists of our time. The first among these have owed their high position to little or no extrinsic assistance. Like Davy and John Hunter, what they were, they made themselves.

Crites, indeed, cannot altogether agree with Eubulus, though he does so to a great extent; but he comforts himself with the prospect of the changes as to education now in progress in this country, of which the principal result will be the introduction of new branches of study into our schools and colleges; so that those who have it not in their power to excel in one thing, will find that they may, nevertheless, excel in another.

The second dialogue ascends to the more ambitious inquiry into the nature of mind and matter, considers natural theology, and gives reasons for regarding the mental principle as distinct from organization. It is urged that the influence of the one on the other is not sufficiently regarded by metaphysicians.

“When (says Crites) the materialist argues that we know nothing of mind except as being dependant on material organization, I turn his argument against himself, and say that the existence of my own mind is the only thing of which I have any actual and indubitable knowledge.”

By far the most interesting portion of this dialogue is applied to the relations of the nervous system to the mental faculties; and here the practical knowledge and great experience of Ergates come into play. He gives several remarkable examples, and observes, that from them it seems to be a legitimate conclusion that the nervous system is instrumental in producing the phenomena of memory as well as those of sensation; and that memory resides not in every part of the nervous system, but in the brain. This faculty, he adds, is injured by a blow on the head, or a disease affecting the brain; but not by an injury of the spine, or a disease of the spinal cord.

“The eyes may be amaurotic, but Milton and Huber retained the memory of objects which

they had seen previous to their blindness. It is not the spinal cord, nor the nerves, nor the eye, nor the ear, but the brain, which is the storehouse of past sensations, by referring to which the mind is enabled to renew its acquaintance with events which are passed, and at the same time to obtain the means of anticipating, to a great extent, the events which are to come."

Here are one or two interesting examples of the disturbance of memory by a blow on the head, or a disease affecting the brain, the other functions remaining unimpaired :—

"A groom in the service of the Prince Regent was cleaning one of some horses sent as a present to his Royal Highness by the Shah of Persia. It was a vicious animal, and he kicked the groom on the head. He did not fall, nor was he at all stunned or insensible ; but he entirely forgot what he had been doing at the moment when the blow was inflicted. There was an interval of time, as it were, blotted out of his recollection. Not being able to account for it, he supposed that he had been asleep, and said so to his fellow-servants, observing at the same time, that he must set to work to clean the horse, which he had neglected to clean in consequence of having fallen asleep.

Again :—

"A young man was thrown from his horse in hunting ; he was stunned, but only for a few minutes ; then recovered, and rode home in company with his friends, twelve or thirteen miles, talking with them as usual. On the following day he had forgotten not only the accident itself, but all that happened afterwards."

In this last case, the effect of the blow was not only to erase from the memory the events which immediately preceded the fall, but also to prevent the retention of the impression of those events which immediately followed the accident.

Then, as to the loss or impaired strength of the faculty after fever or some other bodily ailment, we are presented with the following interesting cases :—

“A gentleman found that he had lost the power of vision in one eye. Then he regained it partially in that eye, but lost it in the other. Afterwards he partially regained it in the eye last affected. He could now see objects when placed in certain positions, so that the image might fall on particular parts of the retina, while he was still unable to see them in other positions. These facts sufficiently prove the existence of some actual disease. But observe what happened besides: his memory was affected as well as his sense of sight. Although in looking at a book he recognized the letters of the alphabet, he forgot what they spelled, and was under the necessity of learning again to read. Nevertheless, he knew his family and friends; and his judgment, when the facts were clear in his mind, was perfect.”

The next example is equally striking, if not more remarkable :—

“In another case, a gentleman who had two years previously suffered from a stroke of apoplexy (but recovered from it afterwards) was suddenly deprived of sensation on one side of his body. At the same time he lost the power, not only of expressing himself in intelligible language, but also that of comprehending what was said to him by others. He spoke what might be called *gibberish*, and it seemed to him that his friends spoke *gibberish* in return. But while his memory as to oral language was thus affected, as to written language it was not affected at all. If a letter was read to him, it conveyed no ideas to his mind; but when he had it in his own hand, and read it himself, he understood it perfectly. After some time he recovered of this attack, as he had done of that

of apoplexy formerly. He had another similar attack afterwards.”

With reference to the organ of speech, whatever that or its components may be, the case of a boy about five years old is referred to. The faculty of speech was, in this child, limited to the use of the word *papa*—a sound so simple that dolls are made by very simple mechanism to produce it distinctly. Ergates soon ascertained that the sense of hearing was perfect, and that there was no malformation of the soft palate, mouth, and lips. Inclination to speak was not wanting, but the attempt produced wholly inarticulate sounds. Yet there was no deficiency in the boy's powers of apprehension—nay, he seemed to be beyond the generality of children of the same age in this respect. He perfectly understood what was said to him by others, and answered by signs and gestures, and would spell with counters monosyllabic words which he could not utter. The external senses and locomotive powers were perfect, and all the animal functions properly performed. The only other manifestation of disease or imperfection of the nervous system was that, for two or three years before Ergates saw him, he had been subject to fits or nervous attacks, attended with convulsions, but which his provincial medical attendant regarded as having the character of hysteria rather than of epilepsy. Ergates was informed that eight years afterwards the boy could not speak, though he had made great progress otherwise; and that among other acquisitions, he wrote beautifully, and was a very clever arithmetician.

The case of a girl is also recorded. When Ergates saw her, she was eleven years of age, with no faculty of speech, uttering merely some inarticulate sounds, which her parents in some degree understood, but which were wholly unintelligible to others. Here, again, the sense of

hearing was perfect; and there was no defect in the formation of the external organs. A careful examination satisfied the observer that the parents were correct in their statement that she comprehended all that was said to her. Perfectly tractable and obedient, she did not differ either in appearance or general behavior from other intelligent children. Little trouble had been taken with her education, for she was in humble life; but when a book which she had never seen previously was placed before her, and she was desired to point out different letters, she did so readily and accurately, making no mistakes. Now, in this case, there had been no suffering from fits, no indications of cerebral disease, or other physical imperfection. As she was when Ergates saw her, the parents said she had been from the earliest age; equally intelligent, but incapable of speech.

In this case there was probably some latent defect in the nervous system. We agree with Ergates in thinking that the best writers on the philosophy of the mind have erred in considering it too abstractedly; not taking sufficiently into account the physical influences to which it is subjected. There are not wanting shrewd reasoners who consider that Schelling, Fichte, Cousin, and others of that school of mental science, have perverted psychology as completely, and perhaps more perniciously, than the Materialists. Descartes, Hartley, and that clever but somewhat fantastic Universalist, Dr. Hook, *did* take the physical influences into consideration. Doctors Reid and Berkeley, who, as Crites observes, were certainly anything but Materialists, considered them deeply. The inquiry of the first of the two last-named into the human mind, is founded on a searching examination of the senses; and the germ of Dr. Berkeley's metaphysical investigations is contained in his essay on the corporeal function of vision.

An inquiry into the structure and condition of the sensorium in man and the lower animals thus becomes of great importance. We have seldom seen a more correct view of this most important part of the subject than that laid before the reader by Ergates, who sets out by safely assuming, as an established fact, that it is only through the instrumentality of the central parts of the nervous system that the mind maintains its communication with the external world. The eye, the ear, and all the other organs of sense, are necessary communicants; but it cannot be denied, that the eye does not see, and that the ear does not hear; for however perfect those organs may be, if the nerve which forms the communication between any one organ of sense and the brain be divided, the corresponding sense is destroyed. On the other hand, all the impulses by which the mind influences the phenomena of the external world, proceed from the brain. Divide the nerves which extend from the brain to the larynx, and the voice is gone; sever the nerves of the limb, and it becomes paralytic, or, in other words, is withdrawn from the influence of the will. Cut through the spinal chord, and all sensibility and power of voluntary motion is lost below the divided part.

We shall now let Ergates speak for himself, because no form of words can be more lucid than his own.

“If we investigate the condition of the various orders of vertebrate animals, which alone admit of a comparison with our own species, we find, on the one hand, great differences among them, with regard to both their physical and mental faculties, and on the other hand a not less marked difference as to the structure of their brain. In all of them the brain has a central organ, which is a continuation of the spinal chord, and to which anatomists give the

name of *medulla oblongata*. In connection with this, there are other bodies placed in pairs, of a small size and simple structure in the lowest species of fish, becoming gradually larger and more complex as we trace them through the other classes, until they reach their greatest degree of development in man himself. That each of these bodies has its peculiar functions, there cannot, I apprehend, be the smallest doubt; and it is, indeed, sufficiently probable that each of them is not a single organ, but a congeries of organs, having distinct and separate uses."

Experiment and observation of changes produced by disease have thrown some light on this field of research, where so much darkness still requires to be enlightened; and though we are among those who hold that cruelty, or the infliction of unnecessary pain on the animals subject to us, is not to be tolerated, but to be repressed, if need be, by the strong hand of the law, we cannot join in the condemnation of those experimental physiologists whose operations have, in some degree, rendered this mysterious subject less obscure:—

"There is reason to believe that, whatever it may do besides, one office of the *cerebellum* is to combine the action of the voluntary muscles for the purpose of locomotion. The *corpora quadrigemina* are four tubercles, which connect the *cerebrum*, *cerebellum*, and *medulla oblongata* to each other. If one of the uppermost of these bodies be removed, blindness of the eye of the opposite side is the consequence. If the upper part of the *cerebrum* be removed, the animal becomes blind and apparently stupefied; but not so much so but that he may be roused, and that he can then walk with steadiness and precision. The most important part of the whole brain seems to be a particular portion of the central organ or *medulla oblongata*. While this

remains entire, the animal retains its sensibility, breathes, and performs instinctive motions. But if this small mass of the nervous system be injured, there is an end of these several functions, and death immediately ensues. These facts, and some others of the same kind, for a knowledge of which we are indebted to modern physiologists, and more especially to M. Magendie and M. Flourens, are satisfactory as far as they go, and warrant the conclusion that there are various other organs in the brain, designed for other purposes, and that if we cannot point out their locality, it is not because such organs do not exist, but because our means of research into so intricate a matter are very limited."

Now if the speculation as to the existence of special organs in the brain, for the purpose of locomotion and speech, be correct, it would appear probable that there is a special organ for that of memory also. Ergates acknowledges the truth of this observation, which is given to Crites, but honestly adds that there our knowledge ends:—

"We may, I suppose (says Ergates), take it for granted that there is no animal whose memory is equally capacious with that of man; and we know that, with the exception perhaps of the dolphin (of whose faculties we know nothing), there is no other animal in whom that portion of the cerebrum which we call hemispheres, and which are bounded externally by the convolutions is equally developed. It may be said, and not without some show of reason, 'Do not these facts seem to indicate where the faculty of memory resides?' Willis answered the question in the affirmative.* But observe how it is in birds. In them there are no convolutions; and the only part of the brain which

* De Anatome Cerebri, cap. 10.

can be said to correspond to the cerebral hemispheres of man, is merely a thin layer of cerebral substance expanded over some other structures, which are developed to an enormous size. Yet we know that birds which are domesticated exhibit signs of considerable memory, parrots and cockatoos recognizing individuals after a long interval of time; and that birds in their natural state return to their old haunts after their annual migrations. The exploits of the carrier-pigeons cannot be explained without attributing to them no small powers of observation and of recollecting what they had observed. Perhaps future observations on the effects produced by disease of the brain in connection with affections of the memory may throw some light on this mysterious subject. At present we must be content to acknowledge that we know nothing as to the locality of the function, nor of the minute changes of organization which are connected with it."

In the third dialogue the subject of memory is continued, and we easily pass to the consideration of the sequence and association of ideas, and to the suggestion of them by internal physical causes, acting on the brain by the nerves, or through the medium of the blood. And here we enter the land of dreams, and are interested by anecdotes illustrating the power of local disease or injury, in producing the phantasms which distress us, when we are subject to the dominion of Queen Mab. Accidental pressure on a tumor in the leg gave rise to a frightful dream; and children, who are often prevented from falling asleep, by the local pains which accompany disease of the hip-joint, and painful starting of the limb, are tormented, when, worn with watching they at last fall asleep, by distressing dreams. A gentleman dreamed that a great dog was tearing him, awoke in terror, and found that his left

arm was in a state of complete numbness, from which it afterwards recovered. Ergates well accounts for such phenomena, by stating that an impression is made on a nerve, producing in its minute structure certain changes, which affect the mind itself. But, as he truly observes, the same effect may be produced without the intervention of the nerves, by the substitution of dark-colored venous blood for that scarlet or arterial blood whose influence Bichat has shown to be so necessary for the due performance of the functions of the brain. Blood of improper quality, or containing something which blood should not contain, may not only disturb the cerebral functions, but even influence the mind. Hence the soothing and luxurious apocalypse of the habitual opium-eater, and the mad energy of the Lascar, who runs a muck at all he meets, under the influence of hashish. In like manner the poison of small-pox, fermenting and accumulating, brings on severe fever, with not unfrequently its train of delirious phantasms. A young gentleman, coming from the country, under the influence of this contagion, fancied that he was beset by a swarm of bees, knocked at the door of the chamber of a friend, in a half-dressed state, and when admitted walked to the sofa, and, after complaining of the annoying swarm, which existed only in his imagination, lay down on it, as he was, and, evidently supposing that he was in bed, said, 'Doctor,'—the mode of address which he generally used towards his friend, who had known him from childhood, but who was, however, no M. D.,—'tuck me up.' On his way down the youth was under the delusion that the coachman by whose side he sat, was his servant, whom he had left behind, described to coachee's great annoyance, the places which they passed, and among other pieces of information pointed

out to him the Peacock at Islington, where he had changed horses for some twenty years, as something new.

The uncomfortable thoughts and fretful peevishness which make the gouty man a trouble to himself and to every one about him, have been traced by Dr. Garrod, to the superabundance of lithic acid in the blood. How much of moral and physical evil do we bring upon ourselves, by our lazy and luxurious habits.

“Happiness, after all, is not so unequally distributed in this world as to a superficial observer it seems to be. Poverty is terrible if it be such as to prevent the actual necessities of life. But the agricultural laborer who has enough of wholesome food and warm clothing for himself and his family, and who has the advantage, which cannot be too highly estimated, of living in the open air, has more actual enjoyment of life than the inheritor of wealth, living in a splendid mansion, who has too much of lithic acid in his blood.”

We commend the following to the notice of those who think that schools (where, by the way, we seldom find the poorer classes taught those arts which would enable them to be good servants and useful members of society,) are the sovereign remedy for all social ills. Hear Ergates again :

“Much is said at present as to the necessity of extending education, as the means of improving the condition of the multitude. I am not so great a heretic as to deny the advantages of knowledge and of early instruction, especially if it be combined with a proper training of the mind, so as to give the pupil habits of self restraint. But there is much to be desired besides. Nothing can tend more to every kind of moral and intellectual degradation than the vice of gin-drinking, so prevalent in some, but not in all, of the lower classes of society.

In a conversation which I had with a very intelligent person employed by the 'City Missionary Society,' whose location was in London among the inhabitants of St. Giles's parish, he said, 'I assure you that there is scarcely any one of them who might not obtain a comfortable livelihood if he could leave off drinking gin.' But see how one thing hangs upon another, and how one evil leads to another evil. Mr. Chadwick has shown that many are driven to drinking gin as affording a temporary relief to the feelings of depression and exhaustion produced by living in a noxious atmosphere; and he gives instances of individuals who had spontaneously abandoned the habit, when they were enabled to reside in a less crowded and more healthy locality, where they could breathe the pure air, instead of noxious exhalations. The case of such persons is analogous to that of others who become addicted to the use of opium, as the means of relief from bodily pain. Schools and churches are excellent things, but it is a vast mistake to suppose that they will do all that is required. There can be no feeling of contentment where there is an insufficient supply of wholesome food, and the 'Temperance Society' can make few converts among those who live in crowded buildings, unventilated, and with imperfect drainage. Our late legislation has accomplished much, and as much as it can reasonably be expected to accomplish, towards the attainment of the first of these objects; and measures are now in progress which justify the expectation that eventually much good may be done in the other direction also."

May a blessing attend the efforts of those benevolent men who, through good report and evil report, have persisted in this labor of love. None but those whose offices bring them in contact with the dwellings of the London poor can form any notion of the squalid wretchedness in

which they exist, frequently within bow-shot of gilded palaces. No wonder the wretched inmates there huddled together have recourse to alcohol—that curse to which we owe nine-tenths of the crime which fills our jails. On some of these criminals the fire-water seems to act so as to cauterize every good and to inflame every bad propensity. Burke and Hare prepared themselves for their task by copious libations of gin. In others, it almost entirely—in some cases, entirely—obliterates the memory of what passed when they were under the intoxicating influence. The forgetfulness seems as complete as if they had drunk of Lethe; and we have seen numbers who had committed the most brutal assaults under the excitement of ardent spirits, who, when called on for their defence, have said, and as we believe truly, that they had no recollection at all about the matter.

The subject of false perceptions simulating realities is well handled, and the phantoms seen by Nicolai and others discussed. The case of a gentleman, eighty years of age, who had been for some time laboring under hypochondriasis, attended with other indications of cerebral disease, is mentioned :

“On a cold day in winter, while at church, he had a fit, which was considered to be apoplectic. He was taken home and bled, and recovered his consciousness, not being paralytic afterwards. He died, however, in a few days after the attack. During this interval, though having the perfect use of his mental faculties, he was haunted by the appearance of men and women, sometimes in one dress, sometimes in another, coming into and loitering in the room. These figures were so distinct that, at first, he always mistook them for realities, and wondered that his family should have allowed such persons to intrude themselves upon him. But he soon, by a process of reasoning, corrected this

error, and then talked of them as he would have talked of the illusions of another person."

Such spectral illusions, some of them ghastly enough, are not uncommon; and those who feel interested in this part of the subject will find an ample phantasmagoria in the works of Alderson, Ferriar, Hibbert, Scott, Esquirol, Brewster, and others. In many of these cases the patient, like the gentleman whose mental state is noticed in the volume before us, is sensible that the spectra are illusions, and in almost all who recover, the spectra become gradually more and more faint till they vanish altogether. We know a gentleman of strong mind, and a most accomplished scholar, who was for many years subject to such phantasms, some sufficiently grotesque, and he would occasionally laugh heartily at their antics. Sometimes it appeared as if they interrupted a conversation in which he was engaged; and then, if with his family or intimate friends, he would turn to empty space, and say, "I don't care a farthing for ye, ye amuse me greatly sometimes, but you are a bore just now." His spectra, when so addressed, would, to his eye, resume their antics, at which he would laugh, turn to his friend and continue his conversation. In other respects he was perfectly healthy, his mind was of more than ordinary strength, and he would speak of "his phantoms," and reason upon their appearance, being perfectly conscious that the whole was illusive.

Many a ghost, we suspect, is raised by indigestion or disturbance of the nervous system, arising from a vitiated state of the blood, produced by stimulants, disease, or narcotics. There are few who are not familiar with the visions of the "Opium-eater."

"“Mr. Coleridge,” said a lady to the author of *Christabel*, one day, ‘do you believe in ghosts?’”

““No, madam, I have seen too many of them,”” was the reply.

Swedenborg was an exception to the general rule that persons haunted by similar spectral or auditorial illusions do not mistake the deceptions for real objects. He was in his fifty-eighth year, when, says he, “I was called to a holy office by the Lord, who most graciously manifested himself in person to me his servant, in the year 1745, and opened my sight into the spiritual world, endowing me with the gift of conversing with spirits and angels.” This event, according to his own account, happened at an inn in London, in April of that year, but not on the first day of the month. He appears to have been sincere in his belief that he conversed with Moses and Elias, was never seen to laugh, but his countenance always wore a cheerful smile. He was a man of no ordinary talents and attainments, upright and just as a public functionary; and so far from being an eccentric person in society, he was easy in his manners, accommodating himself to his company, conversing on the topics of the day, and never alluding to his peculiar and extraordinary principles unless he was questioned, when he would answer freely, just as he had written of them. Any disposition to impertinence or banter was met with a manner and answer that silenced the querist without satisfying him.

By an easy step we are now led to the awful consideration of mental derangement, and the question, so vitally interesting in a social point of view, of “moral insanity,” as it is called.

We entirely agree with Crites in the certainty that it is dangerous to admit the plea of irresponsibility for those who labor under this affection, to the extent to which Dr. Pritchard and others have claimed it for them; and we would earnestly entreat those who are concerned in

the administration of justice—juries especially—to consider the remarks which follow :

“Observe (says Crites) that I use the term Moral Insanity not as comprehending cases in which there is a belief in things that do not exist in reality, or cases of idiocy, or those approaching to idiocy ; but limiting it strictly and exclusively to the definition given by writers on the subject. The law makes a reasonable allowance for the subsiding of passion suddenly provoked. But we are not, therefore, to presume that the same allowance is to be made for those in whom a propensity to set fire to their neighbors’ houses, or commit murder, is continued for months, or weeks, or even for hours. Is it true that such persons are really so regardless of the ill consequences which may arise, so incapable of the fear of punishment and so absolutely without the power of self-restraint, as they have been sometimes represented to be? If not, there is an end of their want of responsibility. Let me refer here to the instance of the gouty patient. . . . Under the influence of his disease, every impression made on his nervous system is attended with uneasy sensations. If such a person has exerted himself to acquire the habit of self-control, the evil ends with himself, but otherwise he is fractious and peevish ; flies into a passion, without any adequate cause, with those around him, and uses harsh words which the occasion does not justify ; conduct of which he can offer to himself no explanation, except that he cannot help it ; and for which, if he be a right-minded person, he is sorry afterwards. If he were to yield to the impulse of his temper so far as to inflict on another a severe bodily injury, ought it to be admitted as an excuse that Dr. Garrod had examined his blood, and found in it too large a proportion of lithic acid ?”

If there be any one—except always the school

of Moral Insanitists—so perverted as to answer in the affirmative, we beg him to read a little further :

“ Yet, when Oxford yielded to what was probably a less violent impulse, which caused him to endeavor to take away the life of the Queen, the jury acquitted him, on the ground of his being the subject of ‘ Moral Insanity.’ It seems to me that juries have not unfrequently been misled by the refinements of medical witnesses, who, having adopted the theory of a purely moral insanity, have applied that term to cases to which the term insanity ought not to be applied at all.”

Some of our readers may remember the case of Captain Johnson, which made no little noise at the time.

This man, on his arrival in England, charged his crew with mutiny on the high seas, but, on the hearing by the magistrate at the Thames Police Court, the tables were turned, and he was charged with the murder of more than one of his crew, and with wounding others of them with intent to murder. It appeared that, on the voyage, he had fallen in with a French ship, from which he had obtained a supply of wine and brandy, that he drank to excess, and committed the crimes, with which he was charged, at intervals. No person could appear to be more sane than he was when at the bar of the police court ; but he had uttered some doggerel about the battle of Bannockburn while he was hacking and hewing the mate and the crew, and the jury found him not guilty, on the ground of insanity. He cut the mate almost to pieces—one of the witnesses said that the captain “ cut a piece off him every half hour ”—killed the wretched man by inches, and the jury pronounced him to be a madman. Mad drunk he probably was when he committed the savage crimes laid to his charge ; but if every man

who excites a naturally brutal temperament by stimulants is to be considered an irresponsible agent, who is safe?

Every one may be said to be beside himself when he commits a crime. But laws are made for the very purpose of checking such impulses.

The Esher murders still reek in the recollection of all. Anne Brough's case may be shortly stated as that of a wickedly vicious woman, who, having been found out and upbraided by her injured husband, cut the throats of her six children to feed her revenge. The jury found her not guilty, on the ground of insanity.

It is hardly too much to say that neither the murderer nor the murderess were so insane as the two dozen of wrongheads who acquitted them on account of the accumulated enormities which they had committed. It is as if these juries had said to evil-minded persons, "Don't murder one only, or you will stand a chance of being hanged; murder many—the more cruelly the safer—and you are sure to get off, and be kept at the expense of a benevolent government for life."

Even in cases of actual insanity, it has always struck us as a most mischievous absurdity that, in criminal cases, this question should be left to the determination of a common jury. Twelve men, respectable in their station, but whose minds have seldom been applied to anything beyond the ordinary business of life, are called upon to inquire into the most mysterious part of our organization, and to decide off-hand a question which is difficult to those who have studied the subject most deeply.

But hear Crites in continuation :

"It is true that the difference in the character of individuals may frequently be traced to difference in their organizations, and to different

conditions as to bodily health ; and that, therefore, one person has more and another has less difficulty in controlling his temper and regulating his conduct. But we have all our duties to perform, and one of the most important of these is that we should strive against whatever evil tendency there may be in us arising out of our physical constitution. Even if we admit (which I do not admit in reality,) that the impulse which led Oxford to the commission of his crime was at the time irresistible, still the question remains whether, when the notion of it first haunted him, he might not have kept it under his control, and thus prevented himself from passing into that state of mind which was beyond his control afterwards. If I have been rightly informed, Oxford was himself of this opinion ; as he said, when another attempt had been made to take away the life of the queen, ‘that if he himself had been hanged, this would not have happened.’ We have been told of a very eminent person who had acquired the habit of touching every post that he met with in his walks, so that at last it seemed to be a part of his nature to do so ; and that if he found that he had inadvertently passed by a post without touching it, he would actually retrace his steps for the purpose. I knew a gentleman who was accustomed to mutter certain words to himself, (and they were always the same words,) even in the midst of company. He died at the age of ninety, and I believe that he had muttered these words for fifty or sixty years. These were foolish habits ; but they might have been mischievous. To correct them at last would have been a very arduous undertaking. But might not this have been easily done in the beginning ? And if so—if, instead of touching posts, or muttering unmeaning words, these individuals had been addicted to stealing or stabbing—ought they to have been absolved

from all responsibility? It has been observed by a physician who has had large opportunities of experience on these matters, that 'a man may allow his imagination to dwell on an idea until it acquires an unhealthy ascendancy over his intellect.'* And surely, if under such circumstances, he were to commit a murder, he ought to be held as a murderer, and would have no more claim to be excused than a man who has voluntarily associated with thieves and murderers until he had lost all sense of right and wrong; and much less than one who has had the misfortune of being born and bred among such malefactors."

Those who are addicted to the morbid sympathy which is so indulgent to criminals, and especially to that class who have committed crime, but, to use the language of their apologists, "couldn't help it," will do well to study Dr. Mayo's Croomian Lectures on Medical Testimony and Evidence in Cases of Lunacy, wherein the whole subject is treated with lucid ability, and a just theory is supported by practical knowledge, the result of great and well-applied experience.

The fourth dialogue treats of the different functions of the brain and spinal cord, and the continuance of life in some animals without the brain, as in the case of the headless lizards of Le Gallois, and of the tortoise whose brain had been entirely removed from the skull by Rèdi, if such automatic existence may be dignified by the name of life, which may, indeed, be present without anything bearing the most remote relation to the mental principle—as in the living organized "extraordinary product of human generation," in which was neither brain, spinal marrow, nerves, heart, nor lungs, recorded by Dr. John Clarke.† The whole of

* "Anatomy of Suicide," by Forbes Winslow, M. D.

† Phil. Trans., 1793, p. 154.

this chapter is most interesting, full of information and well-expressed thought.

The origin of the nervous force and the narcotic effects of venous or dark-colored blood on the brain, as depriving it of that something which exists in the scarlet blood but not in the venous blood, and which is necessary to the generation of the nervous force, are forcibly laid before the reader. Alcohol, chloroform, opium, and the woorara poison, when introduced into the circulation, produce the same effect, even though the supply of the scarlet blood is not interrupted; but Ergates himself confesses, that of the *modus operandi* of such terrible agents we are wholly ignorant:

“All that we know is the simple fact, that when their operation is complete, they render the brain insensible to the impressions made on the external senses, and incapable of transmitting the influence of volition to the muscles. Pressure on the brain or a stroke of lightning may produce the same effect.”

Ergates purposely avoids the use of the word “unconsciousness,” for as to that, he truly says, we know nothing:

“The mind may be in operation, although the suspension of the sensibility of the nervous system, and of the volition of the muscles, destroys its connection with the external world, and prevents all communication with the minds of others.”

But who shall say when the external senses are completely and absolutely closed?

“An elderly lady had a stroke of apoplexy; she lay motionless, and in what is called a state of stupor, and no one doubted that she was dying. But after the lapse of three or four days, there were signs of amendment, and she ultimately recovered. After her recovery, she explained that she did not believe that she had been unconscious, or even insensible, during

any part of the attack. She knew her situation, and heard much of what was said by those around her. Especially she recollected observations intimating that she would very soon be no more, but that at the same time she had felt satisfied that she would recover; that she had no power of expressing what she felt, but that nevertheless her feelings, instead of being painful, or in any way distressing, had been agreeable rather than otherwise. She described them as very peculiar; as if she were constantly mounting upwards, and as something very different from what she had ever before experienced. Another lady, who had met with a severe injury of the head, which caused her to be for some days in a state of insensibility, described herself as having been in the enjoyment of some beatific visions, at the same time that she had no knowledge of what had actually happened, or of what was passing around her."

Such was the euthanasia of Queen Katherine, as described by him who was not of an age, but for all time :—

"Saw you not even now a blessed troope
 Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
 Cast a thousand beams upon me like the sun?
 They promised me eternall happinesse,
 And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feele
 I am not worthy yet to weare: I shall assuredly.

* * * * *

Do you note

How much her Grace is altered on the sodaine?
 How long her face is drawne? how pale she lookes,
 And of an earthly cold? Mark her eyes?
Griffith. She is going, wench. Pray, pray!"*

Intelligent observers, "who do attend the dying," are satisfied that even where an ordinary bystander would conclude that the mori-

* "The Life of King Henry the Eighth." Actus Quartus. Scæna Secunda. (Folio.)

bund individual is in a state of complete stupor, the mind is often active, ay, even at the very moment of death ; and the remarkable case of Dr. Wollaston is alluded to. The decease of that eminent man was occasioned by a tumor of the brain, about the size of half a hen's egg, which, by encroaching on the ventricles, caused an effusion of fluid into them, and produced paralysis of one side of the body. There was ample evidence that the mental faculties were perfect during his last illness, and even in his last moments :—

“Some time before his life was finally extinguished, he was seen pale, as if there was scarcely any circulation of blood going on, motionless, and to all appearance in a state of complete insensibility. Being in this condition, his friends who were watching around him observed some motions of the hand which was not affected by paralysis. After some time, it occurred to them that he wished to have a pencil and paper ; and these having been supplied, he contrived to write some figures in arithmetical progression, which, however imperfectly scrawled, were yet sufficiently legible. It was supposed that he had overheard some remarks respecting the state in which he was, and that his object was to show that he preserved his sensibility and consciousness. Something like this occurred some hours afterwards, and immediately before he died, but the scrawl of these last moments could not be deciphered.”

Indeed this accomplished philosopher and acute and accurate observer appears to have been employed in making observations on his own case, even *in extremis*. Before the occurrence of the acts above related, but when he was lying speechless and motionless, his mouth was moistened with a morsel of pine-apple. He made some sign which induced his friends to furnish a pencil and paper, and he wrote

the words "pine," "good," as if to show that the nerves of taste still did their duty.

One of the effects produced by the sudden, and apparently close approximation of death is illustrated by the well-known case of the amiable and efficient Admiralty hydrographer, Sir Francis Beaufort, when he was preserved from being drowned, and when—

"Every incident of his former life seemed to glance across his recollection in a retrograde succession, not in mere outline, but the picture being filled with every minute and collateral feature, forming a kind of panoramic view of his entire existence, each act of it accompanied by a sense of right and wrong."*

A similar effect was produced on an officer in the Company's service, when caught on board a Burmese canoe in the late terrible hurricane, which caused such extensive destruction. The frail bark had been lightened by throwing the whole of his property overboard; hope was gone; the frantic, despairing Burmese crew were calling on their gods, and death stared them in the face. The officer declares, that, though in those awful moments he entirely retained his self-possession, every act of his life came before him with the most vivid intensity. He and the crew were miraculously saved, when larger vessels near them were swallowed up.

When about eight years old, the writer of this imperfect notice had a narrow escape from drowning. Some big boys of the school where he was, threw him, before he had learned to swim, into water far beyond his depth, and he sank. After the first confusion occasioned by the fright and "hideous noise of waters in his ears," every passage of his young life glanced before him. Then his sensations became far from unpleasant, and his last remembrance was

* Autobiographical Memoir of Sir John Barrow, Bart.

a fancy that he was lying in the lap of his mother, in a lovely meadow, enamelled with cowslips, blue-bells, violets, and other bright spring flowers.

All the remarks upon the state of mind preceding death are most interesting; and we are presented with the consoling and as we believe, true observation, that the mere act of dying is seldom, in any sense of the word, a painful process; and that, with regard to the actual fear of death, it seems that the Author of our existence, for the most part, gives it to us when it is intended that we should live, and takes it away from us when it is intended that we should die. Claudio's eloquent horror of a violent death is natural enough, especially in a mind capable of consenting to purchase life upon such terms as he proposes to his sister; but Ergates, whose experience must have been great, declares that he never knew but two instances in which, in the act of dying, there were manifest indications of the fear of death, and those were cases of hemorrhage, in which the depressing effects arising from the gradual loss of blood seemed to influence the minds of the sufferers. "Seneca might have chosen," adds Ergates, "an easier death than that from opening his arteries."

Death from mere old age is compared to falling asleep, never to awaken again in this world; and hence the transition is easy to a lucid consideration of the phenomena of sleep, "nature's soft nurse," so necessary to our existence. Death or madness must be the result of a long-continued absence of this great restorer; so felt and said, in his last illness, the noble poet who had done so much for fame at so early a period of his life, and whose untimely death too truly verified one part of his assertion.* Ergates mentions the case of a gentle-

* Moore's Life of Lord Byron.

man who, from intense anxiety, passed six entire days without sleep. At the end of this time he became affected with illusions of such a nature that it was necessary to place him in confinement. After some time he recovered perfectly. He had never shown any signs of mental derangement before, nor had any one of his family, and he has never been similarly affected since. Those who have been subjected to cruel tortures have declared that the most intolerable was the deprivation of sleep; and as this was one of the modes of treating the unhappy old women who fell into the hands of the witch-finders, it may account for some of their illusions, and the crazy confessions that they made. The sick-nurse has frequently recourse to stimulants, which indeed remove for a time the uneasiness and languor occasioned by the want of sleep. But the temporary relief is dearly purchased, and those who have recourse to alcohol on such occasions, should know that it does not create nervous power, but only enables the recipients to use up that which is left, leaving them in more need of rest than ever, when the stimulus has ceased to act.

There are not wanting those who look upon Dream-land as sacred ground; and we could say much upon the warnings which such believers recount in proof of their faith. But though every dream that "comes true" is carefully recorded, the failures are not so faithfully registered. We are too apt to keep a list of the prizes in the dream-lottery, and to forget the blanks. But whether dreams descend from Jove, and are prophetic, or the mere vagaries of the uncontrolled imagination, the rapidity of the incidents which arise, and the multitude of scenes in the visionary drama which appear to pass in a given time, cannot be denied. They "come like shadows—so depart." An anecdote, related of himself, by the

late Lord Holland, is alluded to. He declared that, on one occasion, being much fatigued, he fell asleep while a friend was reading aloud, and had a dream, the particulars of which would have occupied him a quarter of an hour or longer to express in writing. Yet, when he awoke, he found that he remembered the beginning of one sentence, while he actually heard the latter part of the sentence immediately following it, so that he could have slept only for a few seconds. This reminds one of Mohammed, who, on his return from a journey through space with the angel Gabriel, found the water still running from the pitcher which he had upset with his foot as he was setting out. That memory is a principal source whence the incidents of dreams are drawn there can be no doubt. The older we grow, the more we live, in our dreams, with departed spirits. As we advance in life, time, too, passes more rapidly. Poor, dear, Theodore Hook, in his last years, would sadly say, when Spring returned, "Here are the leaves again!" The effect of external agencies and internal bodily affections on our dreams is generally admitted; but we agree with Ergates, when he doubts Lord Brougham's axiom that we never dream except while in a state of transition from being asleep to being awake. We cannot, however, concur with Crites, when he doubts whether Coleridge composed "Kubla Khan" in his sleep. No person could appear to be more certain of anything than was the poet that such was the case, and we are of those who deeply regret the interruption that disturbed his remembrance, and deprived us of the rest of that most melodious verse.

The fifth dialogue treats in a masterly manner of the mental faculties of animals, and of the relation of those faculties to the structure of the brain. In this inquiry the cerebral organs connected with the animal appetites and

instincts are passed in review. The importance of the posterior lobes of the cerebrum, which are almost peculiar to the human race, cannot be doubted.

“The only other animals in which they exist are those of the tribe of monkeys, and in them they are of a much smaller size than they are in man. The absence of the posterior lobes includes the absence of what seems to be a special organ situated in the lower part of the posterior elongation of the lateral ventricle, known by anatomists under the name of the *hippocampus minor*. The *corpus callosum* is the name given to a broad, thick band of nervous fibres which unites the cerebral hemispheres, as if for the purpose chiefly of bringing them into harmonious action with each other. In the kangaroo, which I have already mentioned as having a very low degree of intelligence, the *corpus callosum* is altogether wanting. This fact in itself might lead us to conjecture that some important office is allotted to it; and the opinion is confirmed by observations made on the human subject. Cases are on record in which this organ was wanting, either wholly or in part. In none of them could it be said that the intellectual faculties were altogether deficient. But in all of them there was an incapability of learning, producing an apparent dulness of the intellect, so that the individuals were unfit for all but the most simple duties of life.”*

You may make almost anything of a man with a well-developed brain; not so with a monkey, elephant, dog, or seal; though you may do a good deal with them. In the brutes there is a certain limit beyond which you cannot go.

* See Mr. Paget's and Mr. Henry's observations in the “Medico-Chirurgical Transactions,” vols. xxix. and xxxi.

The intelligence and instinct of insects is admirably illustrated ; for example :

“ Their habit (Ergates is speaking of bees)—is to build their honey-comb from above downwards, attaching it to the upper part of the hive. On one occasion, when a large portion of the honey-comb had been broken off, they pursued another course. The fragment had somehow become fixed in the middle of the hive, and the bees immediately began to erect a new structure of comb on the floor, so placed as to form a pillar supporting the fragment, and preventing its further descent. They then filled up the space above, joining the comb which had become detached to that from which it had been separated, and they concluded their labors by removing the newly-constructed comb below ; thus proving that they had intended it to answer a merely temporary purpose.”

No human architect could have proceeded more rationally.

The sixth and last dialogue, which deals with the science of human nature, crowns the interesting series ; and in it the pretensions of Phrenology, with its theories of proud rats who live in hay-lofts, humble rats who live in gutters and sewers, the thirty-three faculties, and all the rest of it, come under searching description. When phrenologists refer the mere animal propensities in man chiefly to the *posterior lobes*, they forget that they are absolutely wanting in quadrupeds. Again, the brain of birds is essentially different in structure not only from the brain of man, but from that of all other mammalia. It has no convolutions, and can present no phrenological organs, as they are termed, corresponding to those which are said to exist in the human brain. Yet few animals are more pugnacious than a fighting cock, or more destructive than an eagle ; and

all will allow that no creatures are more attached to their homes and young than birds, to say nothing of their musical and imitative powers.

Though a large development of the cerebral organs in man will generally be found to be accompanied by large powers of mind, the size of the head is a very unsafe criterion. The powerful and energetic Daniel Webster had apparently brains enough to fill two hats. The mighty Newton's head seems, from the memoranda left to us, to have been below the average size; and Byron's head was small. The experience of Ergates, that some very stupid persons, within his own knowledge, have had very large heads, corresponds with our own. But space forbids our further pursuit of this most interesting topic. We must break off, and leave the consideration of what may be the capabilities of the mental principle, independently of organization, or how much belongs to the one and how much to the other, confessing with Ergates, that in this, as in other matters belonging to this order of inquiries, our actual knowledge goes a very little way:

“We see these things through a glass darkly,” and must be content humbly to acknowledge that the greater part is not only beyond the limits of our observation, but probably beyond those of our comprehension.”

We trust however, that the gifted author will continue the “Psychological Inquiries;” and, in that hope, close this most instructive and amusing book. He must be very accomplished and very good who does not rise from the perusal of it a wiser and a better man.

PSYCHOLOGIC ATTRACTION.

THE word Psychology is derived from the Greek *ψυχη*, signifying the soul, spirit, or mind, in its widest sense; and embraces under it the branches of Rhetoric; Logic; Phrenics, or Mental Philosophy; Ethics, or Moral Philosophy; and Education. It comprehends, therefore, that important study inculcated by Thales, the ancient sage of Miletus; *know thyself*, (*Γνωθι σεαυτον*); inscribed on the temple of Apollo, at Delphi. It stops not, however, at the boundaries of ancient or classic wisdom; but soaring at once to the source of all intellectual truth, the book of Divine Revelation, it there derives sublimer views of the nature and destiny of man, and may be considered as introductory to all the divisions of human knowledge; since the mind is the agent which embraces and pursues them all. Thus, Psychology is the immediate basis of the studies of Law, Government, and Religion;

Among the many historical personages who understood, in a measure, the principles of Psychology, and were in the full tide of successful practice, we will commence with the ancient Astrologers, Priests, Soothsayers, Magicians, &c. By adverting to the history of the primitive ages of the world, we find many of these men were possessors and practitioners of Psychology; and they often, as it was thought, performed remarkable cures of diseases, through Charms, Incantations, Magic, &c., as well as by Herbs and Roots. History hands us down

these most remarkable records, that Acribides, an Astrologer, who lived in Damascus, predicted, by his art, the overflow of the Euphrates ten successive times, and the destruction of Tripoli by fire—that Castimeno Talliasi, a Priest of Rome, by distilling an ethereal vapor from the spleen of the Bison, mixed with the expressed juice of the Manioc, or Cassava Root, and then sprinkled on the paralyzed, the deaf, palsied, and sick, he cured. His reputation and influence spread with such rapidity, that crowds arrived from all parts of the world to witness and be benefited. He was ultimately destroyed, while sleeping, by an assassin pouring molten lead in his ear. It was supposed his death was instigated by the Church, who feared his influence over the people. Again, Jacobi Mans, another Priest, was poisoned by Catherine de Medicis, for inventing a subtle Ether, which he gave to one of the ladies of the Queen's Court, which animated those who partook of its odors, and rendered their features beauteous. In consequence of Mans refusing to give Her Majesty the secret of its magical mixtures, there is no doubt he was secretly poisoned by her emissaries. Of the Soothsayers very little is known, except that they existed and were believed in from the very earliest history of the world; and those who read the Book of Daniel will find sufficient to convince them. Thousands, and tens of thousands, of individuals of the present day, have received and believed in the truths of the Gypsies, or Wandering Tribes, who have no fixed habitation, but roam from one end of the world to the other. At a later period we find, as science progressed, the Magicians, who combined in themselves all the knowledge of their predecessors, with that of the later magic. We find Sylvestus apparently as young at four hundred years, as a man at twenty-five; and Zol-

lick, when chased by King Torlobosk, who ordered him to be destroyed, appearing in three cities in Asia in one day, namely, Mecca, in Arabia, Irkutsk, in Siberia, and Lassa, in Thibet. Ralsquel was destroyed in England, for making gold; Lemmanuel, in Sweden, for possessing the King's nephew with a spirit; and later on, Frankenstein, in Germany, who made a man that was so monstrous, that he ultimately destroyed him.

It is now over half a century since the city of Paris was thrown into the wildest state of excitement by the astounding effects produced by a person who called himself Mesmer. Whether this was a real or assumed name is quite a matter of indifference; suffice it to say, that he was the first to establish that doctrine known as Mesmerism, and which, at the present day, is familiar to us as Animal Magnetism, Electro-Biology, &c. It appears, from what we are able to gather, that upon the first arrival in Paris of Mesmer, he occupied obscure lodgings outside the Barrier, or beyond the limits of the city. Here he first began a practice for the cure of some diseases, particularly those of a mental and nervous nature, which will hand down his name for ages hence. Having performed a series of cures without any internal medicament, many of the people began to invest him with celestial powers, while the greater number credited him with being in league with a nameless individual, whose salamanderic propensities towards fire and sulphur are well understood. Men of learning and high pretension listened with incredulity, and others did not hesitate in scouting these popular rumors, and crying charlatan. All this time the rooms of Mesmer were crowded by visitors clamorous to be restored to health, or to witness the proceedings and manipulations of the man; in fact, so great became the mob that officers

were stationed at convenient points in the neighborhood, to restrain the people's impetuosity. Mesmer not only cured many diseases, but spoke truly of circumstances that were occurring to persons in parts far remote. This only added to the excitement, and his name and acts became the sole topic of conversation, not only in the cafe and lodging of the artisan, but in the saloons of nobility, and even in the Tuilleries of the King. Many of the aristocracy were anxious to secure the services of this man, but a sense of ridicule, or fear of being imposed upon, and consequently becoming the butt of the whole Court, restrained them; and none cared to take the initiatory step until the the old Viscountess of Gouchelain, who had been suffering for many years from a partial paralysis, concluded to see this ninth wonder, Mesmer. She called upon him, and by the exercise of his art, and a rude voltaic pile, in six weeks Madame not only entirely recovered from the disease under which she labored, but seemed to have acquired a new lease of her life. Mesmer having now firmly obtained a warrant for the recognition of the nobility, was waited upon by a deputation of high officials, and invited to take up his residence in a magnificent building, the property of the government, located in the Place la Concord. Here he took pupils and instructed them in his theory, as the number that daily visited him was so great that it was impossible for him to more than superintend them. The carriages of *princes, dukes, prelates, generals and ministers* might be daily seen before his door, who waited for hours to obtain an interview, which frequently on that day only resulted in failure. The means employed by Mesmer in bringing about these remarkable results, was, according to his own statements, *which are considered satisfactory*, that he only exercised within himself a

determined will upon another individual, male or female, which threw them into a state of physical incapacity, leaving the mentality free scope; that is to say, to chain the body and let the mind remain free. Whenever he strongly exercised this will or determination, he generally succeeded in producing this result, and then, by guiding the thoughts of the individual in whatever direction he thought proper, by his own determined *mental will*--he would ask them *verbally* what questions he desired; and if he received from those who were in a state of coma, unsatisfactory replies, he would carry their mind in an opposite direction, and through every point of the compass, until they were enabled to discover the person or persons he was desirous of obtaining a knowledge of, or the scenes that were being enacted by individuals or communities in countries far distant. For diseases he merely applied his electrical or galvanic batteries to the patient, and then putting them to sleep by first taking the two hands of the patient in his, placing the points of his thumbs opposite to theirs, and look them steadfastly in the eyes the whole time, determining in *his mind*, that they should become *comatose*, or *sleep*, and at the same time mentally determining that the nervousness, or whatever the disease might be, should be cured; continuing this *will* during the whole period that he was with the patient, both *before* and *after sleeping*. Though, after this latter phenomena took place, he dropped the hand, made passes by carrying his hands over the eyebrows, forehead, and the points of his fingers down the patient's arms.

Mesmer frequently remarked, that in chronic diseases, he suffered himself from similar symptoms to which the person had labored under, for several days after the patient had recovered. (*This, no doubt, was sympathy.*)

The practice of Mesmer was not confined to the city of Paris ; he received hundreds of letters daily, some enclosing a glove, a neckerchief, a ring, and even a lock of false hair, describing their disease. These he magnetized by his will and returned to their writers ; and in the majority of cases he cured, or relieved the diseases, particularly those of a neuralgic character. About this time, when Mesmer and Mesmerism was in the zenith of its popularity, its founder was killed by the running away of his horses, and the precipitating of his carriage over an embankment, which crushed him, and he died instantly. Thus, unfortunately, destroying a useful, benevolent and good man, who, no doubt, had he lived, would have developed the science of animal magnetism to what it is, at least, at the present day, if not beyond. However, he left many industrious pupils who are now laboring in the same field. The late Cardinal Wiseman, by the power of his will alone, could psychologize a whole congregation at one time, and hold them spell-bound. He made more converts to the Church of Rome, probably, than any other man in England ; and it was all owing to his psychological powers. He was undoubtedly a learned man, but as an orator, was inferior to the most ordinary speakers ; and he attributed his success, in a great measure, to his knowledge of Psychology. Spencer, the celebrated author of the Principles of Psychology, says it is possible to psychologize a person a thousand miles away ; in fact, distance is not an object. The atmosphere, he maintains, is a conductor of sound, light, and mental electricity ; hence the mind can, in an instant, revert to scenes, persons, or places thousands of miles away. He mentions an instance, where a person living in Melbourne, Australia, was compelled, as he himself says, to return to England, by the psychological

power of a brother, arrested on a charge of forgery, and whose presence was necessary to acquit his brother. He arrived in England three months earlier than he would otherwise have done, had he been summoned by letter. He did not know why he returned, but, as he himself avers, he felt compelled by some unknown power to return immediately.

There are many well-authenticated tokens of death, some of which, no doubt, have come under the observation of the reader, perfectly incomprehensible. A gentleman of my acquaintance, very skeptical on this subject, left his home in the midland counties of England, expecting to return in a year, at furthest, and sailed for America; arrived, without accident, in New Orleans. His object was to purchase land in Louisiana. In six weeks after his arrival, travelling with a friend, they visited some of the Red river settlements. One evening, he arrived at a place called Johnson's Landing, (a mere clearing in the canebrakes,) containing but one house, used as an hotel. Here they were sitting, waiting for supper, when the bell of a steamboat commenced ringing, preparatory to stopping, on its way to New Orleans. The gentleman astonished his friend by jumping up, seizing his valise, and rushing down to the steamboat landing, saying as he went, "Don't stop me, I must go; my mother calls me—there is something the matter at home." All the persuasions and arguments of his friend, who followed him on board the boat, could not prevail on him to alter his mind, and he returned to New Orleans, leaving the business which brought him to America unfinished, took passage on the first steamer he could get, and returned to England. On arriving home, he found his mother dead and buried; her last words were calling on her son to come to her. By comparing the date, time, and the difference

in latitude, it was discovered that she called to him at the exact time he was at Johnson's Landing, and the steamboat bell was ringing. This cannot be accounted for except on the hypothesis that the son was accidentally thinking of his mother, and she of him, at that identical time; the atmosphere being the conductor of the magnetism of the mind, he became immediately psychologized by the earnest will of his mother, and, as he himself expresses it, he was forced by some unseen power to act as he did.*

The principles of Psychology not only apply to persons, but likewise to animals, as the following incident will show. I mention this one, as the newspapers at the time gave a full account of it: In the year 1850 I was at Leamington, in England, where I delivered two lectures on Psychology. A committee of gentlemen proposed, after the second lecture, I should pay a visit to Wombwell's menagerie, then stopping in that place, to try my powers on some of the animals. At ten o'clock in the evening the beasts were fed. Arriving ten minutes before

* It was Mesmer's theory, that the universe is submerged in an eminently subtile fluid, which he thought should be named animal-magnetic fluid, because it can be compared to the fluid of the magnet; that this fluid impregnates all bodies, and transmits to them the impression of motion; that it insinuates itself into, and circulates through, all the fibres of the nervous system; and that it may be accumulated, when the magnetizer wills it, in buckets, tubs, &c., and especially in the organs of the magnetizer who transmits it to the magnetized. This hypothetical fluid will remind the classical reader of the "chain uniting all beings" of Hesiod, and the "soul of the world" of Plato.

Grove says, in his "Correlation and Continuity," p. 161, the universe is a vast whispering gallery, a boundless system of correlated influences; and the soul of man has the eternal freedom of the infinite "mansions."

this time, I passed four of the cages in review, and subjected the two lions, a jackal, and a Bengal tiger to psychological influence. The animals were, at this time, very savage and ravenous, as is usual at feeding time. To the surprise of all, the four animals refused to move, but lay crouching in their cages, not noticing the food given to them. The proprietor and keeper became alarmed, fearing they were sick. I suggested the keeper should enter some of the cages and examine his charges. This he refused, saying it was more than his life was worth to go in at feeding time. I then requested permission which, (after explaining the influence the animals were under,) was readily granted; and, like a second Daniel, I entered the lions' den. The huge beasts took no notice of me whatever. Then I approached them and subjected both to further influence, when they commenced to play with me, skipping and jumping like two kittens. After leaving the den I removed the spell, and they were as savage and noisy as ever. Hundreds witnessed this performance, which took place on the 12th day of November, 1850. I do not wish to question the fact of Daniel's escape from the lions' den being performed by a miracle of the Almighty, but as Daniel was considered, in those days, a wise man, who shall say his escape might not be attributed more to his psychological powers than anything else? Thousands exert this influence unknown, even to themselves. In this treatise I propose to show that all have this power, and can exert it at will, so as to control the mind of any person they choose; it is very simple, easily performed, and is as reliable as any other known principle of science. It is nothing new, but was known and practised centuries ago, though looked upon as the effects of magic and supernatural agency, and it has only been within the last

few years that this extraordinary mental power has been rightly understood, and reduced to the unerring principles of science. The fact of the influence of one human being upon another, under certain conditions, through passes of the hand, or by the simple exercise of the will, was known and practised long before Mesmer introduced the subject anew to public attention. Recent discoveries at Pompeii show that it was known there centuries ago. Plautus, in "Amphitryo," makes one of his characters ask, "How if I stroke him slowly with the hand, so that he sleeps?" These magnetic means of cure were not only practised, but directions for them were inscribed on sacred tables and pillars, and illustrated by pictures on the temple walls, so as to be intelligible to all. Apuleius furnishes similar evidences of the ordinary practice by the Romans of magnetic manipulations. In Livy alone, there are more than fifty instances in which he refers to the literal fulfilment of dreams, oracles, prognostics by seers, &c. The Egyptians believed in the efficacy of charms, spells, incantations, love-powders, drinks, &c., and Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, it is said, fascinated Mark Anthony by administering to him a love-potion, one of the parts of which it was composed is supposed to have been the heart of a toad reduced to a powder. Be this as it may, it is certain this woman was possessed of extraordinary power, so much so that no man could come near her (unless she chose) without being fascinated on the spot; and what is most wonderful, (though poets laud her as being very beautiful), impartial history tells us, though she was not entirely destitute of personal charms, she was extremely gross and vulgar. I do not wish my readers to put any faith in the practices of the Egyptians, as appertaining to supernatural influence; on

the contrary, there is no efficacy whatever in pretended love-powders, charms, spells, &c. But, at the same time, it must be borne in mind that there is a power in the human constitution, and many classes of the brute creation besides, (the snake, for instance,) to fascinate certain persons, even against the will of the persons themselves. This is Psychologic Attraction.

How many feel irresistibly drawn, as it were, to admire and often love a person they have never spoken to! This is called love at first sight; and very often that person may be destitute of any particular personal beauty. We form a good opinion of an individual without ourselves being aware of any cause for it. This cannot be explained by the most learned and scientific men only on the principle of "psychologic attraction," which is the simple secret of Cleopatra's success, and the ceremonies she may have added were only to give effect and mystify her followers. I claim that Psychology is the principle of Fascination, Spiritualism, and Mesmerism; I also maintain, that any person of ordinary intelligence can exert this influence on any one they wish, securing their love, respect, or confidence in return, providing, they shall themselves first love the person they wish to be loved by in return, as it is an established principle in psychology that you cannot impart to others what you do not possess yourself. The conditions are simple and easy, so that the unscientific reader may comprehend, acquire, and exert this extraordinary power in a few minutes; and, what is more, it being of a mental character, it can be produced without the person to whom it is applied being at all aware of the influence exercised over them by one of the simple, beautiful, and at the same time, most subtle elements of our mental nature, "psychologic attraction."

This is no abstract theory, but a reliable scientific experiment, producing these results as a matter of necessity. I propose to instruct my readers in this science, so it shall avail them for the ordinary purposes of every-day life; the merchant can use it in his business; the doctor, to benefit his patients; the clergyman, for the good of his congregation; the dealer, to sell his goods; the parent, for the advancement of his children; and the lover, to gain the confidence of his mistress. To the latter class especially I will now appeal.

I am fully aware that many will read this book from idle curiosity, and without any serious thoughts of availing themselves, for practical purposes, of its advantages. Those who do so, I beg will give the following remarks on this important subject their earnest consideration—for instance, there is no subject so grossly mismanaged as courtship and matrimony. Why should it be so? It is in the power of all to marry happily who love truly, irrespective of wealth, age or beauty. 'Tis true, some consider one or the other of these are requisite to their happiness; but it is a false position. Beauty fades, and riches flee away; and when marriage is entered into, based upon either, love, which was at first only a minor consideration, becomes lost, and unhappiness is the result. It is important, therefore, that marriage should be based on higher considerations than beauty, or riches. It is important for our happiness and well-being that a partner suitable to our various pursuits or conditions in life should be obtained, who will enter into and sympathize with us in all the various joys and sorrows it may be our lot to have, and whose thoughts, feelings, and aspirations harmonize with our own; and when it is the misfortune of any one to be tied for life to a person who cannot do so, who, in fact, is the opposite

of your wishes, how miserable will your life be. Think of it, you who are young in life; it is no idle matter, as all who have had experience will testify; but it should be calmly considered, and discretion used in your choice. We are very familiar with the usual manner of courtship and forming acquaintances; very few look out for a partner upon philosophical principles; they do not look to the mind and qualities of the person they are seeking to marry—they often admire the outward person, and fancy they love, and do not find out their error until it is too late.

Many often see the one they would wish to have as a partner in life, and in many instances become personally acquainted with one whom they feel could make them supremely blest, one possessed of those attractions of mind and peculiar talents sought after in the suitor, and which they feel would render their life serene and happy until death. They feel that, with such a one, life would be one long summer's day, where, in the rosy garden of love, with nought to mar their blissful dreams, they'd pass the golden hours in dreams of ecstatic bliss. They may meet others in the festive hall or social circle, but one, the bright particular star, alone hath the power to fill the void, one ever sought after, and in some instances the lucky suitor gains the prize, and marries the idol of his soul, and life-long happiness is the result. But more often, from some untoward circumstance, or from lack of sufficient tact in his love-making, the coveted prize slips from his grasp into the hands of some more apt and successful rival, who better understands the art of pressing his suit, (or, as is often the case, *has become acquainted with this extraordinary science of "PSYCHOLOGY,"* and, by using this wonderful mental power, *has won against all obstacles*), and the rejected

suitors, disappointed in marrying the only one that could make life happy, marry whom they can. Such is the case in thousands of instances, and our readers, no doubt, can recall many of the kind in their own circle of acquaintances, and possibly may themselves have passed through the painful experience. What an inestimable blessing, then, is a knowledge of this wonderful science, which an All-wise Providence has seen fit to implant in each human breast, and although *understood* by few, yet *all* are endowed with this God-like gift, and although man has often (as in the case of the libertine and seducer) perverted this power from the legitimate and holy end intended it by the great Creator, to gratify their base passions, still it has been the cause of many true and happy marriages, and brought peace and contentment to thousands.

It may be asked, if all are possessed of this science, why are not *all* successful? I answer, all are possessed of, but few are aware of it, and of course do not understand its use. A great many are very successful in love affairs that are totally unaware of the existence in themselves of this extraordinary mental power, but attribute their success to other causes, such as personal beauty, a pleasing exterior, an easy, persuasive address, &c., when it is nothing but *the unconscious working of this inborn gift of PSYCHOLOGIC ATTRACTION*, which is so very strong in some as to attract of its own accord; then how much more successful might they be, did they but understand this method of using it?

I will now proceed to show how the operation is to be performed, hoping to make myself as intelligible to the reader as possible, explaining at the same time, Mesmerism and Spiritualism, according to the theory most reasonable, that

the phenomenon is accounted for without any supernatural agency.

As a matter of course, this portion of the argument is addressed only to such as believe in the phenomena of Psychology. To those who are yet so far behind the great age in which they live as to doubt or sneer at magnetism and psychological science, all that has been said or will be said by the writer, can be of no use. Such persons have yet to learn the *a b c* of that great science which lies at the basis of all others, and is the most important of them all.

In order to make it plain that Psychology does afford scientific and conclusive proof of the power of mind to communicate with mind, it will be necessary to refer to some of the familiar and ordinary phenomena of animal magnetism. Those phenomena may be divided into two classes :

1. Profound abstraction, magnetic sleep, and insensibility to all external influences.

2. Sympathetic attraction.

Attention is more particularly requested to the second class ; namely, sympathetic attraction. The *subject*, while in this state, is almost entirely under the control of the *operator*. No vocalization of the will of the positive *operator* is required to induce obedience in the negative *subject*. The simple concentration of the unspoken will is all that is required to direct and control the subject. So great is the sympathy induced between the two, that the will of the one acts freely upon the muscular system of the other, and compels him to rise up, sit down, walk, stand, or talk, according to the volition of the operator. The nervous systems of the two are united by a constant interchange of the odic fluids. The result of this intimate union and sympathy between the operator and the subject is, that the thoughts of the one are

known to the other. An idea evolved in the mind of the operator, *though unspoken*, immediately becomes present in the mind of the subject. But you will remember that the will of the operator also has control of the muscular system of the subject. Hence, no sooner is the idea of the operator present in the mind of the subject, should the operator will that idea to be spoken by the subject, than the subject is compelled to speak it. In other words, the operator, for the expression of his own silent thoughts, can use the vocal organs of the subject.

EXAMPLE.—A, in the presence of C, magnetizes B, and throws him into a state of coma. This being done, A silently thinks in his own mind these words: "Good-evening, friend C." Now, by virtue of the sympathy established between the *operator* A and the *subject* B, those words are immediately impressed upon the mind of B, and become present there. A now silently wills B to speak those words, which B is compelled to do; and so he turns to C, and says, "Good-evening, friend C." Thus you perceive A, instead of using his own organs of speech, has employed those of B. In other words, A has been speaking to C *through the mind*. This is an experiment which I have repeatedly performed with success.

It will be observed that the *physical organism of the operator was not employed in the above experiment*. The operator used two things only: first, his will; second, an *odic* force, or vital fluid,* which was controlled and directed by

* This word *odic* is derived from the Greek *ὁδός*, a way or passage. Reichenbach gave the name *od* to what he conceived to be the force producing the phenomena of mesmerism, and developed by various agencies, as by magnets, heat, light, chemical or vital action. The terms *odyle*, or the *odyllic* or *odic* force, were thought preferable by his English disciples.

his will, and made the agent for the transmission of his thoughts and commands to the subject.

It is evident, therefore, that the operator can control and speak through B, provided he yet retain the power of volition and the command of the odic force.

This agent that serves to put the soul in connection with the mental organization has been termed spiritual magnetism, in contradistinction to animal magnetism.

This, then, is the true philosophy of the method by which the mind controls through media, called sympathetic attraction: the operator uses his will, and the odic force evolved from his physical organism, and the subject instinctively obeys the controlling mind of the operator.

By the term Psychology, I mean the power to psychologize and win the affection, love, and esteem of any person on whom this experiment may be tried. This power can be attained by the action of a positive controlling mind, concentrated on a mind that is passive or negative, with a determination and desire to win the affections, even against the wishes of the person on whom the operation is performed. Psychology, it will be observed, is based on the same principles as Mesmerism and Spiritualism. In Mesmerism, the operator, by a peculiar manipulation called making "passes," which consists in passing the hand frequently before the eyes of the person he wishes to mesmerize, thereby placing the patient in a mesmeric sleep or trance; the operator having a strong positive organism, controls and instils into the mind of the patient his own views, whims, or caprices, making him sing, dance, or perform any antic the positive mind of the mesmerist shall desire. In like manner, the phenomenon of Spiritualism is easily accounted

for: a number of persons sit around a table, placing their hands on the same, forming a connecting circle, quickly charging the table with a current of magnetic electricity, which emanates from the bodies of the persons around the table. This is the motive power which causes the table to move, rap, or revolve. The minds of those composing this circle become absorbed with the fact that the table is moving, which to them is incomprehensible. Under the impression that some spirit, as it is claimed, or other supernatural influence, is the cause of this, their thoughts naturally turn to friends absent, or dead, and remain insensible to every other object, their minds becoming perfectly passive; the strongest or most positive mind present at once becomes the medium, and controls the will of each individual, together with the magnetism moving the table, which at once naturally raps out any suggestion the strong, positive mind of the medium desires, and the answers obtained are only a reflection of the mind of the medium, his being the positive mind controlling the magnetism and minds of all present alike. The intelligence composing the answers made by the table is only a reflection of one or more of the ideas or wishes of some one composing the circle sitting at the table. There is not one well-authenticated instance where reliable answers are made, or any question answered outside of what is known already by some person forming the company at the table. The same also applies where the answers are made by writing, or in any other manner.

The science of Psychology consists in mind attracting mind by its own volition alone, aided by the animal magnetism of the system, and a concentrated, determined purpose and desire of subjecting the person to the will and wishes of the party performing the experiment. The

knowledge of being in possession of this latent power will enable the person performing the operation to acquire the necessary controlling, positive mind, while the one on whom it is to be tried, and whose affections or confidence you wish to gain, being ignorant of the operator intending to subject them to this mighty influence, is, as a matter of necessity, quite passive, and easily controlled, receiving any impression of love, esteem, awe, confidence, or respect, as also fear, distrust, or envy; whatever feeling, in fact, the concentrated purpose of the positive mind desires to instil into the passive mind, can be instantly placed there by the effort of a strong, determined will. The conditions necessary to inspire love and confidence are as follows: You must first love and esteem the person you wish to be loved and esteemed by in return, as you cannot give to another what you do not possess yourself; hence, if you love a person you may, by this power, make that person love you in exact proportion. As the concentration of the rays of light, with the aid of a camera, instantly produces a photographic likeness of any object, however intricate, so, in like manner, the steady concentration of mind upon mind, with a determination to win the affections and create love, will instantly produce a corresponding feeling of love on a mind passive and negative.

Having explained the theory of Psychology, in order to make the unscientific reader familiar with the principles here laid down, I will presume then that you are acquainted with a person whose affections or confidence you are desirous of gaining. The operation is performed as follows: Take one or both of the person's hands in your own, gently pressing the palm till you feel the pulse beat; be particular to find this pulse, as it connects with the sympathetic cords leading direct to the heart, this

being the conductor conveying the magnetism of love from your mind to the other. (You may easily determine the exact place and pressure of the pulse by feeling for your own in a corresponding place.) Then look steadily and earnestly into the eyes, instantly concentrating your mind on theirs, mentally offering your entire love and affection, or any other emotion you wish, at the same time desiring, with a violent effort of the will, that the person shall love you in return; let your determination be firm and positive to command their affections, feeling confident that you can inspire them with a sincere regard and love for yourself, making their wishes and desires the same as your own. All this can be accomplished with the velocity of thought, during the ordinary time occupied in shaking hands. You will perceive the person will make no disposition to move till you loose the hand, being completely magnetized. This will give you ample time for firmly concentrating your mind and exerting your will upon them. A slight trembling of the hand is the signal that the individual is under magnetic influence. In some cases a slight faintness seizes on the one magnetized, which passes away almost instantly. Some persons are more impressible than others, and can be influenced by merely placing the hand on any part of the person, enabling the current of magnetism to make a connection, and flow uninterruptedly from the positive to the passive mind; but the surest plan is that described above, making the success of the operation certain.

By the power of psychologic attraction it is claimed that any impression can be instilled into the passive mind in the same manner, providing the operator has the necessary conditions, namely: a strong positive will and a firm faith in his own abilities to impart the impression

desired, and possesses himself the feeling he wishes to instil into another. The reasonableness of this theory of producing love and confidence by psychologic attraction is apparent to all who have given the subject a thought. Take, for example, the ordinary way in which young persons become attached to each other; in nine cases out of ten the magnetic influence of love is communicated while the parties are shaking hands; being in actual contact with each other, the magnetism of love is disseminated instantaneously, both being passive at the time. What, then, must be the certain effect when one of the parties exerts this mighty power of mind, offering love and demanding love in return? The heart is so constituted that love is a necessity, and all are more or less inclined to love those whom they are convinced will love them in return. This system of Psychology appeals direct to the heart, love is offered, and love is instinctively returned as a matter of necessity. The heart finds its affinity, and is happy in the enjoyment thereof; hence the experiment is both lawful and legitimate.

Before trying to perform this operation, be careful to practise as much as possible a concentrating of the powers of the mind on this subject, so as to make you familiar and expert in instantly fixing your will on the object to be attained. Whenever you have acquired some proficiency in this, you may safely try the experiment. The best time to choose is the evening, as the mind and muscular action of the body are more passive and impressible then, though it may be successfully performed at any other time. Any place will suffice, provided you can be collected and easy, observing the usual modes of etiquette, salutations, etc., which will not interfere in the least with the success of the operation. One or two precau-

tions, however, are essentially necessary : never hint, before or after, that you are acquainted with this power ; if you were to mention you intended to subject a person to this influence, their mind would be positive, and antagonistic to your own, and the operation prove a failure. It is only by keeping the person passive (which they will be if they do not suspect your purpose) that success is possible. Take your leave as soon as you can conveniently do so after the operation is performed, as it will be the best means of making the person feel the loss of your society, and a desire to see you again. A kind of restlessness comes over the mind of the person influenced, who will seek every opportunity to become better acquainted with one who in future will occupy much of their thoughts, having no suspicion of the real cause why they are so interested.

To men of business and the general public I must now appeal, and especially to those who wish to apply psychologic attraction to business purposes, such as selling goods, obtaining the confidence of the community, and bettering their condition in life by obtaining wealth and consequent prosperity.

A great deal has been written by interested parties on the corruptibility of riches ; about money being the root of all evil ; that riches do not make happiness ; that poor people are happier than rich ; that gold is a curse, and the cause of crime, &c. Now all this looks very well in theory, but who among my readers does not know that the very opposite is the result, and those who talk so much and preach so persistently on the curse of gold, are themselves very anxious to secure as much of this root of evil as possible for themselves and their families. Money is not a curse, but a blessing. Riches is the reward of mankind, the hope of all, and Providence intended it to

be so, and those only are happy (as far as happiness in this world goes) who, if they are not exactly rich, have at least a sufficiency to make them contented. Poverty is the curse of the world; poverty is in nine cases out of ten the cause of crime; poverty fills our prisons and almshouses; poverty makes a man a forger, a drunkard and a murderer; poverty is brutalizing in its effects, makes good men bad ones, and steals the crown of innocence (woman's virtue) from a pure heart, leaving in place shame, disgrace, agony, indignation, broken hearts, infanticide, and often the death of the unfortunate victims themselves. The thief and criminal were not born such; and the poor, betrayed, outraged—unfortunate—little more, very often, than a child in years, nestled once in its mother's arms, pure and innocent as the white robed angels, who sing before the throne of God. What made the one a murderer, another a thief, and so on through the whole catalogue of crime? I say, poverty, will be as a rule, the general answer. The rich, by nature, are no better than the poor, but they have not the temptation to steal, having plenty without; they are surrounded with riches, luxury, refinement, learning, intelligence, and the fine arts, and they have no inducement to commit robbery and crime. Poverty makes men coarse, vulgar, profane, brutal, and lost to all shame, while on the contrary wealth is a civilizer, refines the mind by education and those elegant surroundings that money only can purchase.

To understand psychologic attraction is to understand how to secure wealth and happiness, and is of incalculable benefit to all classes of the community.

A firm concentration of a POSITIVE CONTROLLING WILL on a person passive, and consequently easily impressed, will do more in selling goods, obtaining favors, and gaining

confidence, than the combined efforts of a dozen men, who use only argument and obliging manners. The clergyman can accomplish more good to his congregation by psychologic attraction than by mere persuasive or theological discussions. The physician can benefit his patients, in many cases, more by his psychological influence than by medicine, and the parent can use it so as to benefit both himself and his entire family.

In subjecting animals to the human will, by psychological influence, a somewhat different method is to be pursued. The human mind is influenced by kindly feelings; this applies also to many of the domesticated animals, the horse, especially, and even he must first be thoroughly subdued. Fear of man is the prevailing trait in all the brute creation, and it is through this fear only they can be subdued. The most savage beast will run away sooner than encounter a self-possessed, fearless man, and it is only when man loses his self-possession, and becomes afraid, he is in any danger from the most vicious animal. A person who can catch the eye and continue their gaze without flinching, and at the same time speak calmly and sternly, has nothing to fear; and he can, by an effort of the will, command the brute in everything, and it will instantly obey him. It will stand still, lie down, and be very glad to get away, though it can not do so, of its own accord, till permission is given it by the person under whose will it is subjected. There is this difference, also, in psychologic influence exerted on man, and the brute: in man it is lasting and permanent, while in animals it is evanescent, and lasts only as long as the animal is under the eye of the person subjecting it to his will.

It has often been said psychologic attraction can be used for bad or wicked purposes. To

this I would say, so can everything else in nature; fire can be used to destroy property, poison to destroy life, wine and spirits to intoxicate, and so on. But this is no argument. We should not be restricted in their proper use, or discard them because of their sometime dangerous properties. Psychology can not be used for evil purposes, more than any other science. A good, correct person will not use anything improperly, and a bad one can only be restrained by the fear of the consequences which civilization and law impose on evil doers.

In conclusion, I would say, there are many different views as to the best method of exerting this subtle influence upon the mind, some of them, possibly, even better than the plan I advocate; but amongst them all I have found none so easily to be understood by the general reader, so simple to practise, and so successful in results, as the instructions herein mentioned in this treatise I have the satisfaction of placing before the public.*

* GENERAL WORKS ON PSYCHOLOGY.—*Baxter's Inquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul*, 2 v. 8vo.; *Kirwan's Metaphysical Essays*, 1 v. 8vo.; *Bentham's Table of the Springs of Action*, 1 v. 8vo.; *Scott's Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, 1 v. 12mo.; *Kames' Elements of Criticism*, 1 v. 8vo., and *Frost's School edition*, 1 v. 12mo.; *Cousin's Psychology, or Examination of Locke*, 1 v. 12mo.; *Rauch's Psychology*, 1 v. 12mo.



MY SIDE OF THE STORY.

PERHAPS you have not heard the other side—so much the better. If you had, you might have decided that I was a selfish, unreasonable woman, with a temper always ready to burst through the bars of restraint, like a wild beast. That's what my husband's relations say—every one of them. And they add that I deserve my fate.

For I am a divorced woman. I sit alone now, in the bleak November twilight, and watch the rosy coals burn themselves into drear gray ashes, as my hopes have done before. I cannot consume away in silence, as poorer natures do. I was not formed to endure, but to rule—to dazzle—to enjoy. I am a gifted woman. Is that conceit? I am not conceited—that is a vice of shallower minds. I am self-conscious, so I cannot suffer in silence. I must wreak my thought upon expression, and—speak.

Stop—I will let you see my journal; that must be the plain, unvarnished truth, any one will admit. We do not lie to our journal. No one deceives in his diary, unless he expects to have it published in his memoirs. A journal, generally, is as perfect a photograph of the mind as the sun can take of the face.

JUNE 31st.—To-day I have really something to record, so I shall begin a diary. I have been asked a question—and answered it. Walter Bond asked me to marry him, and I have said "Yes." A physician in a western town—surely I might have done better. But he is handsome, talented, and madly in love. He woos me with fancies quaint—he shrines me in glory, like a saint. I fancy this fashionable life is growing very hollow; true love, after all, is the secret of happiness—I am sure it is so. With dear Walter, and that scarlet camel's-hair shawl at Stewart's, I shall not have a wish ungratified. And I know he will give it to me.

I am an orphan, and have no real home. My aunt, with whom I have lived since I was child, died three months ago, and left me a thousand dollars. I did not put it out to interest, as prudent people do. I invested it in handsome clothes, and got an invitation to spend the summer with Mrs. Ross, in her beautiful place at Rye. So here I am, and here, at a kind of a

party, "While the players played their best—lamps above and laughs below," I received the interest for my investment—the offer of a handsome husband and a home for life.

Of course the rooms were all ablaze with lights, but Walter drew me away to the conservatory, where all was bowery bloom and fragrance, and the moonlight on one side, and the gaslight on the other, met and mingled over clusters of salmon-pink, bloomy-purple, or dusk-red blossoms. How handsome he looked when he held up a lily with a laugh, saying:

"I said to the lily, There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."

Somehow I had an uncomfortable sensation that his love was of a better quality than mine. Never mind, perhaps mine will improve with time, like wine.

I was rather disappointed at Emma Bond, I must say. When Walter whispered to her that, as we had been friends so long, he knew she would be glad to have me for a sister, she hesitated a moment, and then gave me a frosty little kiss without speaking. He looked surprised, but said nothing. I am not of the passive order, however, so I went up stairs with her when it was time for her to go home.

"What do you mean, Emma?" I said, with some sharpness, of course; "do you object to your brother's choice?"

She's a fair, gentle-looking creature, but fixed as granite. If you'll notice you'll find those blonde, baby-faced women the most obstinate and self-willed people in the world.

So she just answered quietly, "You know I like you, Gertrude, but I don't think you will suit my brother."

"He thinks differently," I answered with some fire.

"Of course he does now—the strong new wine of love, you know," and she actually laughed. I was furious.

"I suppose you will make known your opinions to your brother the first opportunity?" I said.

"Oh, I've said all I could, Gertrude. I confess to you that I have opposed this whole thing, as much for your sake as for his."

"Thank you," I exclaimed, in a tone of mock courtesy. "And why have you taken so much trouble to warn him against a friend you pretended all the time to like?"

"I will tell you, Gertrude," she answered, with such a fair, sincere-looking face, and tender blue eyes, that any one who only looked at the surface would have been deceived. "You will never be happy together. You will never find, in quiet home-duties in a western town, the society and excitement you love. Walter will not find in you the household angel he expects. He would love his own fireside above any other earthly spot. You will find it tame and insipid beyond expression, and pine for the dance, the music, the lectures, the play."

"That will do," I answered, turning coldly away; "prophecy no more dark things; take care of your own future and I will take care of mine."

"Nay, may God take care of it, Gertrude!" she exclaimed, piously.

"And I love your brother, Emma Bond; I love him—that alters everything."

I wonder if it does. Well, it seems so now, and I wanted to put down the little upstart.

JULY 31st.—What a picture I see from my window! what glory I have beheld to-day!—Niagara, with its sheets of emerald water falling, and tender, curving lines of creamy spray, all sunset flushed with the blood of a dying July sun. How Walter listened, with eager eyes, as I murmured a few lines—

"Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy edge the poppy hangs in sleep."

"I never cared for poetry before," he murmured fondly, "but now I love it, because you do."

I think he is fearfully practical. I wonder if our tastes are at all congenial. If he loves everything because I do, we will have no difficulty; but perhaps he will want me to love everything that he does, which would be impossible to a nature like mine. I am not the yielding kind—my likings are not written in water.

We came here yesterday, after being married in the Ascension Church, by Bishop C—. It was well and gracefully done. Emma brought me a bouquet as a peace-offering. I took it, for I may want a favor of her someday, and I may forgive her, for I have won. The bouquet was not a pure bridal one, however, for a sprig of scarlet salvia blazed out of its creamy whiteness. Did she mean anything, I wonder? It looked so fervid and passionate among the cool, snowy blossoms. We had a splendid day. Such tides of golden

and purple and crimson light as poured through the tinted panes! "Happy the bride the sun shines on," I said to Emma as I took her bouquet. Not one bad omen, unless—well, it was unpleasant to see such a bloated, drunken, disfigured object drawn along by the police just as I was entering the church, and to know she was a woman. The wretched creature called out in a sudden spasm of envy, as she looked at me, "Hi, my lady, it's all roses now; there's thorns coming, and storms and—" what else she might have said I don't know, for the policeman forced her on with a sudden wrench.

AUGUST 10th.—Home at last—a sweet little home I may say—a white house in cottage style, with roses and woodbines, etc., climbing about it, just as one reads about. A smooth, green lawn in front, with pines, and larches, and roses in full bloom. Walter looks around with such infinite satisfaction when he comes home to tea, and I sit at the head of the table, all in white, with a gay knot or two of ribbon to light me up, and he says, "It's a little bit of Eden to me; but I hope," he adds seriously, "that no evil serpent of discontent will ever creep in and destroy it all."

I am alone a good deal for Walter is getting into good practice; and I want a piano, of course. I spoke of it to him yesterday, and he hesitated and colored. "My love, I should have remembered it, knowing your passion for music, but—eh—the fact is, that I have spent all my spare money on the place, the furniture, and—that shawl, which was five hundred dollars, you know."

I was offended, of course. No man ought to marry a musical wife who cannot afford her a piano. And I never smother my feelings. I have the great merit of being candid and open, so I told him freely what was in my mind. "I shall keep no thought from you Walter," I said, frankly; "you can always read my mind as you would an open book. Home is no home to me without a piano. What could you have been thinking about? Don't you know that music softens the heart?"

"And the temper, too, I hope," he said.

I did not know what he meant, but I went on quietly: "A piano, Walter, carries with it an atmosphere of cultivation wherever it goes—"

But Walter heard no more, for he actually went out in the middle of my sentence, and shut the door very hard. I must finish what I was saying when he

comes home to-night, and also speak of his lack of politeness in leaving my sentence unheard.

AUGUST 26th.—To-day I was startled by a great noise—talking and shouting at the door. On looking out, I saw a furniture wagon, and my husband superintending the lifting down of a huge oblong box—a piano, I saw in a moment. I did not go into any raptures, for I thought that would spoil Walter into thinking he had done some great thing. I just sat down quietly to my sewing till Walter came panting up to tell me about it. “My love, now I hope you will be quite happy.”

I raised my eyes with quiet enquiry.

“I have bought your piano,” he said, in radiant expectation.

“Oh, indeed! and the money?”

A cloud came over his face. “I borrowed it. To tell the truth, Gertrude, it is my first experience in that business, and I don’t altogether like it.”

I grew more gracious then, and went down to see the piano—an elegant Steinway, in a plain rosewood case. When I sat down and played and sang, “When the swallows homeward fly,” Walter looked enraptured. He is very much in love, and I think I can manage him perfectly.

SEPTEMBER 30th.—The first frost has touched the leaves with a breath of fire. The maples begin to burn with the fever of death. A winter in Sangamon, for that is the name of this delectable town—what does it offer to me? I wore my camel’s hair last Sunday, and Mrs. Jones, the shoemaker’s wife, came up breathless. “Excuse me, Miss Bond, but you hev forgot to rip out the store mark from your shawl.” Arcadian simplicity! I have had some calls, but find I have no affinity with these people. I am among them, but not of them—in a crowd of thoughts which are not their thoughts. Walter says a physician’s wife must make herself popular. I must ask after little Johnny’s measles, and boil herbs for old Auntie Simon’s cough. Was I born for these things? Is this my life—nothing more—the dull, gray life and apathetic end of such people as these? Have I made a mistake? Walter is perfectly satisfied with his position. He takes the warmest interest in his patients and their ailments. He rides out cheerily in the morning, with the air of a man who is doing his life-work, and doing it well. And what is left for me?—to dust, to sweep, to darn, to thrum—to keep the cage in order where I sit—a captive bird pining for a larger

liberty, and singing forever, "Can this be all—is there nothing more?"

OCTOBER 28th.—Oh, yes! something more! Quarrels! We have had our first real quarrel, and Walter has gone without kissing me. I was not to blame. Still, it was a variety. It has quickened my pulses somewhat, and given me a color. And he can see that I do not give up a point easily, and that the happiest way for him is to yield. How dreary it looks from my window! the winter comes so early here!

"The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,"

hangs alone on the topmost twig of the one maple tree in the garden. All the crimson and golden honors have fallen and are trodden into the mire under foot. Poor tree!—poor life!—so our glowing hopes drop from us one by one, just as they seem to be kindling into something brighter and more glorious. Ah! I am moralizing instead of giving evidence. I am arraigned at the bar this morning, and allowed to state my case—not to criminate myself, though; that is the delinquent's first right.

Well, deponent testifies that she has for a week suffered under an affection of the spirits, sometimes called "blues," or "low spirits," or depression, or melancholy; that, in casting about her for relief, it suddenly occurred to her that a party might be a diversion; only temporary, perhaps, but rousing, to some degree, for the time. Thereupon she decides to have a party. This morning the sun looked out pale and wan through watery veils of cloud, and I—this third person is so troublesome—said to Walter: "My love, I am determined at last to make myself popular with the Sangamon people."

A pleased smile lighted up his face. "I knew you would come right at last, Gertrude."

I made a peevish gesture. "Then you think I have been wrong?"

"Not at heart, dear; but then, it seemed as though you held yourself apart; you are so far above them, really, Gertrude, that I feared you would never come together."

"There is no one beside thee, and no one above thee,
Thou standest alone as the nightingale sings,"

he hummed softly to himself.

"So, I want to give a party."

You never saw the sun go into a cloud quicker than the smile went out of his face; but I went on: "A

regular crush, I want to do the whole town up at once, Walter, and give me a new sensation, for you know I have never been hostess in such an affair."

"I cannot afford to pay so high a price for your sensation," he answered, quietly.

"Very well, then. I'll sell my watch," I said, as quietly.

The watch, a pretty little enamelled toy, was his bridal gift. He started as if he had received a blow.

"Would you—would you really do that?" he exclaimed in a pathetic tone.

"Of course," I answered, with the greatest coolness.

"We have a good clock here, which will always tell me the time, and why should I not gratify myself with the 'money now lying idle in the water?'"

"I believe you would sell the giver as well as the gift, to gratify a fancied wish," he exclaimed, in sudden heat.

"Perhaps the giver thinks he *is* sold?" I answered, as warmly. But the flush passed away from Walter's face, and he grew cool and calm again. "I know you are jesting, love. You would not part with my gift so lightly."

"Now, do you know, Walter," I said, "associations are nothing to me. I value things for what they really are. I am singular, perhaps, but I say to myself, what the watch will fetch, that is the value of the watch. No jeweller will give me a cent more for it because of the associations with my wedding. So, intrinsically, you see——"

And there Walter cut the thread of my thought off suddenly, by going out and shutting the door with what Hood calls "a wooden damu."

But I shall win, I know, in the end. A woman who knows how to manage the cards always holds the winning ones.

DECEMBER 15th.—A drear, dull day, ending in snow. How the fluffy bits come sailing, sailing down, with a monotony enough to craze one. A cold, white shroud has wrapped the earth. Even the evergreens on the lawn do not look cheerful—such a mockery of summer with their dull, dead green. Walter is out riding through these blinding drifts. Oh, well! he likes it; he goes into it with a keen pleasure; the contest with the storm is exciting. Better, far better, than the drear, monotonous calm in which I am left. What have I to do through all this long, gray day, as it struggles on through its pale eclipse of snow? To feed my birds, to cut a few decayed leaves from my

plants. Bah! If one could only lop off the fair things that have died, and no longer have bloom or fragrance, out of our lives. So I complain to my journal. My life is full of blank leaves. I might be a Lady Bountiful of this town, make flannel "weskits" for the babies, make soup for the old women, or—but I am not cut out for this. It would be, I believe, a worse purgatory than the present, when everything is a bore. All this day I shall look out languidly on the same dull blank of sky, shedding its frozen tears on the frozen earth, or I shall turn to the room so primly bright, and play drearily on the piano for none to hear, or I shall wander down, for relief, into the kitchen, and watch Rhoda awhile, as she drives her fists into the soft, puffy cushion of dough, to make the bread. She always sings as she works, and seems really happy; but, who can tell? Perhaps I seem so too in the eyes of the boors around, or in her eyes, with my handsome dresses and this diamond on my finger, that burns with such a fierce spark of fire. Heigho! What will they have at the opera to-night, I wonder? I wish I had not wasted my money on that party now—on such dolts. I should have got more enjoyment out of a trip to New York. But could I leave Walter so soon? Not six months married, and already the glory dies from off the landscape of my life! My husband is all kindness, but somehow I'm still longing and forever sighing for something far off, unattained and dim—for my old life, perhaps, that will forever look in upon this dull new one, like a ghost that won't be laid. Good-by, old times,

"I did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die."

It would take up too much space to give you all my journal here, but I have given you enough to show the first cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, that grew and grew, till it darkened my whole life. You can see that I was not to blame for having aspirations which nature implanted in my bosom; for not being enraptured with the dull, sordid life that filled my husband's cup of enjoyment to overflowing. It was the enamelled chalice and the earthen pitcher that went together to the way stream of life. I sighed for sparkling wine, "with purple bubbles beaded on the rim"—he grew ecstatic over his draught of spring water. I could not share his rapture—he could not share my longing; so I might as well skip over the years, and hasten the end.

AUGUST.—To-day is my wedding day. Four years ago I stood up with Walter and vowed--what was it I vowed? No matter now. I have been to Europe. Walter held out a while, as he always does. Why will he, I wonder, when he knows he must yield at last? It is not philosophical. We should yield at once to the inevitable. He knows I have never yet set my heart on anything which I did not, sooner or later, attain. Somebody says, "Man does not yield even to death, save through the impotence of his own will." So Walter sold the white cottage in Sangamon, and his practice there, with many a gloomy look and stormy word; for, as I have said before, those cream-faced blondes, with their tender blue eyes and sunlit hair, can be volcanic now and then; but if he is fire, then I am steel, and the fire only tempers me. There is actually a pun from a passenger by the Arago, who only arrived this morning. I have said nothing of my travels in my journal, because I have the intention of publishing them some day, and I could not lavish my beautiful descriptions in a journal that pays nothing. So here we are, free of Sangamon. The world is before us where to choose. I choose this city.

SEPTEMBER 8th.—I think I am cool enough now, to write what has passed this day. Emma Bond—she is married now, however—came in with her brother. The half twilight in the parlor prevented me seeing her face, or Walter's, quite well. But somehow I felt something solemn in her kiss. Then Walter went to the door, and locked it. It's a private parlor, and he could do it, of course; but somehow the movement startled me. I turned to the window and caught back the curtain, till a long ray of light, like a golden finger, pointed in to the very spot where they stood—like the finger of justice, I think, pointing out two guilty culprits. Emma, fluttered a little, but with some inflexible meaning written in her face; Walter seated, with his hands over his eyes—hands that trembled, I could see, with some terrible emotion.

"What—what has happened?" I asked, as calmly as I could.

Walter took down his hands. He was too much of a man to let his sister speak for him, as I saw she longed to do. His face was paler than I had ever seen it before; but he spoke in a voice that seemed frozen, as if all the warmth had been chilled out of it long ago.

"Nothing has happened, Gertrude, that has not been happening for four years."

"Oh, if that's it," I said, relieved, "and we are to hear nothing new, perhaps Emma will lay aside that high tragedy expression, and join in with something sharp and appropriate to the occasion. Having reached our native land this morning, my dear, we will resume our native manners, and commence quarreling immediately, if you like."

"But I have something new to say on an old subject, Gertrude," said my husband, "and I have brought Emma to hear me say it. We do not live happily together. We had better part."

A perfect volcano of emotions seemed to rend my heart. Surprise, anger, pride, and injured love. But pride reigned, and these words leaped to my lips:

"Very well; I could wish for nothing better."

I was glad I had so spoken when I saw the look of pain grow deeper on Walter's face. He had not expected quiet acquiescence then, but tears, perhaps—passionate protest, humble promises for the future. I was sorry when I saw Emma's quiet satisfaction as she murmured, "It's enough, Walter; she consents." Had I sealed my own fate—and was this fair, impassive woman the witness? Walter walked toward the window and looked out, not for the view, I am sure. Then he began to talk again, hardly looking at me, but half as if convincing himself. "I could not bear it much longer—I should grow mad—this slow torture, this eternal conflict. Gertrude, you know what I have done for you? I have sold everything but myself to gratify your whims. I have been weak, almost dishonest, for the sake of peace; but it is further off than ever—the cry is still 'give, give.' I stand here to-day ruined—beggared in heart and life. It cannot go on—it cannot go on."

I changed my tactics then.

"Really, Emma," I said, in a concerned way, "he must be ill; his brain seems strangely excited. Who is your doctor here?"

"He wants no doctor, but peace and rest," said his sister, going over to him fondly, and laying her hand on his forehead; "of course he is excited; one does not break such ties as these in cold blood—unless," she added scornfully, "one is—is—a woman, and a heartless one."

"Of course when I agreed with him about the separation, I thought I was humoring a sick whim. I have no idea of being pointed at as a divorced wife. Walter is mine, and no power on earth shall take him away."

I expect I said this with no tenderness, but rather

with the furious air of a woman guarding her property. Walter covered his face again with his hands. And Emma seemed stung into eloquence by my words. "No power on earth shall be left untried to give him freedom," she cried. What! must a man be chained forever to a fair fiend, because, forsooth, for a few weeks he took her for an angel of light? He is young yet; is he to drag forever a lengthened chain? is he to live forever on the edge of this volcano—worn out by fruitless strife?"

"Don't ask me," I answered, with the puzzled air of one who studies a riddle. "I never was good at guessing. I give it up."

"But I do not," exclaimed Walter, starting up; "I will solve this riddle, as you are pleased to consider it. Gertrude; and I say no—a thousand times no! Whether the law sanctions it or not, whether you consent or not, we part this hour. I have warned you that this hour must come, but you sneered. Take the fruit, now, of the seed you have planted—it is all I have to offer you."

"Really, good people," I said, playing carelessly with the tassels of the curtain, "You seem to have arranged things very much to your own satisfaction, but as I haven't been consulted, you musn't be surprised if I don't fall into your plans quite apturously, or appreciate the melodramatic speeches you have made to me. If you had given me notice, I dare say I might have gotten up something tender and touching; but——"

Walter came toward me, not unkindly, "Let us at least part friends," he said, "and without any of this hollow mockery on your part. It is no farce, Gertrude, at which you are a mere spectator, but a dead earnest thing, which separates us forever—in any case—forever. And I loved you once, Gertrude; you have killed my love by slow degrees. It is gone, so it is better that I should go to. You have not been happy with me; perhaps you will be happier without me. Good-by!"—and he actually held out his hand.

Then I kindled like a live coal; then I blazed up into such wrath that the two puny souls, with their fair faces, cowered and wilted before me.

"So it is really a plot," I cried, "and you two are the chief conspirators, to take away home and even a good name from a defenceless woman. What have I done? Let the sum of my crimes be blazoned abroad in any court in the land, and see the sneer of the lawyer against such paltry charges. I will not bear it; I will not fall an easy victim into your snare. Is

a woman to be cast off, then, when her husband wearies of her, or a new face, perhaps, makes her look faded and plain? It shall not be. With every power of my mind, with every feeling of my heart, with all the strength of my body, will I contest this thing and fight against this vile plot. I warn you, Walter Bond, you shall make no easy case, gain no easy verdict."

"It is all one," he said, wearily; "we part in any case."

"Do not think that," I said; "I can follow you—I can thwart you—I can destroy your popularity—I can crumble down any temple of happiness you may seek to build. Think you any other woman would trust you if I go to her and say: Look at me; he loved me once; he vowed to me as he now vows to you; he grew weary of me and cast me off; he warned in time. You know me, Walter. I have some fascinations. I shall use them against you. I shall win. A woman always appeals to the people successfully. Beware!"

"No matter, so we part now," exclaimed Walter, shrinking from me more and more, till he reached the door. He gave me one last look as I stood there angry and defiant, one look of almost loathing, and then went out. He must come back, I think; he has gone out angry so many times, I cannot believe this is the last.

I sat down then, for I had stood from the first, and my strength seemed slipping away from me. Emma came near with a glass of water, and I drank. Then she began, in her old kind tone, till I thought of a green and gilded snake, as she sat there in her shining green silk and her waving yellow hair, so mild and sweet.

"Gertrude," she said, "you may not believe me in this, but I am your friend. I pity you from my heart, more because I saw this end from the beginning. You have made Walter miserable—perhaps you could not unmake yourself and do otherwise. It is your nature to be selfish, exacting and tyrannical, and— and perhaps you have not striven against that nature as you should. Well, you are unhappy, and I pity you. I wish to do something to show my sympathy. Come and stay with me till this thing is settled. My husband joins me in the invitation. We will do what we can to make life pleasant to you still, and you will have the gayeties of New York this winter to take your mind from your troubles. Will you come?"

How I hated her as she sat there. How I despised her offer. But I was prudent. I considered what I

was to do. I had no home. Walter had little to give me, for the winter in Paris had drained him. I had better think before I spoke, so I answered as calmly as possible: "I will think of it, Emma, and tell you to-morrow; but I should like to be alone now, if you please." She went out, and I have been sitting here thinking—thinking, till my brain seems on fire. What shall I do? Shall I sell my diamonds and follow Walter, as I said, or shall I stay here and see what pleasure I can get out of a New York winter? Revenge is sweet—but had I better exhaust my resources? I think I had better exhaust Emma's.

DECEMBER 9TH.—I have been here now three months with my saintly sister-in-law. It was a masterly move to invite me. How well it will look to the world in any event! What self-denying love—what Christian grace! And then, I am here, to be stroked down and persecuted—to be calmed and coaxed. Oh! I see through it all, though I seem blind. Sometimes I explode with sudden wrath, and startle them all. I did so this morning, and now Emma's husband, Mr. Sinclair, has just left me. He has been kind in his manner, but he said some hard things—"It must not happen again, or—" I finished the sentence for him—"Or you will turn me in the street, gracious sir. Very well, I do not wait for that—I turn myself in the street—I will leave to-morrow." So I have packed my trunk and written these lines before I go. How gay the streets are—and the merry sleigh-bells ring out joyously, as the happy people curl up under soft furs, and the horses toss their heads with a real enjoyment of the affair, as they dash past. I have missed my destiny somehow—I ought to be one of those rich and pampered ones who are flying by, flushed with the pleasures of the hour. In the sunshine of prosperity I would be sweet and good. It is only the storm that sours me, as it does milk. Now I must be a drudge, and teach—music.

APRIL.—It is spring in the country. Even here the little girls are selling violets. But I did not sit down to write that. It is all over—Walter has got the divorce. He has written to me to-day to tell me so—a cool business letter, with some money arrangement at the end—generous, perhaps. I despise it and him; but I shall not refuse it—oh no! I would like to take more from him. I have none of the false pride of novel heroines. The more I hate him, the better I enjoy taking his money. Why should we only accept

assistance from those we love? And he gives me some advice besides. That I will not take.

JUNE.—It's an odd little hotel this, and I have to wait till morning before going home, so I may as well write what I have to say here. I've had a long journey and a fruitless one, I fear; but I've kept my word. It seems like the other day since Walter shrank from me when I threatened; but it is *four* years—four years of desolate, stormy winters to me—four springs without promise—four summers without fragrance—four autumns without harvest; and I am here to keep my word. I have seen her to-day, the girl that Walter loves. I have travelled day and night for this, and it is over. This morning I made myself as handsome as possible. I dressed myself in a shining violet silk; I wore a black lace hat with velvet heart's-ease starring it with purple and gold; I wrapped a black lace shawl about me, and then I looked in the glass. Some lines were in my face, of care or pride—a weary, haggard look in the eyes, perhaps. But so much the better; she would see that I had suffered—that *he* had made me suffer. Rosa May!—a soft, sweet name—a meek-eyed, dimpled little thing she is! But I must go to her by degrees. What a bowery bloom there was in all the little gardens, as I went down the village street; and the houses were all alike, you know—all done up in roses and honeysuckle, every one like his neighbor. But I was well-directed, and could make no mistake. I saw some one kneeling over a little garden-bed, transplanting some primroses, and I was impressed that this was Rosa. My convictions are seldom wrong. I went in confidently.

“Is this Miss May?”

The young girl looked up with a pair of clear brown eyes—startled like a frightened fawn. “Yes,” she answered, in a hesitating way, evidently waiting for for the rest.

“I have something to say to you that must be said in some less public place,” I said. She led me without a word, into a little summer house, hidden behind a great willow.

“Sit down, if you please,” she said, timidly. She was a pretty little thing, with a meaningless face, and I saw that Walter had not chosen a gifted woman this time. I thought my triumph was secure with such a weak little thing, and I grew almost affectionate. “My dear,” I said, “I have travelled a great many miles to save you, and I hope you will hear me out patiently. I do not want another fond heart to make

shipwreck on the same rock on which I split. Walter Bond——”

The brown eyes dilated then, and I saw she had some sort of hidden strength, for she seemed no more timid.

“I think I know you now, madame,” she said, quietly.

“Then you know I am his wife?” I said, quickly.

“That you *were* his wife, I know! she said. “He has no secrets from me.”

“Do you think human laws—poor weak toys of man’s invention—can put apart those whom God joined together?” I cried—for I thought religion was the weapon to use with her. “Do you not fear to trust yourself to a man who holds God’s laws so lightly? Do you not fear that the day may come when you will stand, as I do now, amid the wreck of your life’s hopes, alone—stranded upon a barren shore, while the gay bark that bore you on awhile, goes rejoicing on its way to fairer climes for another passenger? You look too good—too innocent for such a fate. Be warned in time!”

“He has told me all you can say—and I love him,” said the girl simply. “I do not fear.”

I was foiled. “Then you deserve your fate,” I said, bitterly. “I can do no more.”

“I accept it,” she answered, and rose to go.

I was forced to rise also. I saw her clear trusting look—I knew how such a being would twine round his heart, and the very bitterness of death swept through my soul. Ah, if I could only have snatched this cup of pleasure from his lips. But in vain—they will be happy, and I sit here alone, and to-morrow I go back to my lonely room, and to my daily tasks.



THE LUMLEY TRAGEDY; AND WHAT BECAME OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTOR.

In the old morbid German student days I had been mad and impious enough to wonder how a man felt who had committed murder, to wish that I might experience his sensations—realize by actual experience what they were.

I had my wish now.

The woman I loved lay dead at my feet, her white bosom gashed with the death-wound I had given her. I had murdered her! How did I feel? I did not feel

at all. The blow I had dealt her had stunned me. I felt nothing then.

My love for Lucille Balfour had been the passion of my life. I madly worshipped this woman, who was as desperate a coquette as ever lived.

Three years I danced attendance on her steps, so mad with my passion for her that I could not quit her in the face of her preference for others. Though deceived and put off, and cheated into new trust only to be deceived again, constantly deluded and maddened in a breath, I loved on, until one day it was my lot to rescue her from the consequences of a wild escapade in which she had engaged. I saved her life, and she gave it to me in reward—that is she pretended to do so.

She promised to marry me, and I was as happy as a man ought to be who had loved a woman three years, and won her at last.

Well, all went like paradise for a while. Lucille smiled only on me. She seemed only to live for me, as I for her.

But a woman who has once been a coquette does not find it easy to abstain from trifling, to be satisfied with the devotion of one. Lucille could not.

She had presently as many admirers as ever, in spite of my remonstrances. Then we quarrelled, and I went away.

I could not stay, however. I came back to find Lucille about to be married to another.

I went to see her with my heart full of love and forgiveness, and she told me she was going to marry another.

We were all alone. It chanced that the very servants were out for a holiday. There was no one to help her or hear her. I was mad, I suppose. I believe all wickedness is a kind of insanity.

I told Lucille I was going to kill her, and she laughed at me.

There were a great many costly trifles scattered about her room, curiosities from near and far. On the table nearest us was a long, gold-hilted stiletto.

I took it up, and drew it from its velvet sheath.

She laughed at me yet. She did not believe me, and as I caught her on my left arm, she cried out angrily my rival's name.

I struck her then—once, and laid her off my arm upon the carpet.

She never moved or made a sound.

I might have stood there staring at her for hours. I have no idea how long it was; I don't know that I

should ever have moved but for the sound in my ear of the voice of the man whose name she had on her lips last.

"My God! who did it?" he was saying, and then he tried to drag me away." You look as though you were going mad with horror, Burt, and no wonder," he said, "To have loved such a woman and come home to find her so! Come away, old fellow. This'll be too much for you. Come, I'll send for a doctor. Maybe she isn't dead after all."

It went through me with an odd thrill in the midst. Lucille had told me she loved this man to vex me. It must be. He neither spoke nor looked like the lover.

He evidently entertained no suspicion that I had killed her, though he found me standing over her murdered body.

He thought I was her lover—that we were to be married!

No one had known, now I came to think of it, of the dissolution of our engagement but ourselves. Lucille had been displeased with my jealousy, and had purposely fomented it to punish me; but at the bottom she had been true to me all the time.

These convictions flashed through me as I stood there. Then I let Phil Anderson draw me away. Not far, however. I sat down in the outer hall, and covering my face, waited for the hand of doom to be laid on my shoulders.

"I hope they may catch the wretch who did it," I heard one of the women say who had flocked in.

Strangely enough, no one seemed to suspect me, and no one had extracted a word from me yet, either in crimination of myself or others. I was beginning to shudder every time any one questioned me, but I answered nothing.

"Never mind. He's daft with grief," said they. "Poor fellow! he's loved her these years. They were to have been married this fall coming."

"I hope they'll hang him without judge or jury," said another voice. "I'd like to be in at the hanging, too."

The speaker meant the murderer. Could she mean me? I stole a furtive look at the beldame. She was staring straight at me with small, fierce eyes that pierced me like fiery darts.

I felt then what the murderer feels—not before—the unutterable sting of terror. Fear, the most cowardly and unmeaning, clutched me like a demon. I shook like a leaf. My heart was like lead in my bosom, my knees smote together, and I thought they were all

staring at me, and reading the guilt I in vain tried to cover with my quivering hands.

If the earth could have opened and swallowed me—if the wall behind me could have gaped, and hid me from their scorching eyes! I thought no longer of Lucille—beautiful, beloved, adored, lost!

It was not remorse that tore me; it was fear. I could not think connectedly. I was bewildered, mazed in a sort of frenzy that yet instinct forced me to control from outbursting.

Phil Anderson came and laid a hand on my shoulder. I looked up with a start, but his face was only pitiful.

"Take me somewhere away from these eyes, Phil," I pleaded.

"Poor old fellow, yes!" and he showed me into an inner room.

There was a lounge. A glance assured me that there was a window. I threw myself upon the lounge and waited. It was almost dark. I should not have to wait long; but every second seemed an age. I could not have fled before the eyes of all these, but I was resolved to flee.

The commonest reason told me that flight would be construed at once as a sign of guilt; would in all probability raise upon me that hue and cry for justice which my remaining might hinder. But I was frenzied to go. Stay I could not and would not. The very air about me breathed horror and death.

Presently I went to the window and looked out. Darkness was gathering slowly. There were scattering trees at a little distance. I might hide in their shadows and so get away without being seen.

Slipping the sash, I got quickly out; and after ascertaining by an upward glance that the curtains on most of the windows on this side of the house were drawn, I stole away.

I was hatless. It was the craziest thing I could have done—this flight; but I could not help it. I had not self-control enough to stay. I had sense enough to realize that any security in flight was impossible without money.

I believed, too, that as soon as my absence was discovered, I should be sought at my own rooms. I hastened thither, therefore, at once, and secured what ready money I had there. Entering unseen by a back way, I left in the same manner.

I had a large amount of funds in a bank in a neighboring city. But the chances were, that, if I went after it, by the time the bank was open news

would have come of my flight, and I should be arrested there. I therefore set my face in an opposite direction.

I did not dare take the cars at the nearest depot; besides, they were not due for an hour yet, and I dared not risk waiting, so I walked on to the next stopping-place. It was three miles, and I was barely in time.

The exercise had been good for me, however. It had in some measure worked off my nervous excitement. As I stepped into the car I was nearer self-possession than I had been since the commission of the fatal deed.

Before entering I gave a hasty but thorough glance over the inmates of the car. They were all strangers whose faces were toward me, but to make sure I passed round to the other door, and made the same investigation.

There was no one I knew. Indeed, both this station and the one preceding furnished few passengers at any time.

I sat down with something like a sensation of relief, as the engine, with a screaming whistle of defiance, tore away on its route. I was safe till we stopped again—tolerably safe till morning, when the telegraph might have floated my guilt world-wide, and set my path with spies.

I was safe for the present, but I did not feel so. The terror might not have been quite so great, but the misery was horrible.

Was there another wretch on the face of the earth so unutterably wretched as I was? Was there another whose existence was such a horrible burden, and yet who clung to it so—was so terror-smitten at the thought of losing it?

What was it I feared? The hereafter? Scarcely. The present agony was too imminent to make the future very real. It did not seem to me that I feared death. I thought what an end of pain and care it would be if the train that bore me would plunge down some dark abyss and crush us all to atoms!

I wished, oh, so wildly, that to-day was yesterday—that I might be dreaming—that I had stayed away from Lucille when I went away—that I had trusted her more—that I had never, *never*, NEVER struck her that fatal blow.

Was this the way murderers felt? Oh, my darling, and I had slain you!

"You live hereabouts?" questioned my nearest neighbor, leaning over to address me.

I could not help half a start. I hoped he did not notice it.

"No sir," I said, shortly.

"Ah, really, I beg pardon; I noticed you got in at the last station."

"You are mistaken, sir. I am all the way from the city. I rode on the forward car first, but did not like my seat, and so came in here."

"Ah!" said my companion, relapsing into his seat, and seeming satisfied with my lie.

I was not so sure, however. What did he mean by asking me if I lived hereabouts?

I changed my position presently, so that I could see my neighbor's face. He was looking at me.

"What's doing in the city?" he asked, as he caught my eye.

"Not much," I answered, looking out of the window.

"Queer thing that bank robbery on—on Seventh street."

"I believe so," said I.

"There are no banks on Seventh street," said another gentleman near me.

"None?" my talkative neighbor questioned.

He was sounding me, I thought, with a shudder, and presently, making an excuse on account of the nearness of the stove, I changed my seat to another part of the car.

Most of the people in the car dozed off to sleep as the night advanced, but the Seventh street bank gentleman did not close his eyes till near morning.

It seemed to me that he could not sleep for watching me, and the fancy made me sick with fear.

It was in vain that I reasoned with myself upon the unlikelihood of his knowing anything of what had occurred at Lumley.

I was sure he regarded me suspiciously; and, though I had certainly never seen him before in my life, I imagined a sort of familiarity in his aspect, till I could, in the bewilderment of my terror, have sworn that he was an old resident of Lumley, where I had lived so long.

I slept none, though, in my anxiety lest my wakefulness should be noticed, I pretended to sleep. I felt as though I should never be able to lose myself again.

I dreaded the approach of morning, yet longed for the terrible night to pass.

When morning did come, and the people around me began to arouse themselves from their uncomfortable naps, I shrank almost visibly every time I encountered the eyes of any of them.

It seemed to me people had never looked at me before.

What did they see in my face to make them stare so at me? How I wished I was a woman, and might wear a veil, to hide me from so many eyes!

At the depot I looked for trouble.

So a little before we stopped, I got up and made my way through the cars to the last one, down whose steps I leaped the instant it slackened motion.

I stood a moment to recover my equilibrium, then walked away with as deliberate a step as I could force myself to assume.

I went straight to the wharf without stopping. I meant to take the first outward-bound vessel, no matter whither she was going.

I found one just sailing for Liverpool, and went on board at once.

Till we were far out at sea I expected a boat to be sent after us—after me; but none came. Till we touched land, then I was safe.

Safe? What a mockery safety is to the criminal! He knows not the meaning of the word. His reason may tell him no danger is near, but his fears, his remorse, his conscience, are like unquiet hounds, howling the death-warning forever in his ears.

One torture I was spared. The ghost of my poor victim did not haunt me.

To my thought she was often present, as she lay on the carpet in the little sitting-room where we had sat often.

I went over the terrible scene many times. I felt her grow heavy on my arm as that cruel blow smote her.

I saw the beautiful face ghastly with death, the white bosom dabbled with blood; but these scenes came rather at my bidding than unwelcomely.

I grew very soon to be an object of curiosity to the other passengers.

I was so taciturn, so gloomy of aspect, so nervous and excitable. Some ventured much to satisfy their curiosity, and tortured me beyond imagining, watching for my secret.

I dared not sleep, for fear of babbling it aloud. Walking, I caught constantly some conversational allusion that made me shudder and thrill at the associations it suggested.

It was a miserable voyage. Another week of such surroundings, such inactivity, would have crazed me.

Arrived at Liverpool, I found myself so nearly destitute of means, that it was necessary to seek some employment at once.

In a strange city, wild and foreign of aspect as I was, totally unfamiliar, too, with the ways, I stood a poor chance of obtaining any sort of situation.

My last penny was spent, and I had gone hungry many a day before relief came.

I answered an advertisement for an American clerk, and in my extremity obtained the situation, with the merest pittance for a salary.

I think the operations of the mind are very dependent upon the state of the physical powers. Hunted down as I was by poverty, hunger, and scantily clothed, my broken energies refused to rally.

I grew more morbid and desponding every day. I became more nervous and fearful at every sound and look.

I was not a good clerk. My nervousness and pre-occupation unfitted me for performing my duties satisfactorily.

At home I should have been dismissed at short warning.

My slower English employer would have suffered me to jog along uncertainly much longer than I did, but for an accident which caused me to leave him of my own accord.

This was no less than the chance use by a customer of the word "Lumley." Lumley is an English, rather than an American name. But I could not help feeling that the man, as he uttered the word, fixed his eyes on me curiously, and I could not for my life keep my cheek from blanching.

I made some excuse to leave the store within the hour, and I never went back. Instead of doing so, I took the express train for London that night. I thought in the great smoky old city I could lose myself completely.

I went into a coffee-house and called for a *Times* newspaper. I meant to look over the advertisements for some employment. I could not afford to be idle.

My eye first fell upon an advertisement for a gardener. Sir Robert Woodley, at Woodley Court, Nottinghamshire, wanted a gardener.

My eye travelled on. Three paragraphs below it was something which thrilled through me like cold steel.

My own name, Burt Calthorpe, in capitals. Any person who could give information which should lead to the discovery or whereabouts of the same should be amply rewarded by lodging it at No. 10 Marlborough place.

It never struck me that this was a singular wording

of an advertisement for the apprehension of a criminal.

I only felt that I must get out of London. Nobody would think of looking for Burt Calthorpe, *quasi* gentleman, in Sir Robert Woodley's nurseries. I would go to Nottinghamshire.

Fortune was on my side this time. Sir Robert had not yet hired a gardener, and was badly in need of one, or he would never have taken so unpromising a looking one as myself.

He was likely at last to have thrown up the arrangement, because I had not a character; but his wife, a handsome, kindly-faced woman, who stood leaning upon his shoulder while he talked with me, whispered something in his ear, and at once he said he would try me.

Lady Woodley proved my friend. With a woman's tender intuition she read me to a greater extent than any one had done since I left Lumley.

Without torturing me with questions, without instituting any system of drawing out, she comprehended that I was very wretched. It mattered not to this lovely woman why.

I was wretched. Whether I deserved my misery, was guilty or unfortunate, I was wretched; and such balm as she might she poured into my wounds.

The good and tender, conscientious Christian woman can do can scarcely be over-estimated.

Under the influence of Lady Woodley I became, if not a happier man, a wiser one. My eyes opened to more rational views of life, and my own relations to it.

I saw myself a pitiful coward in hiding, punishing myself hourly more horribly than if I had staid and faced justice at Lumley.

What were a hundred halts by the side of the sullen terror that dogged my steps now wherever I went?

Lady Woodley, discovering that I was not the uneducated boor I assumed, persuaded me to become librarian to her husband.

I consented the more readily, because I had now resolved to return to America as soon as I could obtain means to do so, and the advance in position would include an advance in salary.

Having once resolved to turn back and face the fate I had been fleeing in such agony, I found myself calmer, and more nearly happy than I had dreamed I ever would be again.

I had said that I was spared the torture of being haunted by the ghost of my poor dead love.

I was.

What did come to haunt me, though, in these hours when I had devoted myself to just expiation, was not a spirit, but a likeness—a likeness the most singular and unaccountable.

Lady Woodley had a sister come down from London to spend a few months with her.

The first time I saw this lady I was so astonished with the resemblance she bore to poor Lucille that I could not speak for some moments.

Both she and Lady Woodley restrained their surprise, and were very patient with my agitation. I could not explain—I did not try.

Miss Leverett probably concluded that I discovered in her a resemblance to some lost loved one, for she was always patient and kind with me, and never resented as an impertinence the intensity of gaze with which I constantly caught myself regarding her when in her presence.

Miss Leverett had evidently seen sorrowful days too.

She wore always the deepest mourning, whether for parent, brother, or sister, I knew not.

The expression of her lovely face, her rare smile, her tender eyes, were sad as sweet.

Her face, while it was strongly like Lucille's in contour and feature, had nothing of my lost lover's witching vivacity of color and gayety.

She was always pale, slender, and slight, too, where Lucille had rounded into fullest outlines of health and beauty.

I found a fascination in watching her that I knew not how to name—so haunted was it with memories of pleasure and happiness the most transcendent—so keenly was I reminded that my own hand had lost me all.

Miss Leverett conversed with me sometimes in a low, gentle voice.

By degrees she seemed almost to seek the library, where, of course, I was most frequently, and on such occasions we lingered talking over a favorite book, dwelling on themes of mutual interest, I so nearly forgetting all that lay between me and peace as to now and then drop a word about myself, and some personal allusion to that past which lay so far back of this present time.

It was not long before I discovered that Miss Leverett, with this word now and that word then, was sounding my past.

So softly she spoke, so sweetly she looked, so in-

geniously she questioned me, that I did not feel the probe till it touched the sore itself.

For the space of a day all the old torture of fear beset me. This woman was a spy set upon me to bring me to justice.

There was a difference between surrendering myself to the demands of vengeance, and being dragged to retribution by foreign hands.

A calm frame of mind succeeded to this, however.

Having kept my chamber through the day on a plea of illness, I went down to the library in the evening, resolved, if by chance I met Miss Leverett, I would evade nothing she had to say to me.

Miss Leverett sat there reading.

She looked up as I entered, with a grave gesture of welcome, and resumed her book.

Something in her expression at that moment was so like Lucille, that I thrilled through every nerve. I remembered, suddenly, hearing that Lucille had English relations.

She herself had been very uncommunicative on the subject, even with me.

"Miss Leverett," said I suddenly, "pardon me, but will you tell me were you ever in America?"

She looked up startled; her book fell to the floor, and I did not pick it up.

I should have told you before that Miss Leverett was near-sighted and usually wore glasses. This evening she was without them.

That was what increased the likeness of which I have spoken.

Her hair, too, always hitherto worn in plain bands off her face, this evening drooped in just such curls as Lucille wore.

Some strange agitation was on her too, as she half rose, clasping her hands upon her bosom.

"It is too like!" I gasped, shuddering with anguish.

"Tell me who you are? Had Lucille a sister?"

She smiled, took a step toward me, and paused.

"Do you not know me even yet?" she whispered.

I could only sink upon my knees.

She smiled again, a heavenly radiance on the lovely face.

With swift but trembling hands she removed the sable kerchief that covered her ivory shoulders, and showed me upon the snowy surface a deep, red, cruel scar.

"You live! You are Lucille! Oh, my God!"

"I live, and I forgive you, because I love you, and because you have suffered so frightfully. Do you for-

give me for the same reasons, because I too have suffered?"

"I? Lucille, it is too much!" and I, a strong, healthy man, fainted away.

Well, it was not for long, you may imagine. Joy does not often kill.

Lucille had tracked me in my flight like a detective. Recovering against all hopes and prophecy from her wound, she had set out at once upon my steps.

Lady Woodley was a relative, not a sister.

Providence had shaped all, and contrary to, at least, my own deserts, I was happy.



THE DRAWING-MASTER'S STORY.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, according to the old saying; and I for one, at least, ought to be glad of the fact, considering some of my experience, the worst of which, however, fell out after the following fashion.

I am a water-color painter; and, moreover, do not deem it derogatory to give some lessons in the fascinating art. My enemies and certain gentlemen of the æsthetical and historical schools of painting would call me a drawing-master, and I suppose they would not be far wrong; at any rate, I am prepared to be so dubbed, nor do I feel myself in any degree humiliated by the designation.

In the course of a long experience I have had to do with many odd and eccentric people, chief among whom was a certain Mr. Cauham. (For obvious reasons I disguise the names of persons and localities.)

Some years ago he called upon me with a view to my giving his daughter instruction in sketching. He was a man of about fifty or sixty, tall, wiry, sandy-complexioned, perfectly well-bred, and of courteous manners, but generally and emphatically unprepossessing. He informed me that he had studied the theory of painting more or less all his life; also that he wished his daughter to become a great artist. He knew that she had talent, and he would leave her entirely in my hands.

"At present," said he, "we are staying in town; but in the autumn I hope you may possibly be able to come down to my place and work out of doors; meanwhile, do the best you can to prepare her for this, in the drawing-room in Curzon street."

He mentioned from whom he had heard of me; did

not for a moment question my ability to instruct; arranged most liberal terms; and, after rapidly propounding some rather unintelligible theories about art, he took his leave.

For three months, in the London season, I had paid periodical visits to his mansion in Mayfair. During this time I became acquainted somewhat intimately with the young lady and her governess. I found she was an only daughter; that her mother had died while she was but a child; and that ever since she had lived under the sole care of Miss Greene, a lady verging upon fifty, remarkably agreeable, and in no way answering to the generally-received notions of domestic she-dragons. I further found that Mr. Canham's peculiar ideas were not confined to art, they were the same upon all questions of tuition; and Miss Greene soon told me that his bad and peculiar temper made all argument with him fatal; that he must be allowed to dictate and appear to have his own way.

I followed this advice; and when the family left town I received a polite note from the father enclosing a check for my services, and thanking me for the improvement I had effected in Miss Canham's handling of the brush. A time, he said, would be settled when I should pay them a visit in the country, to carry on the lessons out of doors, as proposed.

I, however, heard nothing of them for three years, though I had often pondered over the curious antagonism existing between father and daughter. His influence was in all ways prejudicial to her. Her whole vitality seemed depressed by his presence. He was in the habit at least once during every lesson, of making his appearance in the drawing-room, and laying down the law and expounding his opinions. There was a pomposity in his manner and an *ex cathedrâ* tone in all he said that were irritating beyond measure. He was quite incapable of entering into the feelings or ideas of anybody else. His conceit and selfishness had dried up every sympathy, and it was problematical as to whether he had any heart at all.

On the other hand, his daughter, although high-spirited, was a girl of the keenest sensibility—what the doctors would call “a bundle of nerves,” from head to foot—and it was perfectly unintelligible to me how there could be any relationship between them, especially the close one which existed.

His very voice affected her; it made her shrink visibly into a smaller compass; her eyes would assume a hopelessly blank look; nor was it until she

was once more left alone with Miss Greene and myself that her light-heartedness and natural buoyancy returned, or that she would again expand, either morally or physically—as certain flowers shut and open their petals under the influence of cloud or sunshine.

At last, early in December, 18—, I received the following letter from Mr. Canham. It bore no address or date, but had a London post-mark:

“DEAR SIR—Various circumstances prevented my arranging for the continuance of your lessons to my daughter, as I hoped. Now, however, I should be glad of your further assistance. I think that no better method of studying landscape out of doors can be found than begin with what one may call ‘Nature’s skeleton,’ when her frame-work is completely visible. I should wish Miss Canham, therefore, to commence sketching at this season of the year; and, if your arrangements will permit, it will give me great pleasure if you can spend the next month, including your Christmas, with us, at a little place I have taken near Pellerton, Northerlandshire, where Miss Greene and my daughter are at present staying alone. Go down as soon as you can and set to work. You are expected.

“I fear, however, I may not be able to join you until Christmas Eve. I keep a very small establishment at Drearholt Lodge, so you will excuse my not sending a carriage to meet you at Pellerton station; but you will obtain a fly there to convey you to the house.

“One thing only I have to request—you must on no account let any one know where you are. During the time you are with us manage to have as little correspondence as possible; date your letters as from London, enclose them to Mr. Truston, (a factotum of mine,) Aston place, Hornsey, and they will be safely posted; also authorize your servant to give him all your letters when he calls, and I will answer for their reaching you safely. I will make ample compensation for any inconvenience this arrangement may put you to, but absolute secrecy I must insist upon.

“Faithfully yours,

“W. CANHAM.”

Strange conditions these, I thought, but quite like him; only I fancy the young lady will find it cool work painting out of doors this weather. My curiosity was excited. I had no important correspondence

or business at this time. I knew this would be a remunerative expedition; and as Christmas had long ceased to be a very marked season with me, and as it mattered little now where I spent it, I determined to go.

In a few days, therefore, I found myself travelling on the Great Northern Railway into Northerlandshire. The rather singular conditions of silence imposed on me impressed me with an idea that my visit might not be wholly without romance or adventure. I felt fully convinced that I should find a marked change in my pupil.

The peculiar want of sympathy and the misunderstanding which I had discovered as existing between her and her father, combined now with this seclusion in a retired and wild part of the country, at what is generally the season for sociability and enjoyment, pointed to a state of things so thoroughly unusual, that my presentiments seemed at least well founded.

After a journey of nearly ten hours I reached the lonely little station at Pellerton, just as it was getting dark, and secured the solitary fly; but, to my surprise, I found that I had a twelve miles' drive before me, over a very hilly country. I soon lost all idea of the direction we were taking, and it was late ere Drearholt was reached. It was a mere box, indeed; but fires blazed cheerily and Miss Greene received me cordially. On asking for my pupil, she told me gravely that Miss Canham had not been well of late, and had gone to bed. My presentiments were not hushed by her peculiar manner, and by degrees, over the supper-table, I elicited the fact that Miss Canham had been kept in this seclusion for the last month, in consequence of a love affair of which her father did not approve.

"He just takes," said Miss Greene, "the same perverse view of this as of all other matters concerning the child. There is not the slightest reason for his objections; the gentleman is of large fortune, good birth, irreproachable character, and his offer might altogether be looked upon as one of the most eligible description. Mr Canham, however, will not hear of it, and persists in maintaining that no woman ought to marry until she is thirty, whilst, as you may remember, Miss Canham is but just twenty. She has taken it sadly to heart, and the unfortunate adverse influence which her father's presence always had upon her does not in this instance disappear as it used to do in his absence. I am very glad you are come, Mr. Manser," she continued, "as I hope the interest Mabel takes in your lessons may benefit her health, which has suffered somewhat severely."

"Probably," I replied, "this was Mr. Canham's idea, for it is a somewhat unusual season for ladies to think of sketching from nature."

"Oh, dear, no! he never thought of that. Her health or her happiness never enters into his arrangements. He thinks of nothing but her putting into practice the theory, which has just sprung up in his mind, about beginning to draw from the skeleton of nature. If he had wanted her to learn algebra or Dutch, or some pet plan of his own, he would have had a master down to carry out his views immediately. No," she continued with a sigh, "he thinks of nothing but himself; it is very cruel, and now that Mabel's future is at stake, I feel my responsibility becoming more than I can bear. In trivial things it does not matter, but his absolute refusal to look at the question of Mabel's engagement rationally is serious. It signifies very little whether he has her-taught this or that accomplishment after his own systems, as he is pleased to call his fancies; but it does signify very much his insisting on his theory of women not marrying until they are thirty being carried out when his daughter's happiness is imperiled. He has no objection to a ten years' engagement, although, as I have said, there is nothing to prevent the marriage taking place at once. Of course, Mr. Hurford objects to waiting so long; and we have been sent here to prevent the possibility of an elopement, which at one time appeared so imminent."

"But surely," I remarked, "Mr. Hurford knows where you are?"

"No; I am positive he does not."

"Oh! then," said I, "this accounts for the silence imposed upon me. But, pray tell me, is it not very absurd to suppose that your whereabouts can be long kept secret?"

"No, indeed, not so absurd as you may think; it was very cunningly managed by Mr. Canham Listen:

"There had been many painful scenes between father and daughter. We were in town, ostensibly on our way to the Continent, where we were to winter, and this intention was made as public as possible in the household. It was uncertain how long we should be away, and all letters for the present were to be directed *Post Restante*, Genoa. One evening we three left Curzon street in a cab, unaccompanied by any servants, the butler telling the driver, as he shut the door, to go to Charing Cross terminus. We had scarcely turned into Piccadilly when Mr.

Canham put his head out of the window and ordered the man to drive to the Great Northern Station. I was somewhat surprised, but poor Mabel was in far too distressed and absent a state of mind to take any heed of the change, and nothing more was said till we reached King's Cross. There would be an hour to wait, the porter told us, before the limited mail started; but we could get into the carriage, which had been secured, if we pleased at once.

"When Mabel had entered, Mr. Canham held me back, and, telling the guard to lock the door, took me aside, and then informed me of his scheme. He declared his intention of breaking off all possibility of communication with Mr. Hurford, and leave him without any clue to our destination, except the false one thrown out by the address given to the servants in Curzon street. He entreated, and, in a way, commanded me, to aid and assist him in furthering his plans, and insisted on my promising to do so. The unexpected proceeding, as well as the suddenness and energy with which he urged my compliance, gave me no time to reflect; indeed, much as I might have objected, and still do object to the plan he is adopting, of course, I could but acquiesce. Nay, so urgent was he, that he made me faithfully promise, and I believe he was going to ask me to swear, to keep his counsel.

"We then returned to the carriage, and, having taken our seats, he told Mabel that he had no intention of going abroad, that she was to consider herself bound in honor to hold no communication with Mr. Hurford. But," he continued, "Miss Greene will see that my wishes are carried out, and that you are kept isolated from all society, until you are prepared to forego your wish to marry for the next ten years.

"Her face gave no sign of his words being understood, but her old habit of shrinking from him was more apparent than ever. It was a most trying time, and I felt most culpable as I thus found myself a partner in his cruel and absurd behavior—turned, as it were, involuntarily into a jailer over the girl whom I had loved as if she had been my own, and for whose sake alone I had put up with Mr. Canham's perversities and oddities for so many years.

"We arrived at this wild and out-of-the-way place in due time, and afterward learned that Mr. Canham had hired this cottage, which was but a keeper's lodge in the days when the large but now ruinous house of the estate was inhabited. You will see it to-morrow standing on the hill to the right. We have been here a month; we have no attendants but an

infirm couple, Gibson and his wife, left in charge of the lodge, and the little country girl who waits upon us. We are twelve miles from Pellerton, the nearest post town, whence all our provisions are sent twice a week. Mr. Canham left us a few days after we had been here, but returns on Christmas Eve."

"Good gracious!" I interposed; "why, it is like being buried alive!—the man must be mad!"—for by this time I was fully impressed with the singularity of the situation. "How do you mean to act? Do you contemplate letting things remain thus?"

"I don't know what to do. I am quite bewildered, for Mabel has become so fitful and wayward that I have fears for her reason. She has ceased bemoaning her fate, and, naturally conceiving that I am siding with her father, withdraws all confidence in me. I strive in vain to cheer her up; she only repels me. I was thinking of writing to Mr. Canham's brother, when, hearing that you were coming, I thought I would wait and consult with you as to what could be done. You understand the extreme difficulty of my position; my word has been passed, and if I refuse any longer to consider myself bound, I am not sure that Mr. Canham would not give me my congé, and possibly place Mabel under the care of an utter stranger. This I could not bear, loving her as I do," and here the poor lady's heart failed her, and she burst into tears.

I was fairly nonplussed, and we did not pursue the discussion much further. I slept little that night, thinking over all I had heard and the strangeness of my position. Yet, what business of mine were Mr. Canham's domestic affairs? I had no plea for interfering. No; I could only do what I had undertaken, and possibly this might, in some degree, shorten the days for the poor girl, in whom my interest was now increased.

I dressed as soon as it was daylight, and went out into the gray and chill December morning. It was, indeed, a solitary spot; utterly secluded and shut in by hills, which here and there almost reached the dignity of mountains. The whole aspect of the place was uncanny to a degree, rendered more so by the time of the year and the wild drifting clouds, which hung about and swirled round the crests of the bare and rugged promontories. There was but one road apparently to the house, and this was soon lost to view by reason of the undulating character of the country. A gloomy, ruinous, deserted, mansion-like building stood, as Miss Greene had described, and one could imagine that the whole property and district

were under some sort of ban; for, although the cottage was snug enough inside, externally it wore a very woebegone and dilapidated appearance.

When, at breakfast, I met Miss Canham, I was really startled at her appearance. Miss Greene's story had prepared me in some measure, but not fully for what I saw. Her figure had rounded but little since we met, though her face had grown older. A ghost only of a smile sprung up as we shook hands, and it was with great difficulty that I could in any way interest her in the work before us. Later in the day, when we strolled out with a view to settling on some picturesque subject, a slight spark of her former enthusiasm (for she had always been fond of art, and possessed no mean capacity for drawing) revived.

The weather brightened somewhat. I felt less depressed as the sun shone out, and it was now, although within a fortnight of Christmas Day, by no means cold. Sketching out of doors, well wrapped up, would be agreeable enough, and, after some consultation, we fixed upon a point in the peculiar but not unpicturesque neighborhood suitable for our purpose. Four or five days passed more pleasantly than might have been expected; we progressed with our study satisfactorily; the spirits of both of my companions rose—the younger even at times evincing delight over her sketch. I frequently renewed my conversation with Miss Greene, and heard many little family details that showed and explained several points that were at first rather obscure, but which are not essential to my narrative.

One afternoon, when we had finished drawing, at a considerable distance from the cottage, the ladies went toward home, whilst I lingered—as we painters are apt to, when we see fresh capabilities in scenery—for I thought from a certain point a good composition might be had of a new subject. I got over a low wall by the side of the footpath we had been sitting in, and went toward a ruinous looking barn at the end of an adjoining field. As I approached it I found that it was part of some old monastic building which had been converted to farm purposes. It was so high that it must, in its former state, have consisted of more than one story. The ordinary barnlike gates were on the side by which I reached it, and were the only visible means of ingress.

It occurred to me that one could sit inside, and by looking back get a capital view of the subject I was contemplating. This would be particularly desirable, for there was a threatening of colder weather, and I

did not want to let Miss Canham's interest slacken in her outdoor painting. But when I tried to open the doors I discovered they were fastened from within; so I made my way, with difficulty, through a hedge, round to the other side, which abutted on a by-lane, and which I had not observed until I thus came suddenly upon it.

High above, on this side, there were three old arched windows, two of which had been bricked up, the third had a wooden door, standing partly open, which could be reached by a tall ladder or movable flight of old wooden steps, resting against the wall. Up these I went, and discovered that this end of the upper part of the building was a loft, another door of which led to a second flight of steps, down on to the thrashing-floor of the barn itself. I descended; and then, as I expected, from the inside I easily pushed open one of the old gates. Thus I found that this empty and deserted building would make a large and commodious painting hut, with a perfect view of the scene I had fixed upon.

There was not a soul about; and the unusual solitude of the whole neighborhood was even more remarkable here, from the desolate aspect of the building and the adjacent cart-sheds and out-houses. I have been thus minute in my description of this place for reasons which will soon appear.

Returning to the by-lane, I took my bearings, concluding that there would be no difficulty in reaching Drearholt that way; for, although closely shut in by the leafless trees, I could still see that it went parallel with the line of hills, with which I was familiar. A sharp turn in the road brought it to the margin of a brawling trout stream which ran through the valley. Some way down I could see a man, who, but for the time of the year, might have been fishing; but he was too far off for me to distinguish very clearly either what he was like or what he was doing; and I should not have noticed him at all but for the rarity of the human species in these parts, for days would pass without our seeing any one in this district, the most thinly-populated I ever was in. The lane eventually fell into the main road, leading from Drearholt to Pellerton station, but at a greater distance from the former than I expected.

On reaching home I propounded my scheme of sitting in the barn, which was hailed with acclamation. Now, although, as I have hinted, Miss Canham had revived considerably since my arrival, she had not displayed anything like the marked improve-

ment of spirits noticeable on this particular evening; and but for a certain excitement and anxiety in her manner, one would have said she was nearly her old self again, and during dinner Miss Greene and I exchanged glances of satisfaction. Later, when she had retired for the night, this condition was naturally the chief topic of my usual *tête-à-tête* with the kind-hearted duenna.

"It is too sudden," I said, "to be quite satisfactory. When you left me in the valley there was no evidence of these high spirits; when did they come on?"

"Well, just before dinner. We had been to our room, and Mabel was a longer time than usual dressing. I came down alone. When she followed, I saw she was rather excited, and was surprised at her extreme excess of gayety. I can't quite account for it, because she has hardly been out of my sight. You know we occupy the same room, as Mr. Canham requested; and, indeed, I promised him never to leave her alone more than I could help. If such a thing were possible, I should think she had received some news. Yet this cannot be, for she has no letters; and even the few I have are forwarded from Genoa, this being part of the plan so carefully laid for our isolation. Moreover, what correspondence there is passes through my hands, as I keep the key of the letter-bag, which is brought and carried away by a walking postman." A little more to the same effect brought us to bed time, and we bade each other good-night.

Next day, and the two following, we made consecutive pilgrimages to the barn, which, by-the-way, was further off than we had at first supposed; but we took our luncheon with us, and usually spent many hours there, seldom returning till it began to grow dusk. The sketch was highly satisfactory, but it still wanted two good days' work.

Meanwhile Miss Canham's enthusiasm and improved spirits continued unabated; but Miss Greene complained bitterly of the cold, and tried to persuade her to finish her drawing at home. But the young lady was very self-willed, and I was loth to check the interest she took in her pursuit; so she carried her point, although, but for the friendly shelter of the barn, the coldness of the weather, albeit bright and fine, would have prevented her doing so.

We had now reached the 23rd December; and going home by the footpath that afternoon, as I frequently did, alone, I again remarked a man, walking along the lane on which the barn abutted, whom I somehow

fancied was the person I had seen on the banks of the stream; but I was this time also too far off to be sure, and only noticed the fact, from the same reason as on the former occasion.

That night a change crept over us. The weather became intensely cold; a sharp frost powdered the country with a film of white, and on the morning of the 24th, as we walked off for the last time to our little encampment, there was a slight fall of snow. It became a question of turning back, but Miss Canham positively refused; she said she had taken so much pains with her sketch that she was determined to finish it from nature, and that it would not be at all unpleasant in the barn; moreover, insisting that it would be great fun having a picnic in the snow.

But about an hour after we had settled ourselves, things began to look rather serious. The cold was frightful, the wind blew straight in at the open door, and the snow fell at intervals in enormous flakes. Nevertheless, our enthusiast took no heed of it, but diligently worked away, though, as I told her, the effect was so changed that all she was doing could be better done at home.

No; she would stay, she was determined; she liked the novelty of the situation—this pursuit of art under difficulties.

By degrees the weather got much worse. We could not see our subject for the now continuous vail of snow, falling in front of us. It drifted into the barn, and gathered rapidly and thickly at the foot of the one door that was not open. At last, between two and three o'clock, it became quite hopeless, and I was obliged to close the other side of the two doors. We must prepare to trudge back again, and I began to pack up our materials. The wind howled and rattled through the loft, banging the wooden window, and giving unmistakable evidence of a furious storm. Still, we could not stay there, and the sooner we got home the better; yet it seemed ridiculous to attempt to face such weather—it could not last all the afternoon thus. What should we do?

There was a great deal of vacillation; we would wait awhile, at least, and, while waiting we could not employ our time better, Miss Canham thought, than by having our lunch. So nothing would serve the wayward girl, who seemed bent on doing anything for the sake of delay, but spreading out the whole array of provisions. Her spirits seemed to rise in proportion as ours fell, and she laughed and joked incessantly about our "elderly" misgivings. Misera-

bly cold and wretched, with what little light that was left gradually decreasing, it was not the gayest scene for a picnic that could be imagined. However, much time was spent over it, in spite of Miss Greene's nervousness and anxiety to get away. At last she cried, impetuously, "Do see how the weather looks, Mr. Manser; I am determined to start at once. It is the sheerest folly losing time in this manner; we shall barely get home, as it is, before dusk."

Quickly obeying her, I ran up the steps to the loft and looked out upon the road whence I had first entered the place, and was not at all reassured by what I saw. The road itself, owing to the protection of the thick holly hedge, brushwood, and trees, which skirted it on this, the weather-side, was tolerably free from snow, but heavy drifts of it were banking up in every exposed place; it still fell more thickly than ever, and the dark leaden sky hung close upon the earth. Really this was no joke; we must get away at once, or there would be positively a chance of being "snowed up."

I knew enough of wind and weather to be aware that no time should be lost. Returning to my companions, I stated my opinion which was received by the younger one with laughter and expressions of delight at the novelty and romance of such a situation. The poor duenna was in despair.

"Oh! never mind the things," she said, wrapping her cloak round her; "they will be quite safe. Come, come, Mabel, immediately!" and she made toward the door. Having at last groped her way to it, she exclaimed,

"Good gracious, I can't open it!"

I directly went to her assistance, and found what she said was true. I put out all my strength to push it open, but it gave way scarcely an inch only at the upper part. The wind and snow whirled through the aperture in a second, and nearly blinded me, but I could see a pile of snow reaching three feet up the door.

My fears were realized much more rapidly than I expected. I renewed my efforts again and again to get it open, but with no effect. Little pats of the drift kept falling in through the crack; but as to moving the door materially, that was out of the question. We were "snowed up."

I need not dwell on the effect this discovery produced on the elder of my companions. I calmed her anxiety somewhat by explaining that our retreat was, at all events, open by way of the loft and ladder lead-

ing into the lane, and that it would not be very difficult for her to get down, and doubtless, Gibson would find some means of looking after us.

"I feel sure the roads will be quite passable," I said; "it is only here and there that there is anything like drift at present. These doors stand exposed to the full fury of the wind, at the end of a hollow; and, if I had given it a moment's thought, I should have guessed what might happen."

At the same time, I had no idea so much snow had fallen. As to Miss Canham, she made me rather angry by the selfishness with which she disregarded her poor friend's feelings. She continued to laugh, saying that she had not been so amused for years—we should certainly have to spend the night there; but it did not matter, it would be very jolly, we had got plenty of rugs and shawls, and plenty to eat and drink—and, even at that moment, she was regaling herself with a large sandwich and a glass of sherry. Nevertheless, there was an assumed indifference about her, not quite natural.

I imagine it was about four o'clock, just as I was going to assist Miss Greene up the ladder into the loft, when Miss Canham darted forward, laid her hand on my arm, and said: "Hush! what is that rumbling noise? Surely there is something coming along the road!" and, pushing me aside from the steps, she ran up to the top, there exclaiming in a sort of mock-heroic tone, "Oh, yes! We are saved! we are saved!"

I followed her immediately, and, to my relief, saw a fly in the act of pulling up just under the window.

"All right," I cried to the driver; "you have come for us, I suppose; we shall be down in a minute."

"Yes," growled the man, "I be come for the lady."

I was about to turn away, when Miss Canham sprang past me, as if determined to descend at once.

"Wait a moment! wait a moment!" I cried. "For Heaven's sake, don't be in such a hurry! You had better let Miss Greene go first."

"No, no!" she replied, with her foot on the top step. "I'll help her down. Go and fetch her."

I lingered for a moment in real anxiety, as I saw this now wildly-excited young lady persist in scrambling down the wooden flight of steps, always a dangerous and ticklish operation, especially for a woman, but rendered doubly so now by their slippery condition, to say nothing of their not being fastened, but merely resting against the wall. She got half-way

down, when, stopping and looking up at me, she said: "Don't be afraid. Go and fetch Miss Greene. I'll wait and help her."

"Very well," I replied; "be careful; stand steady." And away I went, calling to Miss Greene: "Now, pray come; it is all right. Here is a fly, and your young friend is half-way down the steps." And as I was helping the trembling lady into the loft, I heard the coach-door slam, and a man's voice (not the driver's) say:

"Now, then, as fast as you can!"

These words were immediately followed by the muffled sound of the carriage driving away.

A sudden idea that we had both been fairly duped rushed into my mind. I hurried up to the window, and, to my amazement and consternation, there were no steps! They were thrown down, and lay half sunk in the snow, just under the window. There was no young lady, and all I could see was the carriage driving off rapidly along the road, a sharp turn in which the next moment hid it from my sight.

No words can describe my companion's agonized state of mind. I, too, felt anything but comfortable. It was quite clear that this was some preconcerted plan of elopement, to which our sketching arrangements, combined with the weather, had leant considerable assistance. The recent high spirits, the anxiety to come to the barn, the persistency with which she insisted on remaining, her assumed determination to finish her sketch, and the various little inexplicable proceedings to which Miss Canham had resorted for the sake of delay, were now all fully accounted for. Doubtless, some means of communication had been opened by Mr Hurford, and, as I thought of it, it occurred to me as not improbable that he was the stranger who had twice come under my notice within the last few days.

Of course, if this was so, he could easily have found means to give intimation of his plans; and the imminent arrival of Mr. Canham, who, it will be remembered, was expected this very evening, had, doubtless, precipitated his proceedings; though whether Mr. Hurford was actually in the fly as it drove away, we could not be sure; yet the strange voice that I had heard, and the removal of the ladder, were items of additional presumptive evidence that he was.

For some minutes we thought of nothing but these things, but very soon our forlorn position forced itself upon us. Here were we, nearly two miles from home, shut up complete prisoners in a dreary, out-of-the-way

building, with we knew not what prospect of release. Night was coming on, the fury of the storm by no means abating. Every moment increased our difficulty, and, as by degrees we weighed every detail, our condition looked more and more hopeless. Gibson and his wife had been, of course, expecting us every hour; they could not know exactly where we were, and even if they did, the increasing depth of snow over the roads, the scanty population, and absolute dearth of vehicles, would all combine to prevent anything like speedy aid reaching us.

I foresaw clearly that, unless I could manage to get out, we should have to pass the night there.

The idea of jumping from the window, which at first occurred to me, upon consideration was impossible; the thickness of the snow which, on the other side of the barn, blocked us in, would have been invaluable beneath the window, as a break to my fall; but, as I have said, the road, from being protected, was but scantily covered, and a leap from such a height would, in all probability, have been attended with broken bones.

Thus the elements not only combined against us, but aided and abetted the escape of our young traitress. The next thought I had was of a rope by which to lower myself; but, besides the darkness in which we were enveloped, and consequent impossibility of searching, I felt pretty sure, from previous observation, that there was no such thing to be found, as the barn was all but denuded of the usual odds and ends stowed away in such places.

I set to work and hallooed with all my might, but my voice could not travel a dozen yards for the roaring and moaning of the wind through the neighboring trees. Then again, despairingly, I made impotent efforts to force the barn door, but, of course, in vain. No, beyond a doubt, our Christmas Eve (for suddenly we recollected the date) would be passed in this desolate and miserable place, and our sumptuous fare for Christmas Day would probably consist of the scanty remnants of our lunch.

Although I do smoke, I am not a slave to the habit, and, therefore, have no difficulty in relinquishing it occasionally. I had not smoked since I had been at Drearholt. So I had no pipe or tobacco with me—not even my match-box. A thousand petty difficulties after this fashion crowded through my mind, and even occupied me, for a time, more than the serious prospects of being frozen, or even starved to death. By degrees, Miss Greene began to show a little fortitude;

we were obliged to look our position straight in the face, and regard it as philosophically as we could. We consulted, and settled that nothing could be done—at any rate, till daylight.

Cautiously I groped about, and got hold of our rugs and raps, of which there was fortunately an abundance, and made up, in the snuggest corners I could find, two apologies for resting-places. And here, literally, on this bitter eve of Christmas, in this dilapidated shelter, with the winds whistling through our roof, snowed up, helpless, with no prospect of relief, very little to eat and drink, and in total darkness, did we two pass the night!

I will not dwell upon the bodily discomfort and mental anxiety of that long, long, dreary time; it can scarcely be imagined, certainly not described. Once or twice I did fall asleep, but only to wake so benumbed that I at last dreaded giving way to drowsiness. Feeling the necessity, too, of keeping my poor companion awake, I continually endeavored to chat with her, as cheerfully as I could. However, "time and the hour run through the longest day"—and night! With the dawn the wind dropped. An hour afterward a cloudless sky, and a still, steady, hard, cold, and thoroughly seasonable Christmas morning, was the report of the weather I made from my lookout.

Again and again I hallooed till I was hoarse; the clear air seemed to mock my impotent efforts to make myself heard! Again and again I hurled myself despairingly against the doors; they yielded less than ever! Again and again I sought to loosen their plank-ing; they defied me! Again and again I tried to pick a way through the wall; it was far too substantial! Still, I could not make up my mind to jump; for if I disabled myself, then both our fates were inevitably sealed, and a drop of twenty feet or more on to hard-frozen ground would possibly result in such a catastrophe.

For six mortal hours after this, in perfect solitude, and with the most extraordinary silence reigning around, did we two forlorn, half-starved wretches wait and wait, in helpless inaction.

Were we to spend yet another night like the last? The possibility was too horrible to think of. My companion was half stupefied, and the remains of our provisions, although I had husbanded them as well as I could, were fast running short. Evening was gradually creeping on, and, I confess, bringing utter despair now to me. We were like rats in a pit, and there seemed no hope.

Would *no* effort be made from the house to seek us.

Yes; what is that? The same muffled rumble on the road that we had heard about four-and-twenty hours ago.

I looked out, and once again, sure enough, there was the fly!—the same identical pair-horsed fly, driver and all, just in the act of stopping, as I had seen him the day before.

"For God's sake, put up the ladder," I half shrieked to the man, who irritated me beyond measure by not instantly springing from his box.

"Noa, noa! not yet awhile," said the rascal, slowly, smiling benignly up at me, but never moving an inch.

"What do you mean?" I again shrieked. "Why we are nearly starved to death. Get down immediately, and put up the ladder."

"Noa, noa," he repeated, "not so fast, not so fast; not till ye ha' promised to keep quiet, and to say naught about it for the next two days. If you won't promise this, I'll just drive away again, and e'en leave somebody else to dig ye out!"

I saw what he meant in a moment, and saw he was in earnest, for he added, moving his horses on a yard or two:

"Now, then, will ye make up your mind? for I canna wait."

I need hardly say that we did make up our minds, and in a quarter of an hour afterward were being slowly driven along the narrow lane, which, though thickly covered with snow, was still quite passable. Two hundred yards short of the spot where it fell into the main road, we stopped.

"Ye'll please to get out here; ye'll be able to find your way now before it is quite dark," was our driver's remark as he opened the door. "I canna trust to take ye further. I ha' got my orders, and ha' been well paid for the whole job; but you may give me a Christmas box, if you like, for all that."

And this I actually did; for, once released, I was only sensible of the ludicrous and comical side of this well-managed plot.

Little more need be told. This is the way I passed my Christmas in 18—. The difficulties that followed, and poor Miss Greene's sufferings both mental and bodily, which were really very serious, may be easily imagined. Her occupation in the Canham family was gone—gone and got married. But she still flourishes, and I have had the pleasure of giving many lessons to her present pupils.

Privately, I may state that, in my opinion, the stern

parent was rightly served, although it was rather hard that we should have been so painfully made the instruments of his punishment.

He did not reach Drearholt for three days after his daughter's elopement, having been also "snowed up" at the further end of the county, where the railway line had been completely blocked.

I broke the news to him. It was an unpleasant but curious scene. I wish I had time to describe it. At present he has forgiven none of us. I have heard once from Mrs. Hurford, who is still abroad. She gave me a full account of how everything was managed; but told me very little that I or anybody could not have guessed from the way things fell out.



THE ETIQUETTE OF COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

No subject in this work is more important, and certainly none will be studied with as much attention, as that of the present section. Love is the universal passion, courtship is the most interesting avocation of human life, and marriage one of the great ends of existence. As our wives are not purchased, as in China, nor stolen, as in some parts of Africa, nor, in general, negotiated for by parents, as in some countries in Europe, but wooed and won by polite attentions, the manner in which a gentleman should behave toward ladies is a matter of the greatest importance. Charms, filters, and talismans are used no longer—the only proper talismans are worth and accomplishments.

HOW TO WIN THE FAVOR OF LADIES.

To win the favor of the ladies, dress and manner must never be neglected. Women look more to sense than to beauty; and a man shows his sense, or his want of it, in every action of his life. When a young man first finds himself in the company of the other sex, he is seldom free from a degree of bashfulness, which makes him more awkward than he would otherwise appear, and he very often errs from real ignorance of what he should say or do; though a proper feeling of respect and kindness, and a desire to be obliging and agreeable, will always be recognized and appreciated, though there are certain forms very convenient to be understood.

HOW TO ADDRESS A LADY.

We address a married lady, or widow, as *Madam* ; or by name, as *Miss* or *Mistress Jones*. In answering questions we contract the *Madam* to *ma'am*—as “*Yes, ma'am ; no, ma'am ; ve y fine day, ma'am.*”

A single lady, of a certain age, may also be addressed as *Madam*.

A young lady, if the eldest of the family, unmarried, is entitled to the surname—as *Miss Smith*—while her younger sisters are called *Miss Mary*, *Miss Julia*, etc. The term “*Miss*,” used by itself is very inelegant.

It is expected that gentlemen will, upon every proper occasion, offer civilities to ladies of their acquaintance, especially to those for whom they have a particular attachment.

A gentleman meeting a lady at an evening party, is struck with her appearance. Ascertaining that she is not engaged, which he may do from some acquaintance, he takes some opportunity of saying :

“*Miss Ellen, will you honor me by accepting my escort home, to-night?*” Or,

“*Miss Ellen, shall I have the pleasure of seeing you home?*” Or,

“*Miss Ellen, make me happy by selecting me for your cavalier.*” Or,

“*Miss Ellen, shall I have the pleasure of protecting you.*”

The last, of course, as the others, may be half in fun, for these little matters do not require much seriousness. The lady replies, if engaged,

“*Excuse me, Sir, I am already provided for.*” Or, pleasantly,

“*How unfortunate ! If you had been a few minutes earlier, I might have availed myself of your services.*” Or, if disengaged,

“*Thank you, Sir, I shall be obliged by your attentions.*” Or,

“*With pleasure, Sir, if my company will pay you for your trouble ;*” or any other pleasant way of saying that she accepts, and is grateful for the attention proffered to her.

The preliminaries settled, which should be as early as possible, his attention should be public. He should assist her in putting on her cloak and shawl, and offer his arm before leaving the room.

PRELIMINARIES OF COURTSHIP.

There is no reason why the passion of love should be wrapped up in mystery. It would prevent much

complicated misery in the world, if all young persons understood it truly.

According to the usages of society, it is the custom for the man to propose marriage, and for the female to refuse or accept the offer, as she may think fit. There ought to be a perfect freedom of the will in both parties.

When a young man admires a lady, and thinks her society necessary to his happiness, it is proper, before committing himself or inducing the object of his admiration to do so, to apply to her parents or guardians for permission to address her; this is a becoming mark of respect, and the circumstances must be very peculiar which would justify a deviation from this course.

Everything secret and unacknowledged is to be avoided, as the reputation of a clandestine intercourse is always more or less injurious through life. The romance evaporates, but the memory of indiscretion survives.

Young men frequently amuse themselves by playing with the feelings of young women. They visit them often, they walk with them, they pay them divers attentions, and after giving them an idea that they are attached to them, they either leave them, or, what is worse, never come to an explanation of their sentiments. This is to act the character of a "dangler," a character truly dastardly and infamous.

HOW TO BEGIN A COURTSHIP.

A gentleman having met a lady at social parties, danced with her at balls, accompanied her to and from church, may desire to become more intimately acquainted. In short, you wish to commence a formal courtship. This is a case for palpitations; but forget not that "faint heart never won fair lady." What will you do? Why, taking some good opportunity, you will say,

"Miss Wilson, since I became acquainted with you, I have been every day more pleased with your society, and I hope you will allow me to enjoy more of it—if you are not otherwise engaged, will you permit me to visit you on Sunday evening?"

The lady will blush, no doubt, she may tremble a little, but if your proposition is acceptable, she may say,

"I am grateful for your good opinion, and shall be happy to see you."

Or, if her friends have not been consulted, as they usually are before matters proceed so far, she may say:

"I am sensible of your kindness, Sir; but I cannot consent to a private interview, without consulting my family."

Or, she may refuse altogether, and in such a case should do so with every regard to the feelings of the gentleman, and, if engaged, should say frankly:

"I shall be happy to see you at all times as a friend, but I am not at liberty to grant a private interview."

As, in all these affairs, the lady is respondent, there is little necessity for any directions in regard to her conduct, as a "Yes," ever so softly whispered, is a sufficient affirmative, and as her kindness of heart will induce her to soften as much as possible her "No."

To tell a lady, who has granted the preliminary favors, that you love her better than life, and to ask her to name the happy day, are matters of nerve rather than form, and require no teaching.

LOVE LETTERS.

A gentleman is struck with the appearance of a lady, and is desirous of her acquaintance; but there are no means within their reach of obtaining an introduction, and he has no friends who are acquainted with herself or her family. In this dilemma there is no alternative but a letter.

There is, besides, a delicacy, a timidity, a nervousness in love, which makes many men desire some mode of communication, rather than the speech, which, in such cases, too often fails them. In short, there are reasons enough for writing—but when the enamored youth has set about penning a letter to the object of his passions, how difficult does he find it! How many efforts does he make, before he succeeds in writing one to suit him!

It may be doubted whether as many reams of paper have ever been used in writing letters upon all other subjects, as have been consumed upon epistles of love; and there is probably no man living who has not at some time written, or desired to write, some missive which might explain his passion to the amiable being of whom he was enamored; and it has been the same, so far as can be judged, in all the generations of the world.

Affairs of the heart—the delicate and interesting preliminaries of marriage, are oftener settled by the pen than in any other manner.

To write the words legibly, to spell them correctly, to point them properly, to begin every sentence and every proper name with a capital letter, every one is supposed to learn at school.

To give examples of letters would be useless and absurd, as each particular case must necessarily require a widely different epistle, and the judgment and feelings of the party writing must be left to control both the style and substance of the letter.

For a love letter, good paper is indispensable. When it can be procured, that of a costly quality, gold-edged, perfumed, or ornamented in the French style, may be properly used. The letter should be carefully enveloped, and nicely sealed with a fancy wafer—not a common one, of course, where any other can be had; or what is better, plain or fancy sealing wax. As all persons are more or less governed by first impressions and externals, the whole affair should be as neat and elegant as possible.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

There is nothing more appalling to a modest and sensitive young man than asking the girl he loves to marry him; and there are few who do not find their moral courage tasked to the utmost. Many a man who would lead a forlorn hope, mount a breach, and “seek the bubble reputation e’en in the cannon’s mouth,” trembles at the idea of asking a woman the question which is to decide his fate. Ladies may congratulate themselves that nature and custom have made them the responding party.

In a matter which men have always found so terrible, yet which, in one way or other, they have always contrived in some awkward way to accomplish, it is not easy to give instructions suited to every emergency.

A man naturally conforms to the disposition of the woman he admires. If she be serious, he will approach the awful subject with due solemnity—if gay and lively, he will make it an excellent joke—if softly sentimental, he must woo her in a strain of highwrought romance—if severely practical, he relies upon straightforward common sense.

There is one maxim of universal application—never lose an opportunity. What can a woman think of a lover who neglects one? Woman cannot make direct advances, but they use infinite tact in giving men occasions to make them. In every case, it is fair to presume that when a woman gives a man an opportunity, she expects him to improve it; and though he may tremble and feel his pulses throbbing and tingling through every limb; though his heart is filling up his throat, and his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth, yet the awful question must be asked—the fearful task accomplished.

In the country, the lover is taking a romantic walk by moonlight with the lady of his love—talks of the beauty of the scenery, the harmony of nature, and exclaims, "Ah! Julia, how happy would existence prove, if I always had such a companion!"

She sighs, and leans more fondly on the arm that tremblingly supports her.

"My dearest Julia, be mine forever!"

This is a settler, and the answer, ever so inaudible, "makes or undoes him quite."

"Take pity on a forlorn bachelor," says another in a manner which may be either jest or earnest, "marry me at once and put me out of my misery."

"With all my heart, whenever you are ready," replies the laughing fair. A joke carried thus far is easily made earnest.

A point is often carried by taking a thing for granted. A gentleman, who has been paying attentions to a lady, says, "Well, Mary, when is the happy day?" "What day, pray?" she asks, with a conscious blush.

"Why, everybody knows that we are going to get married, and it might as well be one time as another? so when shall it be?"

Cornered in this fashion, there is no retreat.

"Jane, I love you! Will you marry me?" would be somewhat abrupt, and a simple, frankly given, "Yes!" would be short and sweet, for an answer.

"Ellen, one word from you would make me the happiest man in the universe!"

"I should be cruel not to speak it then, unless it is a very hard one."

"It is a word of three letters, and answers the question, Will you have me?"

The lady, of course, says Yes, unless she happen to prefer a word of only two letters, and answers No.

And so this interesting and terrible process in practice, simple as it is in theory, is varied in a hundred ways, according to circumstances and the various dispositions.

One timid gentleman asks, "Have you any objections to change your name?" and follows this up with another, which clinches its significance, "How would mine suit you?"

Another asks, "Will you tell me what I most wish to know?" "Yes, if I can."

"The happy day when we shall be married."

Another says, "My Eliza, we must do what all the world evidently expects we shall."

"All the world is very impertinent."

"I know it—but it can't be helped. When shall I tell the parson to be ready?"

As a general rule, a gentleman never need be refused. Every woman, except a heartless coquette, finds the means of discouraging a man whom she does not intend to have before the matter comes to the point of a declaration.

MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

Weddings are everywhere accompanied with some degree of ceremony, and are usually considered as occasions of festivity.

The preliminaries having been arranged by the contracting parties, and the lady having named the happy day, preparations are made for the wedding. Those who belong to the Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches are usually married at church, in the morning, and by the prescribed forms. In some cases there is a wedding party given in the evening; in others, the happy couple make a short wedding tour, and issue cards of invitation on their return.

Among other denominations, the parties are married by a clergyman or magistrate; and in the State of New York, marriage being considered by the law only a civil contract, it may be witnessed by any person.

Where a wedding is celebrated in the usual forms, cards of invitation are issued at least a week beforehand. The hour selected is usually eight o'clock, P. M. Wedding cake, wines, and other refreshments, are provided by the bride and her friends for the occasion. The bride is usually dressed in pure white—she wears a white veil, and her head is crowned with a wreath of white flowers, usually artificial; and orange blossoms are preferred. She should wear no ornaments but such as her intended husband or her father may present her for the occasion—certainly no gift, if any such were retained, of any former sweetheart.

The bridesmaid, or bridesmaids, if there be two, are generally younger than the bride, and should also be dressed in white, but more simply. The bridegroom must be in full dress—that is, he must wear a dress coat, which, if he pleases, may be faced with white satin; a white satin vest, black pantaloons, and dress boots or pumps, black silk stockings, white kid gloves, and a white cravat. The bridegroom is attended by one or two groomsmen, who should be dressed in a similar manner. It is the duty of the bridesmaids to assist in dressing the bride, and making the necessary preparations for the entertainment of the guests. The chief groomsmen engages the clergyman or magistrate,

and upon his arrival, introduces him to the bride and bridegroom, and the friends of the parties.

The invited guests, upon their arrival, are received as at other parties, and after visiting the dressing rooms, and arranging their toilets, they proceed to the room in which the ceremony is to be performed. In some cases, the marriage is performed before the arrival of the guests.

When the hour for the ceremony has arrived, and all things are ready, the wedding party, consisting of the happy couple, with the bridesmaids and groomsmen, walk into the room arm in arm; the groomsmen, each attending the bridesmaids, preceding the bride and bridegroom, and take their positions at the head of the room, which is usually at the end farthest from the entrance; the bride standing facing the assembly, on the right of the bridegroom—the bridesmaids taking their position at her right, and the groomsmen at the left of the bridegroom. The principal groomsmen now formally introduces the clergyman or magistrate to the bride and bridegroom, and he proceeds to perform the marriage ceremony. If a ring is to be used, the bridegroom procures a plain gold one, previously taking some means to have it of the proper size.

As soon as the ceremony is over, and the bridegroom has kissed the bride, the clergyman or magistrate shakes hands with the bride, saluting her by her newly acquired name, as Mrs. ———, and wishes them joy, prosperity, and happiness; the groomsmen and bridesmaids then do the same, and then the principal groomsmen brings to them the other persons in the room, commencing with the parents and relatives of the parties, the bride's relatives having precedence, and ladies being accompanied by gentlemen. In this manner all present are expected to make their salutations and congratulations, first to the newly married couple, and then to their parents and friends. And where the wedding ceremony has been performed before the arrival of the guests, they are received near the door, having, of course, first visited the dressing rooms, and introduced in the same manner. The groomsmen takes occasion, before the clergyman or magistrate leaves, to privately thank him for his attendance, at the same time placing in his hand the marriage fee, which is wrapped up nicely in paper; and if more than the legal sum, as is frequently the case where the parties are wealthy, it is usually in gold. The bridegroom, of course, takes an early opportunity to reimburse his groomsmen for necessary expenses.

When the presentations and congratulations are

over, that is, when the guests have arrived, the bridal party, which till now has kept its position, mingles with the rest of the company, and joins in the dancing or other amusements.

THE BRIDAL BREAKFAST.

After the ceremony, the new-made couple generally repair to the house of the bride's parents to partake of a breakfast, to which near relations and intimate friends are invited. The bride and bridegroom return from church in the same carriage, although etiquette requires them to come to church separately.

The bride will retain her bridal costume during the breakfast. She should afterwards change her bridal array for a walking dress, before she starts on her wedding tour. Good taste points out that all bridal attributes should now be entirely discarded. We cannot imagine what gratification a young couple—really fond of each other—can derive from proclaiming to the inhabitants of the towns they pass through, (supposing they do not travel by railway,) in virtue of the white favors hoisted by the postilions of their travelling carriage, that they have pledged their vows that same morning on what the newspapers so magniloquently style, the "hymenial altar." If, however, this kind of notoriety be pleasing to them, by all means let them set all the little boys in the street hurrahing in a shrill key, and all the chambermaids peeping through the windows as they pass. To us, this seems as vulgar in its way as the spirit of display which prompts our Transatlantic brethren to hire, at a vast expense, the white satin bridal chamber in one of the great American hotels.

THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.

The festivities should not be kept up too late; and at the hour of retiring, the bride is to be conducted to the bridal chamber by the bridesmaids, who assist her in her night toilet. The bridegroom, upon receiving notice, will retire without further attendance or ceremony.

The practice of kissing the bride is not so common as formerly, and in regard to this, the taste of the bridegroom may be consulted, as the rest of the company follow the example of the groomsman; but the parents and very near relatives of the parties, of course act as affection prompts them.

The chamber frolics, such as the whole company visiting the bride and bridegroom after they are in bed, which was done some years ago, even at the

marriage of monarchs, and the custom of throwing the stocking, etc., are almost universally dispensed with.

AFTER MARRIAGE.

After marriage, the bridal party usually travel for a week or two; upon their return, it is customary for the bride to be at home for a few days to receive visits. The first four weeks after marriage constitute the honeymoon.

You need not retain the whole of your previous acquaintances; those only to whom you send cards are, after marriage, considered in the circle of your visiting acquaintance. The parents or friends of the bride usually send the cards to her connections; the bridegroom selects those persons among his former associates whom he wishes to retain as such. The cards are sometimes united by a silken cord, or white ribbon, to distinguish those of a newly-married pair from ordinary visitors; but it is doubtful whether it be in good taste.

A married woman may leave her own or her husband's card in returning a visit; the latter only would be adopted as a resource in the event of her not having her own with her.

A lady will not say "My husband," except among intimates—in every other case she should address him by his Christian name, calling him "Mr." It is equally good ton. when alone with him to designate him by his Christian name.

ACQUAINTANCES AFTER MARRIAGE.

When a man marries, it is understood that all former acquaintanceship ends, unless he intimates a desire to renew it by sending you his own and his wife's card, if near, or by letter, if distant. If this be neglected, be sure no further intercourse is desired.

In the first place: A bachelor is seldom very particular in the selection of his companions. So long as he is amused, he will associate freely enough with those whose morals and habits would point them out as highly dangerous persons to introduce into the sanctity of domestic life.

Secondly: A married man has the tastes of another to consult; and the friends of the husband may not be equally acceptable to the wife.

Besides, newly-married people may wish to limit the circle of their friends, from commendable motives of economy. When a man first "sets up" in the world, the burden of an extensive and indiscriminate acquaintance may be felt in various ways. Many

have had cause to regret the weakness of mind which allowed them to plunge into a vortex of gayety and expense they could ill afford, from which they have found it difficult to extricate themselves, and the effects of which have proved a serious evil to them in after life.

When a man is about to be married, he usually gives a dinner to his bachelor friends, which is understood to be their conge, unless he choose to renew their acquaintance.

CONCLUSION.

HOW TO BE HAPPY IN THE WEDDED STATE.

How to be happy! Ay, that is the grand question, the knotty point that so many strive, yet so seldom manage to solve! We have heretofore offered a few homely recipes for domestic happiness, in the pages of the "Illustrated Magazine"—we would now fain add a few hints of a more serious kind.

Yet, fear not, gentle reader, that we wish to preach a homily; we will endeavor to be brief, and avoid being prosy; and certainly, if you are about entering into the bonds of matrimony, it cannot displease you to learn a few secrets from ourselves, who, having passed the Rubicon that divides single life from the married state, have succeeded in finding that phoenix's nest—happiness in wedlock!

First of all, let us premise that, if you belong to that class with whom love forms no necessary ingredient of the marriage contract—with whom the amount of the future husband's rent-roll and of the jointure she is to enjoy after his death, are the chief preoccupations that fill the young bride's heart; while her equally fashionable suitor merely looks upon her as the necessary link to ensure her father's interest at court, or in the House of Lords, and to bring him a legal heir to his ancient name, but would much rather squander thousands on some favorite opera-dancer, or some equally favorite race horse: by all means do you, madam, take the precautions you would against an enemy, and have your fortune secured to yourself. But, as regards your menage we have nothing to advise, being convinced you will scarcely ever meet; and that one will be frequenting balls and parties, while the other will seek his amusement in clubs and gaming-houses, or behind the scenes of some fashionable theatre. If you bear with one another decently, and keep up the proprieties, that is all that can be expected of a marriage begun under such auspices.

Should your lot, on the contrary, be cast amongst the happier middle class, then would we say: Eschew all marriage settlements, which only put money, that can be better employed, into the pockets of lawyers, and saddle you with a couple of tyrants called trustees, whom, like the old man in Sinbad, you can never shake off during life. But if prudent papas cry "Order," and insist on a settlement, because the husband may be in business, and become a bankrupt, or because he fancies his future son-in-law may squander the wife's fortune, we are fain to say "So be it then." But in that case, do you, who are a loving bride, take care and have well explained to you what you undertake; and mind that overstrained parental prudence does not sternly prevent you, under cover of protecting your interests, from aiding your husband by a timely loan, should he be in any temporary embarrassment.

Should there be no settlement, and the couple be in easy circumstances, we would advise the fixing a sum for pin-money, which would avoid a number of disputes, particularly among touchy characters. We would advise the wife never to exceed the sum agreed upon, as some men would make that a fertile theme for expatiating on the extravagance of ladies. Many wives much prefer that their dressmaker, silk-mercier, shoemaker, and others, should send in their bills to their husbands, calculating that the brunt of his ill-temper, if such is called forth, will fall upon the tradespeople for running up such accounts; but this is a bad habit that only encourages profuse expenditure, where, perhaps, there is not adequate fortune to meet it. These wives resign themselves to an explosion at every Christmas, as a necessary storm for clearing the matrimonial atmosphere: and once over, they feel they have eleven months before another shall gather over their heads, and again relapse into the entailing habit of ordering all they require, regardless of the future. Discard this fertile source of quarrel; and do not you, madam, lay up in store for yourself to be told, in case your husband becomes insolvent, that you mainly helped to ruin him.

A cheerful home is the best security for happiness. There is not only a moral but a physical cheerfulness that should be attended to. A well lighted room, a neatly served dinner, everything clean, and tidy, and bright, predisposes the mind to pleasant impressions. Let the prudent wife strive to attain this state of things (each according to the means fortune places at her disposal,) if she values her domestic happiness.

We have all been taught that "a kind word turneth away wrath." Well, be persuaded that the sight of a cheerful, comfortable-looking interior will go a great way to dispel the gloom of an ill-tempered man when he comes home. Let the dinner be relishing and savoury; it costs no more to have things nicely than it does to have them carelessly cooked; but it will make a great difference to you, fair lady, in this respect: if your husband does not find his table superior by its relish and cleauliness to the dining-rooms he used to frequent, he will often resort to them under pretence of business, but, in reality, to escape from the ordinary to which you condemn him. If he is a good-natured fellow, he will not tell you why, for fear of vexing you; but you will gradually lose more of his company. If he is a grumbler he will embitter all the meals with his sarcastic remarks.

Supposing, however, that the physical comforts of your home have been duly attended to, let us earnestly advise you to rub out all old scores, and never continue the breakfast quarrel at dinner, nor resume the dinner hostilities next day at breakfast. If you would but try and meet each time with entirely fresh minds, solely bent on being agreeable to each other, there would be but little work left for the gentlemen of the Court of Arches.

Never try to rule each other, and, above all, never struggle to have the last word. If the philosopher of old deemed it necessary to turn his tongue seven times in his mouth before he spoke, for fear of saying something silly, would it not be wise on your part to perform a similar process—or say only half, as more consonant to modern impatience—before you gave utterance to angry or bitter words? Remember that a word spoken can never be recalled, and can seldom be atoned for.

Have no secrets from each other, for they are a fertile source of groundless jealousy, and frequently of more serious consequences still. How many husbands, from concealing the true state of their affairs from their wives, who in turn have concealed their debts from their husbands, suddenly awake to the realities of their position—the wife to find they are penniless, and must give up their luxurious home to satisfy creditors, and the husband to discover that he is far more deeply implicated than he thought by his wife's liabilities, though, most likely, had she known economy to be requisite, she would have faithfully practised it.

And last, but not least, before we take leave of our

readers, let us advise you, after having duly observed all the proprieties of Bridal Etiquette as set forth in our treatise, up to the time of your marriage, not to allow yourselves to be hampered with any needless formalities, otherwise than preserving those delicate observances toward each other that even the nearest and dearest should never wholly abjure. Thus we confess we dislike seeing a husband smoke with his wife on his arm ; while we should think her very silly if she objected to his doffing his cravat on a hot summer's day, when sitting in their parlor by themselves. We once knew a lady who boasted to us that her husband was so well bred that, during the whole course of their married life, he had never entered a room before her. This we simply thought to be a glaring proof that their could be very little love or intimacy between them. Another equally great mistake on the wife's part, is to fancy herself slighted if her husband reads after he has come home, instead of spending the evening sitting by the fire in idleness. Let her remember, if he be a man in business, it is his only time for indulging in literary recreation—that conversation, when compulsory, soon flags—and that if he is obliged to be thus ceremonious at home, he will soon fly to a book club, or some such institution, for relief. Depend upon it, it is not bowing and courtseying, but kindness and an obliging spirit, that form the best materials for making up the true code of Home Etiquette.



THE TRUE VERSION OF THE STORY OF BLUE BEARD.

THERE was an old rooster, his beard it was blue ; he'd houses in plenty, and green backs a few. He run a big castle that stood by a ditch—in short this old chap was enormously rich. He dabbled in politics, mostly for sport, and twice he was sent to the General Court—he voted for temperance all that he knew, but often at home got infernally “blue.” But that was consistent, you very well know, to get drunk in private and publicly “blow.” And so he “blew” loudly, and passed half his life in looking around for a suitable wife, to cook up his dinners and call him her “boss,” and take a good licking wheno'er he was cross. This “duffer” was guilty of numerous crimes—he'd married already some six or eight times. His

wives were all dead, but no funeral was seen to come from the castle, now, wasn't this mean to keep all the neighbors from "waking the dead? Full many a curse was invoked on his head, by thirsty retainers, who took great delight in drinking and howling, mixed up with a fight.

A "Personal" notice he penned very solemn—'twas put at the head of a newspaper column:—"A lady is wanted both loving and kind, who constantly can her own business mind, to cook, wash and scrub from the earliest morn, and take care of children—providing they're born; to look after me when I chance to be drunk, and to tuck me up nice when I lie in my bunk—on none of my actions must she play the spy, and one that's inquisitive need not apply."

There was an old widow, two daughters had she; she did this most tempting advertisement see. Her girls could play cribbage, pianos and such, and swill lager beer just as if they were Dutch. Their mother said to them—"You've loafed on me long; now look you for husbands, and both go it strong. This Blue Beard, 'tis true, is the vilest of scamps, but one of you go for the old devil's stamps." She dressed them in harness of golden display, and took them to Blue Beard one fine summer's day; she said to him—"Sir, take your pick out of these; now, have your own choice, and select whom you please." He put on his spectacles, looked at the pair, and picked out the one with the queenliest air, exclaiming, with quite an un-Christiaulike oath, "If I were a Mormon I'd marry you both."

The wedding was splendid, the whiskey flowed free, and Mrs. Blue Beard was a beauty to see, cheap jewels adorning her bosom so fair, while sassage fat gleamed 'mid the gold of her hair. Alone in their chamber B. Beard loudly cried, "Come close to my waistcoat, my dear little bride!" The honeymoon passed—'twas a very great pity—the husband must go to a far distant city, some debts to collect. (But he wanted a *spree*, some Fulton street damsel he panted to see.) He said to his Sally—"While I am away, enjoy yourself greatly, my darling, I pray. The jug's in the closet—in sadness don't sigh, but take a good plugger whenever you're dry. The rum being out to the-grocery go, and get a supply—they will trust you, I know. Now, here are the keys of the rooms to explore, apartments located on every floor; but this little key doth belong to a place in which you must never, my dear, show your face. Just show yourself worthy of confidence. So, one kiss, little sweetheart—and

now I must go." He left, and his wife was quite glad when he went. In roaming the castle her time she long spent. She visited all of the rooms except one, and that she must enter or spoiled be her inn. It was the apartment to which the small key belonged—she determined the secret to see. She opened the door with a fluttering heart—no wonder she hollered and gave a great start: suspended on hooks, just like sheep in a stall, were all Blue B.'s wives—some were short, some tall, some fat and some thin—some were ugly, some fair, they all had been murdered, and tucked up right there. The lady in fright, dropped the key on the floor, where the blood lay in puddles—'twas covered with gore. It couldn't be washed; so she sat down to wait till Blue B. came staggering up to the gate. The keys from his wife with suspicion he took, and on the *small key* cast a withering look. Oh! that was enough—Mrs. B. was betrayed. The tyrant loud bellowed—"Tis time that you prayed. Your name I must add to the list on my books—go join all the others that hang on the hooks." The wife in distraction implored him to spare her life till she neatly could frizzle her hair. Old B. B. consented—she hurried up stairs, but wasted no time, then, in saying her prayers; she said to her sister—"Make haste, my dear Ann, climb up on the chimney, and look for a man!" No man was in sight—then the old tyrant cried,—"come down and be killed like a dutiful bride!" Then Fatty-ma—that was the wife's maiden name—said—"Oh, sister Ann! this most terrible game must surely go on; and my blood must be spilled." Old B. B. roared out—"Please come down and be killed." Then, just at that moment, some men hove in sight, and filled sister Ann with a thrill of delight. These men were the brothers of Mrs. B. B., and they were just coming, it seems, to take tea. Old Blue Jowis rushed in with a big carving-knife, determined to cut up in slices his wife, when in rushed her brothers, who gave a great shout—they tackled old Blue B., and "busted his snout." They chawed him up like a large plate of hash, broke into his coffers, and stole all his cash; drank up all his whiskey, and had a good time, in that gloomy castle, theatre of crime. So virtue did triumph—a rascal was "sold," his beautiful widow got lashings of gold—her brothers to Congress were sent—a good plan, and happily married was fair sister Ann. A husband is wanted by widow B. B.—his beard must be lengthy and comely to see: It may be red, foxy, or sable in hue—her only objection in color is blue!

EGYPTIAN ORACLE.

JANUARY.—He who is born in this month will be laborious, and a lover of good wine, but very subject to infidelity; he may too often forget to pay his debts, but he will be complaisant, and withal a fine singer. The lady born in this month will be a pretty, prudent housewife; rather melancholy, but very good tempered.

FEBRUARY.—The man born this month will love money much, but the ladies more; he will be stingy at home, but prodigal abroad. The lady will be a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

MARCH.—The man born in this month will be rather handsome; he will be honest and prudent, but will die poor. The lady will be a passionate chatter-box, somewhat given to fighting, and in old age too fond of the bottle.

APRIL.—The man who has the misfortune to be born in this month will be subject to maladies. He will travel to his advantage, for he will marry a rich and handsome heiress, who will make—what, no doubt, you all understand. The lady will be tall and stout, with little mouth, little feet, little wit, but a great talker, and withal, a great liar.

MAY.—The man born in this month will be handsome and amiable. He will make his wife happy. The lady will be equally blest in every respect.

JUNE.—The man will be of small stature, passionately fond of women and children, but will not be loved in return. The lady will be a giddy personage, fond of coffee; she will marry at twenty-one, and be a fool at forty-five.

JULY.—The man will be fair; he will suffer death for the wicked woman he loves. The female of this month will be passably handsome, with sharp nose and sulky temper.

AUGUST.—The man will be ambitious and courageous, but too apt to cheat. He will have several maladies and two wives. The lady will be amiable, and twice married; but the second husband will cause her to regret her first.

SEPTEMBER.—He that is born in this month will be wise, strong, and prudent, but too easy with his wife, who will cause him much uneasiness. The lady—round-faced, fair-haired, witty, discreet, affable, and loved by her friends.

OCTOBER.—The man will have a handsome face and florid complexion; he will be wicked in his youth, and always inconstant. He will promise one thing and do another, and always remain poor. The lady will be pretty, a little given to contradiction, a little coquettish, and sometimes a little too fond of wine—she will give her preference to *eau de vie*. She will have three husbands, who will die of grief; and she will best know why.

NOVEMBER.—The man born now will have a fine face, and be a gay deceiver. The lady of this month will be large, liberal, and full of novelty.

DECEMBER.—The man born in this month will be a good sort of person, though passionate. He will devote himself to the army, and be betrayed by his wife. The lady will be amiable and handsome, with a good voice and well proportioned body; she will be married twice, remain poor, but continue honest.



A TALE OF LOVE.

One quiet night in leafy June,
 When the bees and birds were all in tune,
 Two lovers walked beneath the moon.
 The night was fair—so was the maid;
 They walked and talked beneath the shade,
 With none to harm or make afraid.
 Her name was Sue, and his was Jim,
 And she was fat, and he was slim;
 He took to her, and she to him.

Says Jim to Sue—"By all the snakes,
 That squirm among the brush and brakes,
 I like you better 'n buckwheat cakes."
 Says Sue to Jim—"Since you 've begun it,
 And been and come and done it,
 I like you next to a new bonnet."
 Says Jim to Sue—"My heart you 've busted;
 But I have always gals mistrusted."
 Says Sue to Jim—"I will be true;
 If you love me as I love you,
 No knife can cut our love in two."
 Says Jim to Sue—"Through thick and thin,
 For your lovyer count me in;
 I'll court no other gal agin."

Jim leaned to Sue, Sue leaned to him ;
His nose just touched her jockey brim.
Four lips went—went—ahem! ahem!
And then—and then—and then—and then!
Oh! gals, beware of men in June,
When crickets are in tune,
Lest your name gets in the papers soon.



A WEDDING NIGHT-SHIRT.

It wasn't hardly the fair thing that the boys did to Joe Thompson the night he was married, but the temptation was irresistible. They couldn't have helped it to have saved their lives. I'll tell you how it was.

Joe was about the most fancy-dressed buck in the town—over nice and particular—a perfect Miss Nancy in manners, always putting on airs, and more dainty and modest than a girl. Well, when his wedding night came, he was dressed trunk empty, and his pants especially fitted him as if they had been moulds and his legs caudles, and run into them. Tight was no name for them. Their set was immense, and he was prouder than half a dozen peacocks.

"Aren't they nice, boys?" he asked of the two who were to be groomsmen, and see that he threw himself away in the most approved fashion.

"Stunning! Gorgeous!" replied Tom Bennett. "I never saw anything equal to them. But, I say. Joe, aren't they just the least bit tight? It strikes me that you will have some difficulty in bending—won't you?"

"Pshaw, no! They are as easy as an old glove. See!"

To prove the matter he bent down so as to touch his patent leathers, when crack! crack! followed like the twin reports of a revolver.

"Thunder!" exclaimed Joe, as he clasped his hands behind, and found a rent in the cassimeres from stem to stern. "Thunder! the pants have burst, and what shall I do?"

"I should rather think they had," answered Tom, getting purple in the face as he endeavored to control his laughter. "But there is no time to get another pair. It only wants half an hour to the standing-up time, and we have got a mile to go. Carriage waiting, too."

"What shall I do?—what shall I do?"

"I'll tell you what, Joe, if mine would fit you, you should have them and welcome; but they are about a mile too big—would set like a shirt on a bean pole. I see no way but to have them mended."

"Who *can* I get to do it, Tom?"

"Well, I am something of a tailor, and can fix them so that they won't show. Hold on a minute, and I'll get a needle and thread."

"Can you? May Heaven bless you."

"Off with your coat," commanded Tom, as he came back. "Now lay yourself over on the bed, and I will fix you in short order."

The command was obeyed—the pants mended—the coat tails carefully pinned over, so as to conceal the "distress for rent," and all went merry as a marriage bell, until Joe followed his blushing bride to the nuptial couch.

There was only a dim light in the room, but it enabled Joe, as he glanced bashfully around, to see the sweetest face in the world, the rosy cheeks and ripe lips, the lovely and loving blue eyes, and the golden curls, just peeping out from the snowy sheets, and he extinguished it altogether, and hastened to disrobe himself. Off came coat, vest, fancy necktie and collar, boots and socks, in a hurry; but somehow the pants stuck. The more he tried, the more they wouldn't come, and he tugged vainly for half an hour.

"Thunder!" muttered Joe.

"What is the matter, dear?" came in the softest of accents from the bed, where somebody was wondering if he was ever going to come to her arms.

It was a moment of desperation. Joe was entirely overcome by the situation, and forgetting his accustomed bashfulness, blurted out:

"*Molly, that cursed Tom Bennett has sewed my pants, drawers, shirt and undershirt all together!*"

"It is too bad. Wait a moment, dear."

A little, stockingless foot first peeped out, then a ruffled night-dress, the lamp was lighted, a pair of scissors found, and Joe released.

Although Joe denies it, Tom Bennett swears that his wedding shirt was of the shortest possible length, reasoning *a posteriori*!

DREAMS.

The Phenomena of Dreams—Activity of the Mental Faculties During Sleep—Novel Ideas on the Subject—Remarkable Instances, etc.

DREAMING

THE mind, liberated from the shackles of its earthly tenement, opens upon its career of fancy. It annihilates space and time. The earth is too narrow for its wanderings, and the infinite expanse is alone capable of furnishing a field for its rapid flight.

“How strange is sleep! when his dark spell lies
On the drowsy lids of human eyes,
The years of a life will float along
In the compass of a page's song;
And the mountain's peak and the ocean's dye
Will scarce give food to his passing eye.”

The stage of dreaming is characterized by the perfect closure of one or more of the avenues of special sense. When this occurs, the harmony between the world and ourselves is broken. The mind is no longer controlled by outward influences, but is struggling under the combined effects of its own innate powers and imperfectly transmitted sensational impressions. We have lost the means whereby the perception of an impression of our sense can be tested by the co-operating scrutiny of another. Dr. Abercrombie says that “in dreams, the impressions which arise in the mind are believed to have a real and present existence; and this belief is not corrected, as in the waking state, by comparing the conception with the things of the external world; and that the ideas of images in the mind follow one another, according to associations over which we have no control; we cannot, as in the waking state, vary the series, or stop it at our will. The wonderful clearness at times of the mind in dreams, must have been observed by all who have given attention to the subject. This lucidity is particularly observed in imaginary conversation, public speaking and composing, the memory of which the individual seldom retains on awakening, but he is astonished at the exuberance of his ideas, as well as the ease with which he expressed them. During

sleep, the mental organ presents the same phenomena as when awake, for in dreams certain elements only are actively excited—those having reference to the subject of the dream—but the more passive organs are ready to change their state as circumstances may arise to change the character of the dream. On being suddenly aroused, we are generally conscious of having dreamed, with little or no recollection, however, of the subject. But when we awake gradually—the necessity for longer sleep having ceased—the senses recover their functions one after another, till all are fully awake. In such cases the dream is most fully remembered. To this general fact, however, there are exceptions, for when suddenly aroused, either by intensity of mental excitement, or from external causes, we retain vividly the strong impression then existing, because the senses of external relation are taken by surprise, and, even though awakened, the train of thought cannot be, in all cases, so quickly arrested. The mind is, at all times, subject to its proper stimuli; but during sound sleep, that of external relation is cut off by the torpor of the special senses, and it is, therefore less likely to be actively engaged than when all its sources of communication are open. Combe says, “The senses themselves do not form ideas.” We do not, neither can we, dream of what we possess no knowledge. But memory may, on the impression of a sense, recall to mind a fact or circumstance, and the imagination may take it up and multiply it into a thousand forms, and invest them with an endless variety of fanciful creations, for

“Lulled in the countless chamber of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain,
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise,
Each stamps his image as the other flies.”

Dr. Parr says: “In dreams we seem to reason, to argue, to compose, and in all these circumstances, during sleep, we are highly gratified, and think we excel. If, however, we remember our dreams, our reasonings we find to be weak, our arguments inconclusive, and our compositions trifling and absurd.” The powerful intellect will reason just as correctly when asleep, upon the premises given, as when awake; but unfortunately the data are in many instances indistinct and erroneous when the mind is debarred the influences of those means through which facts are presented, and the judgment regulated. The imperfection of memory also, in sleep, is a prolific source of error in regard to what the actual powers of the mind are in this condition.

JUDGMENT IN DREAMS.

But the power of judging is probably as good as when awake, for it decides only upon the premises presented in either case, and during sleep and in dreams the premises are usually scanty and at fault. When Dr. Johnson, in referring to a dream in which he had a contest of wit with another individual said: "Now, one may mark here the effect of sleep in weakening the power of reflection; for, had not my judgment failed me, I should have seen that the wit of this supposed antagonist, by whose superiority I felt myself depressed, was as much furnished by me as that which I thought I had been uttering in my own character." No doubt the error of judgment and weakening of the reflective powers arose from a lack of all the circumstances in the case being presented to his mind. Certainly he has lost identity, because in his dreams he furnished argument for another person without comprehending that he was doing so, and, therefore, a just conclusion could not be arrived at. But the feeling of chagrin or mortification which he experienced, was a legitimate result of his judgment founded on the premises.

ACTION OF THE MIND IN DREAMS.

The action of the mental organs will account for many of the singular associations during sleep, and in the language of the fair poetess will show that—

"It is Thought at work amidst buried hours,
It is Love keeping vigil o'er perishing flowers;
Oh! we hear within us mysterious things,
Of Memory and Anguish unfathomed springs,
And Passion, those gulfs of the heart to fill
With bitter waves which it ne'er may still."

To illustrate the associate action of the mind in sleep we will transcribe the dream of Professor Maas, of Halle, and his analysis of its phenomena. The Professor says that "I dreamed once that the Pope visited me. He commanded me to open my desk, and carefully examined all the papers it contained. While he was thus employed, a very sparkling diamond fell out of his triple crown into my desk, of which, however, neither of us took any notice. As soon as the Pope had withdrawn I retired to bed, but was soon obliged to rise on account of a thick smoke, the cause of which I had yet to learn. Upon examination I discovered that the diamond had set fire to the papers in my desk, and burned them to ashes."

In explanation he observes, that "On the preceding evening I was visited by a friend, with whom I had a lively conversation upon Joseph the Second's suppression of monasteries and convents. With this idea, though I did not become conscious of it in the dream, was associated the visit which the Pope publicly paid to the Emperor Joseph at Vienna, in consequence of the measure taken against the clergy; and with this again was combined, however faintly, the representation of the visit which had been paid to me by my friend. These two events were, by the sub-reasoning faculty, compounded into one, according to the established rule, that things which agree in their parts also correspond as to the whole, hence the Pope's visit was changed into a visit made to me. The sub-reasoning faculty then, in order to account for the most extraordinary visit, fixed upon that which was the most important object in my rooms, namely, the desk, or rather the papers it contained. That a diamond fell out of the triple crown was a collateral association, which was owing merely to the representation of the desk. Some days before, when opening the desk, I had broken the glass of my watch, which I held in my hand, and the fragment fell among the papers, hence no further attention was paid to the diamond. But afterward the representation of the sparkling stone was again excited, and became the prevailing idea, hence it determined the succeeding association. On account of its similarity, it excited the representation of fire, with which it was confounded, hence arose fire and smoke. But, in the event, the writings only were burned, not the desk itself; to which being of comparatively less value, the attention was not at all directed."

SHORTNESS OF TIME IN DREAMS.

One of the most remarkable phenomena connected with dreams is the shortness of time needed for their consummation. Lord Brougham says "that in dictating, a man may frequently fall asleep after uttering a few words, and be awakened by the amanuensis repeating the last word to show that he has written the whole; but though five or six seconds only have escaped between the delivery of the sentence and its transfer to paper, the speaker may have passed through a dream extending through half a life-time." Lord Holland and Mr. Babbage both confessed this theory. The one was listening to a friend reading aloud, and slept from the beginning of the sentence to the latter part of the sentence immediately succeeding;

yet during this time he had a dream, the particulars of which it would have taken more than a quarter of an hour to write. Mr. Babbage dreamed a succession of events, awoke in time to hear the conclusion of a friend's answer to a question he had just put to him. One man was liable to a feeling of suffocation accompanied by a dream of a skeleton grasping his throat, whenever he slept in a lying position, and had an attendant to wake him the moment he sank down. But, though awakened the moment he began to sink, the time sufficed for a long struggle with the skeleton. Another man dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic, spent a fortnight in Europe, and fell overboard when embarking to return, yet his sleep had not lasted more than ten minutes.

PREMONITIONS IN DREAMS.

The occasional premonitions communicated in dreams—"in visions of the night when deep sleep falleth upon man,"—is a mystery which, as yet, has not, and never may be, unravelled. Lord Stanhope relates the following singular instance of this description: "A Lord of the Admiralty, who was on a visit to Mount Edgecombe, and who was much distressed by dreaming, dreamed that, walking on the seashore, he picked up a book, which appeared to be the log-book of a ship-of-war, of which his brother was the captain. He opened it and read an entry of the latitude and longitude, as well as of the day and hour, to which was added, 'our captain died.' The company endeavored to comfort him, by laying a wager that the dream would be falsified by the event, and a memorandum was made in writing of what he had stated, which was afterwards confirmed in every particular." We also introduce the following letter of the Hon. William Talbot, of Alton, to the same effect: "In the year 1768 my father, Matthew Talbot, of Castle Talbot, county Wexford, was much surprised at the recurrence of a dream three several times during the same night, which caused him to repeat the whole circumstance to his wife the next morning. He dreamed that he had arisen as usual, and descended to his library, the morning being hazy. He then seated himself at his secretaire to write, when, happening to look up a long avenue of trees opposite the windows, he perceived a man in a blue jacket, mounted on a white horse, coming toward the house. My father arose, and opened the windows; the man advanced, presented him with a roll of papers, and told him they were invoices of a vessel which had

been wrecked, and had drifted in during the night on his son-in-law's (Lord Mount Morris') estate close by, and signed 'Bell and Stephenson.' My father's attention was only called to the dream from its frequent occurrence; but when he found himself seated at his desk on the misty morning, and beheld the identical person whom he had seen in his dreams, in the blue coat, riding on a gray horse, he felt surprised, and opening the window, waited the man's approach. He immediately rode up, and drawing from his pocket a packet of papers, gave them to my father, stating they were invoices belonging to an American vessel which had been wrecked, and drifted in upon his lordship's estate, and there was no person on board to lay claim to the wreck, but that the invoices were signed 'Bell and Stephenson.' I assure you, my dear Sir, that the above is most faithfully given, and actually occurred; but it is not more extraordinary than other examples of the prophetic powers of the mind or soul in sleep, which I have frequently heard related."

Here is another singular instance related by Dr. Blanchard Fosgate, of Auburn: "Many years ago," he says, "when our family resided on the banks of the Mohawk, long before the thunder of the steam water-paddle echoed along the shores of the Hudson, or the shrill whistle of the locomotive startled the silence of the glen and mountain; when the river in the summer was crossed by ford or ferry, and in winter upon the often treacherous ice; early in the spring, before the river had broken up, my father, on the eve of departure for New York, dreamed that he was in an ice house, striving to get out by climbing up its slippery contents. The dream was barely related and forgotten. The succeeding day, on horseback, he commenced his journey, and was obliged to cross the river. The ice, by evaporation, having lost much of its strength, he was precipitated into the stream below. Timely assistance, however, rescued him from the impending danger, but the accident and the dream were ever after coupled in his memory. This dream was the result of mental association during sleep, and was perfectly natural under the circumstances, but nevertheless a premonition of danger. Had it aroused the reflective powers when awake as strongly as it did during sleep, the accident would probably have been avoided. It is curious to observe also how thoughts of the waking hours may be prolonged and modified in sleep. Dr. Fosgate says, in a work on sleep: "Not long since I was examining the Croton water works in New York city, including some pits which were

open in the streets where the great iron tubes were exposed. On falling asleep I dreamed that in passing one of the pits I jumped down upon a tube about three inches in diameter, for the purpose of inspecting the work more minutely; but when in this position, on casting my eyes below, an awful chasm presented itself, crossed in various directions by huge iron water tubes, but the bottom was invisible. However, the depth was seventy feet. In what way this information was imparted is indistinct, but such appeared the awful depth under my slippery footing. I could fairly reach the surface above, but could lay hold of nothing, and therefore attempted to leap to the top.

"I failed, and in falling lodged upon the place just left. This fall will never be forgotten, so long as excess in fright, commingled with horror, can leave an impression on my mind. I then thought to cry for help, but dared not lest my feet should slip and precipitate me down the dark chasm beneath. After reflecting long upon my perilous situation, I commenced feeling around the platform surrounding the top, and finally succeeded in fastening my fingers in a crevice between the planks, by which means I drew myself up. The dream ordinarily would have been ended here, but my mind now turned upon the subject which had occupied my attention the preceding evening until a late hour. I thought in my dreams that which had just transpired was a prophetic dream, and to what it might point my reflections were directed, as well as to what would be the best course to elude the impending danger. During these reflections I awoke excessively exhausted. In this instance, in a dream, I dreamt that I was dreaming. It was a singular mental phenomenon, and of rare occurrence, but not alone on record."



MY HORSE TRADE.

Is there such a disease as "farming on the brain?" My other half says I am afflicted with it in its most aggravated or chronic form. I have entered my protest against the charge, backed with a fearful array of medical testimony; still she persists in her opinion, *materia medica* to the contrary notwithstanding. You doubtless inquire mentally what analogy there is between "farming on the brain" and the caption of this sketch? That is what I propose to elucidate.

Last fall I purchased a farm in Delaware county, in this State, on which I intend to move in the coming spring, in case I can convince my family that I am perfectly sane, and thereby avoid a writ of *lunatico inquirendo* and a residence in Dr. Kirkbride's Institution in West Philadelphia. Having purchased the crops with the farm, I found on examination a surplus of hay, which, according to my ideas of farming, should be consumed on the premises. Learning that stock was *cheap* in the *fall*, I concluded to purchase an extra horse, which, if I desired, I could sell in the spring at an advanced price. Having decided upon the purchase, the next thing was the order of purchasing. I accordingly visited the horse bazaars on sale days, where I found horses of all ages and sizes; horses of high and low degree—perhaps *pedigree* would be the better word—with a sprinkling of jack-asses and trained goats. Being a new actor upon the scene, I was at once "spotted" by the horse-jockeys, who gathered around me like blue-tailed flies in a molasses cask.

"Did I wish to purchase a horse? What kind of an animal did I want? Carriage or farm horse? Fast or slow? Could accommodate me with a horse that would do his mile in 2.40, or one that would pull any thing that he was hitched to, from a loaded Dearborn wagon to a ton of hay."

I informed the gentleman of the whip and spur that I desired to purchase, *cheap for cash*, a farm horse, not exceeding six years of age, sound in wind and limb, kind in harness and easy under the saddle.

Each and all could accommodate me with the very horse I desired. I informed them that I proposed to purchase *only one* horse at that time, consequently could not accommodate the entire fraternity. If they would let go my arms, keep their fingers out of my button-holes, and give me a chance to breath more freely, I informed them I would look at their stock.

"That's the tork," said a loose-jointed, chambling six-footer, with a blanket overcoat and red eyes, which were constantly weeping diluted whiskey. "This way, sir; here's a hoss, cart, and harness; the very rig you want for a farm." This yere anamile is five years old, going on six. A child can drive him. Will haul anything you hitch him to. Goes bootiful under the saddle. Sound as a hickory nut. Warrant him. Give you my written guarantee ef you make it out. Can't write myself. Never had any book learning; but I'm sound on the hoss question. Bet your life on that."

"But, my Christian friend," I replied—

"Don't call me names, stranger; I don't belong to meeting."

"But you are not a heathen, are you?"

"No; not exactly one of them fellers; but I never went to Sunday-school, and don't belong to church."

"I don't want a cart and harness. Only want a horse."

"Better take the whole rig, stranger. You'll find the cart and harness useful."

"Name the lowest price, cash down, for the horse, cart and harness, with a written guaranty that the horse shall prove sound, kind in harness and under the saddle."

"Well, stranger, bein' it's you, and we've had considerable palaver I'll let yer have the rig for two hundred dollars, and throw in this yere blanket and whip to bind the bargain."

"I will look around further, and if I cannot suit myself better will see you again."

"Better take this yere rig. You'll go further and *fare worse*."

I replied that I would go a little further, and hoped I should not fare worse.

After canvassing the entire horse brigade without making a purchase, I informed my friend with the blanket-overcoat and red eyes that I would give him one hundred and fifty dollars for his rig."

"Make it a hundred and seventy-five, and the rig is yours."

"One hundred and fifty dollars. Will you take that amount?"

"Can't go it, stranger. Say a hundred and sixty-five, and I'll *sacrifice* the rig."

"Very well; I will take it. Drive the horse and cart around to Conkling's stables, rear of the Girard House, call at my office and I will pay you."

I drew up a guaranty in the most approved form, to which my friend attached his X mark. I then paid him his money, and, bidding me good-day, he went on his way *rejoicing*, as the sequel will show.

That evening at the tea table I informed Mrs. ——— and the little ———'s of my purchase. I expatiated upon the fine qualities of my newly-acquired horse, repeating the language of my red-eyed friend, and winding up with the fact that I had made a great bargain. Could sell the horse in the spring for two hundred and fifty dollars, making a clear profit of one hundred dollars, including cart and harness, both of which would be useful on the farm. Mrs. ——— said

my horse talk sounded very pretty; but she would bet (a fabulous amount) that I had been cheated—yes, *skinned*! I suggested that she had better not bet; that said amount would be very handy for pin-money when we removed to the farm.

"What did I know about horses? That farm would be the ruin of me. I might as well make it an *hospital for superannuated horses* as anything else." In fact, she intimated very strongly that she hoped I had been cheated. The children thought differently. They seemed pleased with the idea of having another horse on the farm. Wouldn't it be delightful to go sleighing with a "spike team"—two horses abreast and the other tandem. "Papa kept store, and he was not cheated when he bought things." Little four-year-old closed the controversy by saying, "Papa didn't get cheated when he bought my *philospede*—did he, ma?"

That night I retired early, but visions of horse-jockeys, horses, carts, etc., disturbed my slumbers. Was there a possibility of my having been cheated by the man with the blanket-coat and red eyes? Certainly not. Not the ghost of a chance. Hadn't I his written guaranty to fall back on in case the horse should prove derelict in his duties. But in order to settle the matter as soon as possible, I started early on the following morning with my new *rig* for the farm, twelve miles distant from the city. It was a beautiful October morning, and for the first two miles things were "altogether lovely." Ascending a very steep hill soon afterward, a sound resembling the exhaust steam of an engine greeted my ears. Being near the railroad track, and running parallel with it, I looked for the locomotive, but could see none. I stopped my horse and the noise ceased. What could the matter be? Had I purchased a high-pressure horse, and was he playing locomotive for my amusement? I dismounted from the cart, took my horse by the head, and started him up the hill, when he commenced playing locomotive again. I *remonstrated* with him—said "remonstrance" being the butt end of a whalebone whip—but it was of no use. The faster I urged him along, the *more he wouldn't stop blowing*. A huckster passing at the time said my horse had been drinking *hot water*, and if I didn't allow the steam to escape faster, there would be an explosion, sure.

I asked him if he would have the kindness to examine the animal. He complied with my request, and in answer to my question, "What do you think of him?" replied instanter—

"That horse is a *fraud*; he ain't worth *shucks*."

"What is wrong about him—isn't he *sound*?" I asked.

"There's nothing right about him. He's as rotten as a Limberger cheese. He's got the heavens bad. He's a regular 'blower,' and I'll bet ten to one he'll die on your hands before spring."

I concluded it would not be safe to cover his bet, and after informing him how I came by the horse, he advised me to return with him to the city, and not to wait on the order of going, but go at once.

I took his advice, returned my "rig" to the livery stable, and set out in quest of my red-eyed friend, in order to test the validity of his guaranty with the X autograph. Toward night I succeeded in finding him, and, after stating my grievances, he replied very colly:—

"Well, stranger, you ain't goin' back on me, are yer?"

I replied that I did not fully comprehend his meaning, but informed him that unless he immediately refunded the money I had paid him for the "rig," I would put him forward in a judicial manner, which might possibly prove repugnant to his feelings.

"Well, stranger, that talk sounds mighty pritty; but ef it's money yer want, yer can't git it here. I'm dead broke. Stamps all gone. Had a little game of old sledge last night which cleaned me out dry. A friend of mine wants that colt I sold you. He's got a large dray-horse, strong as an elephant, but not quite so fast as your colt. What do you say for a dicker? Ef you'd like to trade, say the word, and I'll trot him round."

"The horse or your friend?" I asked.

"Eoth, stranger."

"Very well, I will look at the horse."

Horse and owner soon made their appearance, the latter slightly inebriated.

"Now, stranger," ejaculated red-eye, "this yere hoss 'll suit you to a T. Larger hoss than your'n; worth more money. Give my friend fifty dollars to boot and he'll trade."

Owner of large horse nodded assent. I offered twenty-five dollars, which, after a short parley between red-eyes and inebriated individual, was accepted by the latter, and horse No 2 was soon in-stalled in the quarters of locomotive, alias "blower." Next morning I engaged the services of an expert to examine horse No 2, and give me an opinion of his qualities, which for brevity, I opine, has never been excelled. It was as follows:—

"Not worth a Continental ——!"

This last straw broke the camel's back. It was a stunner. The scales had fallen from my eyes. I could see it all through a glass, not dimly, but clearly as the noonday sun. I had been taken in and done for. That day I sold horse No. 2 to a huckster of the colored persuasion for ten dollars, sent cart and harness to the farm, and am now a wiser, if not a better man.

MORAL. — "Never swap horses while crossing a stream" was the advice of one whose memory we all revere. Never swap horses with a horse-jockey, either on *terra firma* or while crossing the stream, is the advice of

SAMUEL THE SCRIBE.



CHOOSING FOR LIFE.

THERE is a general impression that the only end of an occupation is to make a living, and that the boy or young man who selects that employment by which he can make the most money with the greatest rapidity makes the best choice. This is a deplorable error, wherever it exists. To provide an honorable and comfortable support for himself and family must ever be a main object of every man's business, and yet it is an unworthy thing to toil year after year unceasingly with no other aim in life than to make money. The conviction should be present with every young person, in selecting his occupation, that all his time, powers and circumstances should be so engaged as to produce the greatest possible amount of good to the community around him, as well as to himself. Some may esteem this visionary and impossible, but in reality it is the foundation of success. No one who gives to society, with wisdom and judgment, the benefit of a portion of his labor, will fail to reap a richer reward than mere personal ambition or love of money can secure.

The choice of an occupation should be considered with all the care and thought due to a matter that is due to what may be a choice for life. It includes a thousand other choices, and if at first wisely made, nothing will be wasted, nothing lost, and life will be a continued progress. Benedict Arnold had ability and courage, but in his supreme selfishness and love of display and of gold, he sold his honor, and would have sold the lives of his soldiers and the liberties of his country for a paltry bribe. Every man who lives merely for self and to gratify ambition, is a traitor to

his own welfare, his country and his race. In the character of Washington it is not chiefly his abilities that have won for him the admiration of the world, but the fact that duty was supreme, and that although he longed for ease and the quiet of home, he sacrificed it all at the call of his country, and put his life and fortune at stake upon a perilous issue. Unselfishness makes men really greater than ambition.

A choice of occupation made on these principles will probably lead to the greatest success, of which the nature of him who pursues it is capable. As the efficiency of a watch depends upon the various parts being so adjusted as to bear that relation to each other that was intended by the maker, so the complicated mechanism of man can only obtain real power and ultimate success in life by the proper adjustment of all his various powers.



YOUNG MEN.

ALEXANDER, of Macedon, extended his power over Greece, conquered Egypt, rebuilt Alexandria, overrun all Asia, and died at thirty-three years of age.

Hannibal was but twenty-six when, after the fall of his father, Hamilcar, and Asdrubal, his successor, he was chosen commander-in-chief of the Carthaginian army. At twenty-seven he captured Saguntum from the Romans. Before he was thirty-four he carried his arms from Africa into Italy, conquered Publius Scipio on the banks of the Ticinus, routed Sempronius near the Trebia, defeated Flaminius on his approach to the Appenines, laid waste the whole country, defeated Fabius Maximus and Varro, marched into Capua, and, at the age of thirty-six, was thundering at the gates of Rome.

Scipio Africanus was scarcely sixteen when he took an active part in the battle of Cannæ, and saved the life of his father. The wreck of the Roman cavalry chose him then for their leader, and he conducted them back to the capital. Soon after he was twenty, he was appointed pro-Consul of Spain, where he took New Carthage by storm. He soon after defeated, successively, Asdrubal, (Hannibal's brother,) Mago, and Hanno, crossed into Africa, negotiated with Syphax, and Massashan king, returned to Spain, quelled the insurrection there, drove the Carthagenians wholly from the peninsula, returned to Rome, devised the

diversion against the Carthagenians by carrying the war into Africa, crossed thither, destroyed the army of Syphax, compelled the return of Hannibal, and defeated Asdrubal a second time.

Charlemagne was crowned King of the Franks before he was twenty-six. At the age of twenty-eight he had conquered Aquitania, and at the age of twenty-nine, he made himself master of the whole German and French empires.

Charles XII, of Sweden, was declared of age by the States, and succeeded his father, at the age of fifteen. At eighteen he headed the expedition against the Danes, whom he checked; and with a fourth of their number, he cut to pieces the Russian army, commanded by the Czar Peter, at Narva; crossed the Dwina, gained a victory over Saxony, and carried his arms into Poland. At twenty-one he had conquered Poland, and dictated to her a new sovereign. At twenty-four he had subdued Saxony; and at twenty-seven he was conducting his victorious troops into the heart of Russia, when a severe wound prevented his taking command in person, and resulted in his overthrow, and subsequent treacherous captivity into Turkey.

Lafayette was a major-general in the American army at the age of eighteen; was but twenty when he was wounded at Brandywine, but twenty-two when he raised supplies for his army, on his own credit, at Baltimore, and but thirty-three when he was raised to the office of commander-in-chief of the National Guards of France.

Napoleon Bonaparte commenced his military career as an officer of artillery at the age of seventeen. At twenty-four he successfully commanded the artillery at Toulon. His splendid and victorious campaign in Italy was performed at the age of twenty-seven. During the next year, when he was about twenty-eight, he gained a battle over the Austrians, in Italy, conquered Mantua, carried the war into Austria, ravaged Tyrol, concluded an advantageous peace, took possession of Milan and the Venetian republic, revolutionized Genoa, and formed the Cisalpine republic. At the age of twenty-nine he received the command of the army against Egypt; scattered the clouds of Mameluke cavalry, mastered Alexandria, Aboukir, and Cairo, and wrested the land of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies from the proud descendants of the prophet. At thirty he fell among the Parisians like a thunderbolt, overthrew the dictatorial government, dispersed the council of five hundred, and was proclaimed First

Consul. At the age of thirty-one he crossed the Alps with an army, and destroyed the Austrians by a blow at Marengo. At the age of thirty-two he established the Code of Napoleon; in the same year he was elected Consul for life by the people, and at the age of thirty-three he was crowned Emperor of the French people.

William Pitt, the first Earl of Chatham, was but twenty-seven years of age when, as a member of Parliament, he waged the war of a giant against the corruption of Sir Robert Walpole.

The younger Pitt was scarcely twenty years of age when, with masterly power, he grappled with the veterans of Parliament in favor of America. At twenty-two he was called to the high and responsible trust of Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was at that age when he came forth in his might on the affairs of the East Indies. At twenty-nine, during the first insanity of George III, he rallied around the Prince of Wales.

Edmund Burke, at the age of nineteen, planned a refutation of the metaphysical theories of Berkley and Hume. At twenty he was in the Temple, the admiration of its inmates for the brilliancy of his genius and the variety of his acquisitions. At twenty-six he published his celebrated satire entitled "Vindication of Natural Society." The same year he published his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, so much admired for its spirit of philosophical investigation and the elegance of its language. At twenty-five he was first Lord of the Treasury.

George Washington was only twenty-seven years of age when he covered the retreat of the British troops at Braddock's defeat; and the same year he was appointed commander-in-chief of all the Virginia forces.

General Joseph Warren was only twenty-nine years of age when, in defiance of the British soldiers stationed at the door of the church, he pronounced the celebrated oration which aroused the spirit of liberty and patriotism that terminated in the achievement of independence. At thirty-four he gloriously fell, gallantly fighting in the cause of freedom on Bunker Hill.

Alexander Hamilton was a lieutenant-colonel in the army of the American Revolution, and aid-de-camp to Washington, at the age of twenty. At twenty-five he was a member of Congress from New York; at thirty he was one of the ablest members of the Convention that framed the Constitution of the United States; at thirty-one he was a member of the New York Convention, and joint author of the great work entitled the "Federalist." At thirty-two he was Secretary of the

Treasury of the United States, and arranged the financial branch of the Government upon so perfect a plan that no great improvement has ever been made upon it since by his successors.

Thomas Hayward, of South Carolina, was but thirty years of age when he signed the glorious record of the nation's birth, the Declaration of Independence; Eldredge Gerry, of Massachusetts, Benjamin Rush and James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, were but thirty-one years of age; Matthew Thornton, of New Hampshire, Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, Arthur Middleton, of North Carolina, and Thomas Stone, of Maryland, thirty-three; and William Hooper, of North Carolina, but thirty-four.

John Jay, when twenty-nine years old, was a member of the Revolutionary Congress, and being associated with Lee and Livingston, on the committee for drafting an address to the people of Great Britain, drew up that paper himself, which was considered one of the most eloquent productions of the time. At thirty-two, he penned the old Constitution of New York, and in the same year was appointed Chief Justice of that State. At thirty-four, he was appointed Minister to Spain.

At the age of twenty-six, Thomas Jefferson was a leading member of the Colonial Legislature in Virginia. At thirty, he was a member of the Virginia Convention; at thirty-two, a member of Congress, and at thirty-three, he drafted the Declaration of Independence.

Milton, at the age of twenty, had written his finest miscellaneous poems, including his *L'Ailegra*, *Penseroso*, *Comus*, and the most beautiful of Monodies.

Lord Byron, at the age of twenty, published his celebrated satire upon English bards and Scotch reviewers; at twenty-four, the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. Indeed, all the vast poetic treasures of his genius were poured forth, in their richest profusion, before he was thirty-four years old, and he died at thirty-seven.

Pope wrote many of his published poems by the time he was sixteen years old; at twenty, his *Essay on Criticism*; at twenty-one, the *Rape of the Lock*, and at twenty-five, his great work—the *Translation of the Iliad*.

Sir Isaac Newton had mastered the highest elements of mathematics, and the analytical method of Des Cartes, before he was twenty; had discovered the new method of infinite series, of fluxions, and his new theory of light and colors. At twenty-five, he had

discovered the new principle of the reflecting telescope, the laws of gravitation, and the planetary system. At thirty, he occupied the mathematical chair at Cambridge.

Dr. Dwight's Conquest of Canaan was commenced at the age of sixteen, and finished at twenty two. At the latter age he composed his celebrated dissertation on the history, eloquence, and poetry of the Bible, which was immediately published and re-published in Europe.



HAPPY HINTS TO LADIES.

To chemistry modern perfumery is perhaps more indebted than to any other art, that conduces to the luxury of life. Nearly every article of the toilet-bottle or satchel is made from waste, sometimes from most inodorous and repulsive matters. It is generally supposed that all the essences of flowers are produced by distillation. This is far from being the case. Some of them would be seriously injured by such a process, while some that abound in fragrance and yield a very aromatic water, as the rose, afford very little, if any, essential oil in common distillation. When vegetable matter is boiled with water in any vessel, fitted to collect and condense the vapor, a distilled water is obtained, which is, in most instances, somewhat impregnated with odorous or sapid particles, the difference being great or small, however, in the degree of impregnation, according to the substance employed. The process of extracting essential and volatile oils by distilling is somewhat difficult, and requires peculiar apparatus; but we are about to describe a very simple means of catching up and fixing the perfume of flowers by what may be called a fat-trap.

In the flower season at Cannes in France, plates of glass are thinly covered over with clarified inodorous fat. Upon or under these plates so besmeared the flowers are placed, and the power this substance has to absorb and retain perfumes is astonishing. On these sheets of glass the most delicate odors are thus fixed, almost as securely as the most delicate pictures are retained on the collodion-prepared plates. In this way the jessamine, the violet, the tube-rose, and orange perfumes travel across France and arrive in England as pure as the day they were given forth from the flowers themselves.

The emancipation of the odor from its imprisonment is very simple. The fat, cut in small tubes, is placed in spirits of wine, (alcohol,) and the delicate essence immediately deserts the coarse oleaginous matter for the more spiritual solvent. As some of our fair readers, for whom especially this article is prepared, may not understand the process of clarifying any fat, we will enable them to do so. Melt one pound of perfectly fresh lard on a slow fire; add the eighth part of an ounce of powdered alum; scum carefully till the fat is quite limpid; then allow it to become cold, and finally repeatedly "work" it like butter, with pure cold water. To secure the highest degree of fragrance, procure a small zinc box, with lid, in which the plates of strong glass, charged thinly with fat and bestrewn with the flower, are to be placed one upon another. Roses, as we have said, part with their ethereal oils more sparingly than most other flowers. It is asserted they contain less, which is difficult to be believed, since their powerful fragrance so much delights the olfactory nerves.

It may not be quite correct to speak of these odors as waste matters, though—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air;"

and the flowers are grown for the purpose of their production, and for that only; but there are many dainty airs, which now go to waste in our gardens, that may be secured with a little trouble. We may add that ladies may utilize some of our own garden perfumes very easily and with pecuniary advantage to themselves. Pierce in his interesting work on perfumery says that "while cultivators of gardens spend thousands for the gratification of the eye, they altogether neglect the nose. Why should we not grow flowers for their odors as well as for their colors?"

Heliotrope, lily of the valley, honeysuckle, myrtle, clove pink, and wallflower perfumes, such as are obtained in the shops, are made up of odors cunningly contrived from other and more common flowers. Yet they may be made pure by any lady with but small outlay, and no great expenditure of labor.

The amount of money expended by the ladies upon the article of pomade is prodigious. The cases on the counters of the apothecaries are filled with numerous descriptions of these unguents, neatly put up in fanciful bottles, with illuminated labels, and graced with poetical and high-sounding names. Their cost is but trifling, being manufactured expressly for sale, and

to secure the largest percentage of profit. The very best sold in the shops is made by heating tried, or purified, lard with rose-water, in the proportion of three ounces of the water to two pounds of the lard, till well mixed; then melt over a slow fire, and after it has stood for a little while, that the watery part may settle, pour off the lard and stir and beat it till it becomes cold, so as to reduce it to a light yielding mass; then mix a small quantity of white wine, and a few drops of oil of rhodium. The pomade may, for lip-salve, be tinged of a fine red color by an addition of alkanet root; white wax being used for hardening purposes. But most of the pomade sold to the fair is manufactured from impure fat, the grossness of which is concealed by agreeable odors with which they are impregnated through chemical art. Some of the most delicate perfumes are entirely guiltless of ever having had their homes in flowers. In short, they are concocted from oils and ethers, many of them of a most disgusting nature, the by-productions and refuse of other matters. Commercial enterprise has availed herself of this fact, and sent to the exhibition in London, in the forms of essences, perfumes thus prepared. Singularly enough, these were generally derived from substances of intensely repulsive odors. Many a fair forehead is thus dampened with the oil of "a thousand flowers," without knowing, without in the least suspecting, that its essential ingredient is derived from the horned inhabitants of the cow-house. The artificial oil of bitter almonds, now so largely used in perfuming soap and flavoring confectionary, is prepared by the action of nitric acid on the foetid oils of gas-tar, and as yet we are only on the threshold of the wonders that chemistry reveals.

If any of our lady readers would know the secret of making for themselves a pure article of pomade of the most delightful perfume, here is the recipe: If there is a clean empty glue-pot in the house, or any china vessel, fill it with fat clarified in the manner above described; set it near the fire just to liquefy the fat, and throw in as many heliotropes or honeysuckles or other flowers as possible, and let them remain for twenty-four hours; strain off the fat and add fresh flowers; repeat this process for a week, and the result will be an elegant *pomade a la heliotrope*, if you have used this flower. A lady may, in this way, make her own perfume, and one that she cannot obtain for love or money at the perfumers.

CHARACTERISTICS OF CITIES.

THE following are some of the characteristics of leading cities:—London possesses—relatively to the other capitals—the greatest number of engineers, letters of carriages on hire, printers, booksellers, and cooks; usurers, collectors of curiosities, and amateurs of paintings abound most at Amsterdam; St. Petersburg takes precedence for coachmen; at Brussels are to be found the most boys who smoke; at Naples the most porters and guides; at Madrid, the most idlers; at Berlin, the most beer drinkers; at Florence, the most flower girls; at Dublin, the most thieves; at Geneva, the most watchmakers; at Lisbon, the most bailiffs; at Rome, the most beggars; and at New York, the most engine-men. Paris takes lead in the number of hairdressers, men of letters, tailors, milliners, photographers, pastry-cooks and advocates. A calculation has also been made that at London is consumed the most meat and beer; at Stockholm, the most water; at Smyrna, the most coffee; at Madrid, the most cigarettes; and at Paris, the most absinthe.



A FORTUNATE KISS.

THE following pretty little story is narrated by Frederika Bremer, who vouches for its truthfulness:

In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student, a noble youth, with great love for studies, but without means for pursuing them. He was poor without connections. Still he studied, lived in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart, and trying to look at the future which looked so grim to him. His good humor and excellent qualities made him beloved by his comrades. One day he was standing at the square with some of them, prattling away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young men was arrested by a young and elegant lady, who, by the side of an older one, was slowly walking over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upsala, living in the city, and the elder lady was her governess. She was generally known for her goodness and gentleness of character, and looked at with admiration by all the students. As

the young men stood gazing at her as she passed like a graceful vision, one of them suddenly exclaimed:

"Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth."

The poor student, the hero of our story, who looked on that pure, angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration:

"We'l, I think I could have it."

"Well!" cried his friends in a chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her?"

"Not at all," he answered; "but I think she would kiss me if I asked her."

"What' in this place—and before all our eyes?"

"Yes."

"Freely?"

"Yes, freely."

"Well, if she would give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars!" exclaimed one of the party.

"And I," "and I," exclaimed three or four others, for it happened that several rich men were in the group, and bets ran high on so improbable an event. The challenge was made and received in less time than we take to tell it.

Our hero (my authority tells not whether he was plain or handsome; I have my peculiar reasons for believing that he was rather plain, but singularly good-looking at the same time) immediately walked up to the young lady and said:

"Mine fraulein, my fortune is now in your hands."

She looked at him with astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspiration, and related simply what had just now happened between him and his comrades.

The young lady listened attentively, and at his ceasing to speak, she said, blushing, but with great sweetness:

"If by so little a thing so much good can be effected, it would be foolish for me to refuse your request;" and publicly, in the open square, she kissed him.

Next day the student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who dared to seek a kiss from his daughter in that way, and whom she consented to kiss.

He received him with a scrutinizing bow, but after an hour's conversation was so pleased with him that he ordered him to dine at his table during his studies at Upsala.

Our young friend pursued his studies in such a

manner that it soon made him regarded as the most promising student in the University.

Three years were now passed since the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second kiss to the daughter of the Governor as his wife.

He became, later, one of the most noted scholars in Sweden, and was much respected for his character. His works will endure while time lasts, among the works of science; and from this happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden at the present time, whose wealth and high position in society are regarded as trifles in comparison with its goodness and love.



PRECIOUS STONES.

If contingencies prevent your going to Corinth, you content your craving with a panorama of Corinth. If your poverty, but not your will, compel your remaining outside a travelling menagerie, you may still have the pleasure of admiring the pictures. When you cannot enter a sweet-smelling cook-shop, no law prevents your looking in at the window and snuffing the odors that exhale from below. And if you can't pick up diamonds like Sinbad the Sailor, nor incrust yourself with them like Prince Esterhazy, we advise you not to take the matter to heart, but to console yourself by contemplating them at a distance.

The Cook's Oracle, the Almanac des Gourmands, and Brillat-Savarin's *Physiologie du Gout*, have served a series of Barmecide feasts to many a compulsory abstainer. In like manner, those who cannot measure pearls by the pint, nor mark points at whist with unset brilliants, may gratify their tastes for gems by the instructive and interesting *Natural History of Precious Stones and of the Precious Metals*, which Mr. King has given to the world.

Doubtless, jewels are best beheld *in situ*; the *situs*, however, being neither the mine nor the matrix, but in their proper place, about some fair personage—which gives you the chance of admiring two beautiful things at once. A drawback is that family diamonds, like family titles, often fall to the lot of the oldest. Moreover, etiquette forbids young ladies to wear much jewelry, diamonds being especially tabooed. Nevertheless, wherever it may be, a good diamond necklace is a pretty thing to look at.

Independent of its surpassing beauty, the diamond strikes the imagination by its value. The re-cutting merely of the Kon-i-noor is said to have cost eight thousand pounds. Other grand diamonds have required a proportional outlay to bring out their intrinsic qualities. Even humble stones make good their claim to attention, and will not be passed by unobserved. In 1664 Mr. Edward Browne wrote to his father, Sir Thomas: "March 2.—I went to Mr. Foxe's chamber in Arundell House, where I saw a great many pretty pictures and things cast in brasse, some limnings, divers precious stones, and one diamond valued at eleven hundred pounds."

That superstition and vulgar error should lay hold of so remarkable a natural object as the diamond, might be expected as a matter of course. The Romans, taught by the Indians, valued it entirely on account of its supernatural virtues. They wore the crystals in their native form, without any attempt to polish, much less to engrave, them. Such, doubtless, was the ring whose diamond, "*Adamas notissimus*," had flashed in St. Paul's eyes at the momentous audience before the Jewish queen and her too-loving brother, in their "great pomp," and which afterwards, a souvenir of Titus, graced the imperious lady's finger in Juvenal's days. Pliny says the diamond baffles poison, keeps off insanity, and dispels vain fears. The mediæval Italians entitled it "*Pietra della Reconciliazione*," because it maintained concord between husband and wife. On this account it was long held the appropriate stone for setting in the espousal ring.

From Pliny, also, we have the wide-spread notion that a diamond, which is the hardest of stones, is yet made soft by the blood of a goat—but not except it be fresh and warm. "But this," observes Sir Thomas Browne, "is easier affirmed than proved." Upon this conceit arose another—that the blood of a goat was sovereign for the stone. And so it came to be ordered that the goat should be fed with saxifragous herbs, and such as are conceived of power to break the stone. Another mistake, formerly current, is that the diamond is malleable and bears the hammer.

There are facts respecting the diamond as strange as the fictions. Example—Its constant association with gold, noticed long ago. Where gold is, there is the diamond. This rule breaks up the belief of the old lapidaries that diamonds are found only in the East Indies, and there even are confined to Golconda, Vizapoor, Bengal, and Borneo. Diamonds have recently been discovered in most of our gold-yielding colonies,

and probably will turn up in all. The coincidence or companionship of gold with diamonds can hardly be accidental, although all the diamond mines whose discovery is recorded have been brought to light in the pursuit of alluvial gold washings—which was notably the case with the oldest in the Serra do Frio, Brazil, and the most productive in the world.

South Africa has yielded diamonds enough to be an earnest of more to come. Australian “diggins” have already furnished a few, and will probably yield a vast supply when their gravel comes to be turned over by people having eyes for other objects than nuggets and gold flakes. In the Paris Exhibition of 1856 two diamonds were to be seen, found in the Macquarie river. In the Exhibition of Native Productions held at Melbourne, 1865, the feature that excited the greatest interest were numerous specimens (small, but undeniable) of the diamond from various parts of the colony. Finally, in last year’s Paris Exhibition, Queensland diamonds were produced. Being still rough, unprofessional persons were unable to guess at the quality of their water.

The British Museum, amongst the native diamonds, exhibits an octahedral diamond attached to alluvial gold: and—strange confirmation of the ancient idea as to their affinity!—not only is the octahedron the primary crystal of that metal also, but all its secondary modifications exactly correspond with those of the diamond. Modern science has made ~~the~~ further advance towards a solution of this problem beyond that propounded as a certainty in the ancient Timæus. But without solving the problem, it is clearly worth while for persons likely to travel in gold-bearing regions to know a rough diamond when they see it. Otherwise, they may make ducks and drakes with pebbles that would pay for their preservation.

Two points determine the value of diamonds—their weight, which can be estimated in the rough, and their lustre or water, which is less easy to judge of. An old treatise says, “The Water called Cœlestis is the Worth of all, and yet is somewhat difficult to discover in a rough Diamond. The only infallible Way is to examine it in the Shade of some tufted Tree. In Europe, the Lapidaries examine the Goodness of their rough Diamonds, their Water, Points, &c., by Day-light; in the Indies they do it by Night.”

The diamond is the only gem which becomes phosphorescent in the dark after long exposure to the sun’s rays, or, Boyle says, after steeping in hot water. Dr. Wall, in the Philosophical Transactions, gives his

"infallible method" of distinguishing diamonds from other stones. A diamond with an easy slight friction in the dark with any soft animal substance, as the finger, woollen cloth, or silk, appears luminous in its whole body. Nay, if you keep rubbing for some time, and then expose it to the eye, it will remain so for some time. The excessive hardness of the diamond is another extraordinary and superlative quality which sets it apart from most other known substances.

The history of individual diamonds is often strange and romantic. They have influenced the fortunes of families, dynasties and nations. They bring with them luck, good or ill. Take the Pitt or Regent diamond, which was found at Puteal, forty-five leagues from the city of Golconda, and next to Mirgimola's (the "Mogul" Diamond) was the largest on record, weighing in the rough four hundred and ten carats. Pride, they say, feels no pain; nor, sometimes, does poverty. The slave who found this precious pebble concealed it, as the story goes, in a gash made to receive it in the calf of his leg until he found an opportunity of escaping to Madras. There the poor wretch fell in with an English skipper, who, by promising to find a purchaser for the stone on condition of sharing half the proceeds, lured him to his ship, and there disposed of his claims by pitching him overboard. A Parsee merchant of the name of Jamchund bought this wonderful specimen from the thief and murderer for the wondrous sum of one thousand pounds, which sum he (the murderer) speedily squandered in debauchery, and, when it was finished, hanged himself.

Governor Pitt, of Fort St. George, Madras, states that he purchased it himself of Jamchund for twelve thousand five hundred pounds. Pope, to his annoyance, tried to rob him of the credit of doing so by assigning its acquisition to the agency of an "honest factor." To cut it into a perfect brilliant, in London, occupied two whole years, at a cost of five thousand pounds; which outlay was nearly covered by the value (three thousand five hundred pounds) of the fragments separated in shaping it. This operation reduced its weight to one hundred and thirty-six carats and seven-eighths, but made it, for perfection of shape as well as for purity of water, the first diamond in the world, which it still remains.

The fame of this incomparable jewel soon spread all over Europe. Uffenbach, a German traveller who visited this country in 1712, states that he made many fruitless attempts to get a sight of it. There was no obtaining an interview with Governor Pitt, its far

from enviable possessor. So fearful was he of robbery (not without cause) that he never let be known beforehand the day of his coming to town, nor slept in the same house twice consecutively. During the next five years—that is, until after long negotiation, the Regent Orleans relieved him of its custody in 1717—Pitt must have felt his too-precious stone almost as harassing a possession as its first finder did. He finally sold it for one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds, a price considered much below its value; for, in the inventory of the Regalia, it is entered at twelve millions of francs, or four hundred and eighty thousand pounds.

In September, 1792, the great robbery of the Garde Meuble occurred. Together with the other regalia of France, the Sancy and the Regent diamonds were stolen. The former being more convertible than its companion, was never recovered, although a diamond exactly answering to its description afterwards turned up. This robbery was effected under circumstances of great suspicion in respect to the keepers, who were supposed to have acted in the interest of the royal family. The regalia, including gold plate of almost incalculable value, had been sealed up by the officers of the Commune of Paris, after the massacres of the 10th of August. On the 17th of the following month, the seals were found broken, the locks picked by means of false keys, and the cabinets empty. The thieves were never discovered; but an anonymous letter directed to the Commune gave information where to find the Regent, together with a noble agate chalice, the latter stripped of its precious gold mounting. Both these objects were too well known to be convertible into money without certain detection. Hence this politeness on the part of the thieves; but everything else had disappeared forever.

Upon this diamond Bonaparte may be said to have founded his fortunes. It was verily the rock on which his empire was built. After the famous 18th of Brumaire, by pledging the Regent to the Dutch Government, he procured the funds indispensable for the consolidation of his power. After he became Emperor, he wore the diamond set in the pommel of his state-sword; doubtless holding *that* to be a more significant article of his imperial paraphernalia than either crown or sceptre.

This remarkable gem exerted a direct influence in raising to the helm of government of two hostile nations: in one, the Corsican adventurer; in the other, his renowned adversary, William Pitt, whose accession to the premiership would probably never have

occurred but for the fortune based upon his great-grand father's lucky hit.

The Koh-i-noor has hitherto been a fatal jewel. May its recent re-cutting have broken the spell! Its history is well authenticated at every step. This stone of fate seems never to have been lost sight of from the days when Alaul-deen took it from the Rajahs of Malwa, five centuries and a half ago, to the day when it became a crown-jewel of England. Tradition carries back its existence in the memory of India to the year 57 B. C.; and a still wilder legend would fain recognize in it a diamond first discovered near Masulipatam, in the bed of the Godavery, five thousand years ago.

The Koh-i-noor is reported by Baber, the founder of the Mogul Empire, to have come into the Delhi treasury from the conquest of Malwa, in 1304. The Hindoos trace the curses and the ultimate ruin inevitably brought upon its successive possessors by the *genius* of this fateful jewel ever since it was first wrested from the line of Vikramaditya. If we glance over its history since 1304, its malevolent influence far exceeds that of the necklace for which Eriphyle betrayed her husband, or the Egeus Scianus of Greek and Roman tradition. First falls the vigorous Patan, then the mighty Mogul Empire, and, with vastly accelerated ruin, the power of Nadir, of the Dooranee dynasty, and of the Sikh. Runjeet Singh, when it was in his possession, was so convinced of the truth of this belief, that being satisfied with the enjoyment of it during his own lifetime, he sought to break through the ordinance of fate and the consequent destruction of his family by bequeathing the stone to the shrine of Juggernaut for the good of his soul and the preservation of his dynasty. His successor would not give up the baleful treasure, and the last Maharajah is now a private gentleman. In 1850, in the name of the East India Company, (since, in its turn, defunct,) Lord Dalhousie presented the Koh-i-noor to Queen Victoria.

Perhaps we should have been better without it; such, at least, appears to be Mr. King's opinion. The Brahmins will hardly relinquish their faith in the malignant powers possessed by this stone, when they think of the speedily-following Russian war which annihilated the prestige of the British army, and the Sepoy mutiny, three years later, which caused England's existence as a nation to hang for months on the forbearance of one man.

The public saw the Koh-i-noor lustreless at the

Exhibition of 1851, then weighing one hundred and eighty-six carats. Its re-cutting, performed in 1862, though executed with the utmost skill and perfection, has deprived the stone of all its historical and mineralogical interest. As a specimen of a gigantic diamond, whose native weight and form had been interfered with as little as possible, (for with Hindoo lapidaries, the grand object is the preservation of weight,) it stood without a rival, save the Orloff, in Europe. As it is, in the place of the most ancient gem in the history of the world—older even than the Tables of the Law and the Breastplate of Aaron, supposing them still to exist—we get, according to Mr. King, a bad-shaped—because too shallow—modern brilliant, a mere lady's bauble, of but second rate water, for it has a grayish tinge, and besides, inferior in weight to several, being now reduced to one hundred and two carats and a-half.

The operation of re-cutting was performed in London, under the care of Messrs. Garrards, the Queen's jewellers, who erected for that purpose, a small four-horse steam engine on their premises. It was conducted by Voorsanger and another skilful workman, sent over by M. Costar, from Amsterdam. In consequence of the advantage gained by using steam power, the actual cutting occupied no more than thirty-eight working days—a striking contrast to the two years necessary for cutting the Pitt diamond by the old hand process. In some parts of the work, as when it was necessary to grind out a deep flaw, the wheel made three thousand revolutions per minute.

Mr. King is equally full of pleasant lore touching other gems, as well as gold and silver. One emerald story has escaped him. It is told, if our memory is correct, by Forbes, in his *Oriental Memoirs*.

A person, whoever he was, was watching a swarm of fireflies in an Indian grove one moonlight night. After hovering for a time in the moonbeams, one particular firefly, more brilliant than the rest, alighted on the grass, and there remained. The spectator, struck by its fixity, and approaching to ascertain the cause, found, not an insect, but an emerald, which he appropriated, and afterwards wore in a ring.

When the possession of a valuable is hard to account for, one tale may sometimes be as good as another—provided there be but a tale.

THREE AND SEVEN.

THE prominence that these numbers held over all others in the table has been remarkable in all ages. The Bible, Heathen Mythology, the works of ancient and modern poets, and the statute books and criminal codes of both the Old and New Worlds abound in instances of their preferment, and, in fact, in olden times they were regarded with superstitious awe—number *three* particularly. “The *third* time’s the charm.” “*Thrice* the brindle cat hath mewed, etc.” Dreams were to be verified in *three* days. Jonah was *three* days in the whale’s belly. Peter denied the Saviour *three* times. On the *third* day our Saviour arose from the dead. The world is made of *three* substances—land, sky, and water. *Three* lights were given the earth—the Sun, Moon, and Stars. There are *three* persons in the Godhead or Trinity—the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. There were *three* patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. For praying *three* times a day, Daniel was thrown into a den of *three* lions. On the *third* day the Ten Commandments were given. There are *three* articles of faith—Faith, Hope, and Charity. Elijah bowed *three* times before the dead child. The sacred letters on the Cross are *three*—I. H. S. *Three* words comprise the Roman motto—*In hoc signo*. There are *three* graces. The trident of Neptune had *three* prongs. Cerberus had *three* heads. The Oracle of Delphi cherished the *tripod*. Man has *three* eras—birth, life, and death. The day has *three* periods—morning, noon, and night. There are *three* genders in grammar—male, female, and neuter. *Three* days of grace are given on bank paper. Our Government has *three* heads—the Executive, Legislative, and Judiciary. For animal sustenance we have *three* kinds of food—fish, flesh and fowl. *Three* meals a day is the usual custom. The trees and clover leaves in *threes*. *Three* decades is the average of life, and a *triumvirate* of terrors are constantly before us—the laws of our country, God’s judgment, and everlasting punishment.

In the Bible and the Catholic worship, the number *seven* is quite as conspicuous. The latter has *seven* sacraments—Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, and Matrimony. It has also *seven* penitential psalms, *seven* days’ prayers, and the *seven* deadly sins—Pride, Avarice,

Envy, Impurity, Gluttony, Anger, and Sloth. The Bible says the House of God is a house of many mansions, and that *seven* times *seventy* constitute "many." In the Lord's Prayer there are *seven* petitions, expressed in *seven* times *seven* words. Solomon was *seven* years building the Temple, and feasted *seven* days when it was finished. On the *seventh* day God rested from His work, and on the *seventh* day of the *seventh* month the Children of Israel went into their tents to fast *seven* days. In the *seventh* month the ark landed, and in *seven* days after a dove was sent out. Every *seventh* year all bondmen were free, and the law was read to the people. In the Tabernacle, the golden candlesticks had *seven* branches, and there were *seven* lamps besides. Our Saviour spoke *seven* times from the cross, where he hung *seven* hours, and after his resurrection he appeared *seven* times. Naaman washed *seven* times in the Jordan. At the destruction of Jericho *seven* priests spent *seven* days, and carried *seven* trumpets; on the *seventh* day they surrounded the walls *seven* times, and at the *seventh* time the walls fell. Job pleaded *seven* times for Sodom. Jacob served *seven* years for Rachel, mourned *seven* days for Joseph, and was pursued *seven* days by Laban. Pharaoh foretold a plenty of *seven* years, and a famine of *seven* more. In his dream appeared *seven* fat and *seven* lean beasts, and *seven* full ears and *seven* blasted ears of corn. *Seven* churches, *seven* candlesticks, *seven* stars, *seven* trumpets, *seven* plagues, *seven* thunders, *seven* vials, *seven* angels, and a *seven*-headed monster are spoken of in Revelations. There are *seven* stars in the Pleiades, *seven* days in the week, and *seven* links in the chain. *Seventy* years are allowed to man. At *seven* years we arrive at the age of reason. The *seventh* son of the *seventh* son was supposed to have healing powers. At three times *seven* we arrive at the age of manhood, and every *seventh* day the moon changes. Every *seventh* year the human system undergoes a change, and the *seventy* years allotted to man have been divided into *sevens* thus: *Seven* years in childhood's sport and play, *seven* in school from day to day; *seven* at a trade or college life, *seven* to find a place and wife; *seven* to pleasure's follies given, *seven* to business hardly driven; *seven* for some wild-goose chase, *seven* for wealth—a bootless race; *seven* for hoarding for your heir, *seven* in weakness spent, and care. And so on, *ad libitum*.

VELOCIPEDOLOGY.

A VERY OLD SINGLE-BARRELLED ONE.—At the office of the United States Express Company, on Fourth street, Buffalo, there can be seen a one-wheel velocipede. It is so curious a piece of mechanism, that we will not undertake to describe it. The following explanation is posted on the wheel:

"The one-wheeled velocipede was invented in France, about the year 1620-30, by one Jaques Bohler, an ingenious mechanic, who was brought from Normandy to Paris by Cardinal Richelieu. His velocipede created great excitement, as it was impossible for any but the most skilful to ride it. He performed many wonderful feats before the Court of Louis XIII, surpassing the swiftest horse in speed, going up an inclined plane at an angle of forty-five degrees, down flights of steps at the same angle, and crossing the river Seine on a single rope, with a box behind him. But, through the jealousy of the courtiers, he fell into disfavor, and was forbidden to use his velocipede. However, a complete description of it on parchment, surmounted with the royal arms, has been in possession of the family ever since.

"They emigrated with the Huguenots to America, and the name was Americanized to Booker. One of the descendants in a direct line has in his possession the original parchment, and sought every means to construct one similar, and night after night his mind was so racked and worried that his wife sat patiently by his side placing wet cloths on his forehead to keep down the fever. At last he accomplished it, and it will soon be seen that it will supersede all others, as it only requires a trial to convince the most skeptical."

ELOPEMENT AND MARRIAGE ON WHEELS.

Ye maidens fair and comely,
Come in your bright array;
Ye damsels plain and homely,
Attend to me, I pray;
Ye ladies who inherit
A fondness for the steed,
I'll sing to you the merit
Of the Velocipede.

'Tis worthy your attention,
And matchless grace reveals—

An elegant invention,
A marvel placed on wheels!
A lady or a "feller"
Can travel on with speed,
By using the propeller
Of the Velocipede.

No stable is demanded:
A closet small will do;
And there 'tis safely landed,
In readiness for you!
No galloper nor prancer,
It takes small stock of feed;
A little oil will answer
The mild Velocipede.

And no ungraceful straddle
Is necessary there;
A lady's neat side-saddle
Invites the blushing fair!
She mounts the pleasant station,
And happily indeed,
Glides to her destination
On the Velocipede.

Her dress is sweetly flowing—
She closes oft her eyes;
While smoothly onward going,
She breathes out gentle sighs—
For love is her religion,
A fascinating creed,
While flying like a pigeon
On her Velocipede!

Perchance, with jocund laughter,
A lover heaves in sight;
He swiftly follows after
And fills her with delight.
The maiden on is rushing,
Pretending not to heed,
But all the time she's blushing
On her Velocipede.

Behold their glowing faces!
Each mounted on a perch;
The prettiest of races;
At last, with sudden lurch,
The lover down is tumbled!
His nose begins to bleed!
He lies extremely humbled
'Neath his Velocipede.

The damsel, so inviting,
Is greatly terrified,
And, speedily alighting,
Is kneeling at his side;
Caresses *rather* healing
Are there exchanged with greed,
Affection rare revealing
To the Velocipede.

This fall from off a carriage
That represents a horse,
May lead direct to marriage,
And little ones—of course!
Some six or more, all counted,
From school restrictions freed,
And every youngster mounted
On a Velocipede.

We fancy ardent lovers
Eloping late at night—
“Stern parent” discovers
His daughter’s sudden flight!
He swears it “isn’t level,”
And while they take the lead,
He follows like the devil
On a Velocipede!

But his machine is rusty,
While *theirs* are very fast,
The old ‘un, stern and crusty,
O’ertakes the pair at last!
But while they briefly tarried,
A parson did the deed—
Each one was duly married
On a Velocipede!

Hail to this grand invention,
The pride of modern days!
It merits joyous mention,
And graceful meed of praise.
When finished is earth’s story,
Conveyance we will need—
Let’s glide from life to glory
On the Velocipede!

GOING DOWN HILL.—A student of the velocipede in Cincinnati, going at full speed, ran against the wooden guard around a hatchway, crashing through the boarding, and was precipitated to the cellar of the building, four stories and a half beneath. His fall was somewhat broken by the velocipede, which, it seems, struck the ground first, with him clinging to

it; but notwithstanding this favorable circumstance, he received injuries which it is feared may prove fatal.

QUANDARIES.—If a fellow goes with his velocipede to call upon a lady whose house has no front yard and no back yard, and there are a lot of boys in front of it ready to pounce upon his machine, and the lady is smiling through the window, what is he to do with it?

If a fellow, riding a velocipede, meets a lady on a particularly rough bit of road, where it requires both hands to steer, is he positively required to lift his hat, and if so, what will he do with his machine?

If a fellow, riding his velocipede, overtakes a lady carrying two bundles and a parcel, what should he do with it?

If a fellow, riding his machine, meets three ladies walking abreast, opposite a particularly tall curb-stone, what ought he to do with it?

If a lady meets a fellow riding his machine and asks him to go a shopping with her, what can he do with it?

If the hind wheel of a fellow's machine flings mud just above the saddle, ought he to call on people who do not keep a duplex mirror as well as a clothes brush in the front hall?

If a fellow, riding his velocipede, encounters his expected father-in-law, bothering painfully over a bit of slippery sidewalk, what shall he do with it?

If people coming suddenly around corners run against a fellow's machine, is he bound to stop and apologize, or are they?

If a fellow is invited to join a funeral procession, ought he to ride his machine?

And is it proper to ride a velocipede to church; and if so, what will he do with it when he gets there?

It is proposed that a "mixed commission" of ladies shall decide these questions.

As if they are not sufficiently "mixed" already.

LORD LOVEL AND HIS VELOCIPEDE.

Lord Lovel he stood by the garden gate

With his shining velocipede,

And whispered farewell to his Lady Bell,

Who wished for his lordship good speed.

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said;

But he gave her question no heed—

Placed his foot in his stirrups, and galloped away

On his famous velocipede.

Then Lady Bell cried, in frantic alarm,
 "What a monster my lord is, indeed,
 To ride thus away, from his loving young wife,
 On that horrid velocipede!"

Lord Lovel returned, broken-hearted and sore,
 Broken-armed, and, alas! broken-kneed ;
 For he struck on a post, nearly gave up the ghost,
 And smashed his velocipede!

Moral.

Remember the fate Lord Lovel has met ;
 Let this be your warning and creed :
 Stay at home with your wife for the rest of your life,
 And beware of the velocipede!

ITS UTILITY.—Of the utility of the velocipede as a means of rapid conveyance, there seems to be no doubt. It has passed the period of being considered a mere toy, and, although when the novelty wears off some may not be as enthusiastic as now, it will still continue to be used, and in an increasing degree, for street locomotion.

The fair sex have the mania, but in their case, like consumption, it is incurable. There are a thousand reasons why it is a misfortune to be a woman, but just now, the chief of all them is, *she can't straddle a velocipede!* Like shaving, the machine is an exclusively masculine appurtenance.

One difficulty with the velocipede is, that a good many young men, owing to the thinness of their legs, cannot impel them. A young man in New York has overcome this difficulty by hiring a colored man to push him. By this means he saves his legs, and makes pretty good time.

I tried one the other day. It is a balky kind of steed. To get on is not difficult. To *stay* on is a labor of genius. I stayed on about three-fifths of one second. It first got me off by lying down on one side. The next time it unhorsed me by lying down on the other. Then it ran away, and threw me through a picket-fence, carrying off four pickets in the operation. Then it ran away again, and shied me off into the gutter. Next, it stuck fast in a crack in the sidewalk, pitching me over its head. Then it backed violently down a small hill, throwing me over its tail.

The following are among the results: two tired feet, two tired arms, triumphant faith, many sore trial, many sore muscles, plenty of ideas, a hundred unexpected and incalculable twists, two falls, and a deter-

mination and expectation to master the gig in two more days.

I am so confident of it that I hereby challenge any velocipedist in Chicago [the writer lives in Chicago] to a steeple-chase from the court house, through the tunnel, around on Madison Street Bridge, and down the sidewalk to the Post-office. Each contestant to ride his own velocipede, and the winner to be entitled to a leather medal, which shall be presented to him on some benefit night, on the stage of Aiken's new theatre.

Experience enables me to offer the following rules for the riding and managing of the velocipede:

A velocipede can't be made fat by feeding it with oats or cut straw.

The natural gait of the velocipede is a roll, and it can't be broke to trot or canter.

Riding a velocipede bare-backed and circus-fashion, that is, standing on one foot and sticking the other straight out, can't be done with safety.

Spurs or riding whips are unnecessary.

A velocipede about eight hands high, sound in wind and limb, and well broken under the saddle, is the most desirable.

JOSH BILLINGS says on the subject thusly:

"It don't take much stuff to bild a filosipede. I am bold tew say that a man could make one ov 'em out of a single oak plank, and then hev enough stuff left over to splinter broken limbs, or make, perhaps, a corfu.

"A filosipede can't stand alone, and that single fact iz enuff to condemn the thing in mie eye. I don't want to have anything to do with any helpless critter that can't stand alone, onless, I mite add, it iz a purty woman going for to faint.

"I don't think it will ever get intew ginerale use among farmers. az it haz no conveniences for a hay riggin, nor even a place to strap a trunk; and az tew going to church on it, the family would have tew go one at a time, and the rest walk. So of corse the thing is killed in that direcshun."

THE "FILOSIPED."—"Kringle," in the *Schenectady Star*, thus gives his views of the velos.: "The filosipede at first sight looks very much as tho it wuzzent all thare, and I told Kustick wen I fust saw it that ef he'd go and get the box and the rest of the wheels I'd perceed tew business; but the durned thing, standin' tnar agin a post, looked like a livery rig that had been

druv straddle of a rail fence five miles tew town by some adventurous sport."

IN the streets of Boston they drive their velocipedes so fast that, as the *Sunday Times* says, every collision results in the total disappearance of both rider and machine. No fragments are ever found.

A DOCTOR in Meriden, Conn., visits his patients on a velocipede. It is so gentle that he leaves it without hitching.

A VELOCIPEDIST now proposes to fit up the bicycle with an umbrella, a splash-board, a locker for lunch, and a carpet-bag.

THE first lesson of a student of the velocipede in Providence cost him \$125. He went through a show window.

SOMEBODY says the bicycle velocipede is distinguished from the horse by the ease with which it lies down.

VELOCIPEDE candy is now sold in Eighth street. The manufacturer finds it necessary to give notice that it is not worked by the feet.

IN New Haven a velocipedist ran over a horse and killed him.



AN ADVENTURE WITH A SHARK.

Twenty years ago, the West Indian squadron consisted of sailing frigates and brigs, not of screw-vessels, as at present. In those days, officers had to depend entirely upon their seamanship; there was no furling sails and getting steam up if a head wind or calm turned up, or to go in and out of difficult harbors; and if the passage from one port to another did occupy a little more time than it does at present, yet there was the pleasure of "eating your way to windward," and of seeing what your vessel really could do against a foul wind.

At the time I allude to, I was serving as a midshipman on board Her Majesty's sloop H —, the finest of those magnificent "sixteen-gun brigs," built by Sir William Symonds. I know no sensation more pleasant than being officer of the watch on board a brig of war, with every stitch of canvas set, the bowlines hauled, and as much wind as she can stagger under,

while the little beauty knocks off her nine or ten knots, close hauled, gliding over the seas like a swan, sometimes throwing the spray as high as her maintop, or at others, dipping her sharp nose under an opposite wave, and sending the spray right aft to her quarter-deck, while she gives a shake to her stern for all the world as if she were a living creature, and enjoyed the ducking she gave the men forward.

Jolly were the times we had in the *H*——, visiting every hole and corner of the station; sometimes down the Gulf of Mexico, at others cruising among the sand keys of the Bahama Channel, or knocking about the beautiful Windward Islands. We were commanded by a very smart officer, who, by dint of constant exercise, made us the smartest vessel on the station; but, as is usually the case, we were very unfortunate in losing men overboard. Being a remarkably good swimmer, I was fortunate enough to rescue, on several occasions, men who, in performing their duties aloft, fell overboard, and it was when so occupied that I met with the following adventure:

We had been cruising for some time for slavers on the south coast of Cuba; but yellow fever having made its appearance, we left Santiago de Cuba for Port Royal, Jamaica. That evening at sunset, after the usual hour's exercise in reefing and furling, all possible sail was made, with studding sails aloft and aloft, to a fine, fresh breeze, the brig going a fair twelve knots. One of the maintopmen had remained aloft, finished some job, and was on his way down over the cat-harping shrouds, when, by some means or other, he lost his hold, and falling, struck the spare topsail yard, stowed in the main chains, and went overboard. I was standing on the stern gratings, and seeing him fall, instantly sang out, "Man overboard!" and throwing off my jacket, jumped over the quarter after him. The impetus of my leap took me some distance under water, but on regaining the surface I saw him not far from me, just as he was going down. Exerting all my power, a few strokes took me to the place where he had disappeared, and I saw him slowly sinking beneath me. In an instant I was down after him, and, clutching him by the hair, I brought him to the surface.

By this time the brig was nearly two miles distant from us, for, although sail had been shortened, and the vessel brought to the wind as quickly as mortal hands could do it, the rate at which she was going at the time of the accident of course bore her rapidly away from us. I found the poor fellow was quite

insensible, and from the fact of his right arm hanging limp, conjectured that he had broken it in his fall, which proved to be the case. Supporting him with one arm, I kept afloat with the other, and looking round, saw the life-buoy floating not far from us; so, taking a good grip of his hair, I swam towards it, and having succeeded in reaching it, made my unfortunate shipmate fast to it by one of the beackets, with his head well above water.

By this time he was coming to himself, and I knew that if they could see us from the brig, her boats would soon be alongside us; but this did not appear to be the case, for the boats seemed pulling in all directions but the right one. Suddenly I saw, but a few yards from us, an object that in a moment filled me with unutterable dread—the back-fin of a monster shark. Slowly the brute approached, until I could clearly distinguish that he was one of the largest of his kind. He evidently intended to reconnoitre, and when only about five yards from us, began to swim slowly in a circle, but gradually nearing, until I could clearly distinguish the horrid eyes that make the shark's countenance what it is—the very embodiment of Satanic malignity. Half concealed between the bony brow, the little green eyes gleam with so peculiar an expression of hatred, such a concentration of fiendish malice, of quiet, calm, settled villainy, that no other countenance that I have ever seen at all resembles it. Knowing that the brute is as cowardly as he is ferocious, I commenced to splash as much as I could with my feet. This had the desired effect, and with a lateral wave of his powerful tail, he shot off, and for the moment disappeared. Again I looked round for the boats, but still observed no sign that we were seen.

Night was fast falling—there is no twilight in those latitudes—and I could see little or no hope of escaping a horrid death from the jaws of the brute who, I full well knew, was not far off. Suddenly a cry of horror from my companion, who had now quite regained his senses, drew my attention to the rapid approach of our dread enemy. This time he seemed determined not to be balked, but came straight for us. Again I threw myself on my back, and kicked and splashed with all my strength, which had again the effect of alarming him, for he went right under us and again disappeared. Uttering a short but fervent ejaculation of thankfulness, I again turned my attention to the boats, and beheld, with feelings no pen can express, that at last we had been made out, and that one of the cutters was fast pushing towards us. But even as she

came our peril increased, for the shark was joined by another, and both kept cruising but a few yards off, in a circle round us. My strength was rapidly leaving me, and I knew that, did I once cease splashing, all would be over with us. My companion was perfectly powerless. Still I continued to kick and splash, still the voracious monsters continued their circular track, sometimes diving and going under us, to reappear on the other side ; but the cutter was fast coming up, and they, suspecting what was the matter, gave way with all their hearts and souls.

As she neared us, the bowmen laid their oars to, and began to beat the water with their boat-hooks. This was the last I saw. Nature must have given out, for when I opened my eyes again, I was safe in my hammock on board the brig. A good night's rest restored me to myself, but though I have seen many a shark since, I can never look on one without feeling my flesh creep, as it were, on my bones.



THE DOORSTEP.

THE conference meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past,
Like snow birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall,
By level musket flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all,
Who longed to see me get the "mitten."

But no! she blushed and took my arm!
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started towards the Maple Farm,
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said—
'Twas nothing worth a song or story—
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming ;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O! sculptor, if you could but mould it!—
So lightly touched my jacket cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended;
At last we reached the foot-worn stone,
Where that delicious journey ended.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled:
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled

A cloud passed kindly overhead—
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never! *do it! do it!*

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister;
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 't was boyish love—yet still,
O listless woman! weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill,
I'd give—but who can live youth over?



TROUBLES FROM TRIFLES.

SOME of the worst troubles of life arise from misunderstandings and disagreements about the merest trifles. The fretfulness of human life destroys quite as much happiness as war. Peevishness roughens the daily experience of thousands of families, and scatters its little stings into the whole material of life. In each single case the wound inflicted may appear of little consequence, but the aggregate of them all causes deeper anguish than all those afflictions that come from sources over which we have no control. Forbearance is a virtue seldom appreciated. It may be simply repressing impatience, curbing an angry tone, or maintaining silence when provoked; an apparently trifling work to do for once, yet one which would promote every day and hour the good of all with whom we come in contact. The trifling circumstances of little concerns, everywhere repeated and

multiplied, make up the great bulk of life's experience. If we could trace back the history of the majority of alienated friendships, divided families, and unhappy homes that have saddened the earth, we should find their origin mainly in trifles, sometimes so insignificant in their commencement as to be almost imperceptible, save to the microscopic eyes of envy and jealousy. There are occasions involving principles of truth and justice, in which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. In nearly every such case, however, it is found that self-respect must first be sacrificed before we have occasion to displease others by opposition, while in most cases forbearance is neglected solely from selfish motives of interest or of pride. A person of fine abilities and magnanimous virtues may even fail to meet the appreciation, or produce the good of which he is capable, by a captious, fretful temper.

Though forbearance is an unambitious and unobtrusive virtue, yet its influence is so great in the aggregate, that it may well demand industrious culture. It is not obtained by occasional strong efforts and severe struggles, but by improving every opportunity to quench strife and secure harmony, till this course of conduct grows into a habit, and kindness and tenderness become natural. By persons of hasty temper, it can only be acquired gradually, and by continual acts of self-restraint, while if its refreshing fruit be not carefully cultivated, the contrasting weeds of irritability and censoriousness will surely take possession of the soil. Differing as all do in constitution, circumstances and interests, they must often differ in opinions, in beliefs, and in desires, and only mutual concessions and a full recognition of the rights of others can bridge over the chasms between men. If people would remember how often all need forbearance, and that the only allowable supplication must be to be forgiven as we forgive, there would perhaps be less disposition to be severe and resentful towards those who offend in the small concerns of life.



BLACK DIAMONDS.

BLACK diamonds are more curious than the changeful chameleon, for they are mineral chameleons. The scientific say they are white diamonds in a state of interrupted formation, the crystallization of which has been stopped by some unknown cause. But whether this is so or not, they are very dazzling when polished,

their rays being white, and reflecting every color that strikes them. A set of white and black diamonds mixed forms the most brilliant parure, every black one multiplying the brightness of its neighbor, and *vice versa*. A peculiarity of the black diamond is that it cannot be imitated; it is inviolable, and—almost unattainable. After this we fear our readers will know no rest until they possess an unique gem, but they may be assured that, however costly their ornaments, they would hear of others still costlier somewhere. Thus, in the Imperial Treasury of Constantinople there is a dagger for some favored sultana or houri studded with black diamonds. A dagger! It is a sinister idea, but white hands care not oft what they touch if it glitters. Then there is an emerald which weighs three hundred carats, and a brooch for silken tissue with two hundred and eighty bright gems. The chemisette, destined to the finest throat, has in the centre of a star of pearls a diamond of fifty carats, and there is a white snowy pearl as large as a pigeon's egg suspended from a chain of rubies as pink and as rosy as the bride when a Pacha leads her to the harem.



VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

THE efforts the Jews have made, and sufferings, losses, and humiliations they have borne for the purpose of obtaining sepulture in the Valley of Jehosephat, form a singular feature in human history. No other nation has ever thus struggled, not to live in their own land, but to be suffered to lay their dust therein. Many descriptions have been made of this marvellous place; but none of them ever afforded a notion of its actual appearance. Wandering alone past the fountain of Siloam and by the arid bed of Kedron, it suddenly opened to me a perfect mountain of graves—a hillside paved with sepulchral slabs. Each stone is small, so small as to lead to the conclusion that the bodies must be buried perpendicularly. At all events, if the multitude there interred were simultaneously to arise they would form a crowd as dense and compact as it would be enormous. Short Hebrew inscriptions, some evidently of great age—are on all the stones; and these are laid together with intervals of only a few inches, as in our oldest churches. The slabs are almost on the level of the ground, and of equal height, so that it is literally one large pavement of death—an appalling, almost an overwhelming sight.

HASHEESH.

THE hasheesh of the Arabians consists of tops and tender parts of the hemp plant, collected immediately after inflorescence. *Gunjah* and *Bang* are Indian preparations. The former consists of the stems, leaf, stalks and leaves, dried and pressed together in masses about the size of the finger; while the *bang* is composed of the larger leaves and capsules of the plant. *Churrus*—another preparation from hemp—is an intoxicating, resinous substance, which exudes from the branches, leaves and flowers. This is collected by its adhering to the leathern garments of men who run in hot weather through hemp fields, brushing off the secretions by the violence of their movements. The purest of this material, called waxen churrus, is carefully collected by hand. In medicine an alcoholic extract and a tincture are employed. Indian hemp calms pain and relieves spasms, without causing either constipation or loss of appetite. In large doses it causes a peculiar kind of intoxication, which in some cases is attended with soothing and agreeable reverie; in others, with a disposition to exhilaration, laughter, singing, and dancing. Occasionally it renders its devotee quarrelsome and disposed to violence. A condition resembling catalepsy has likewise been produced. After the first effects pass off, there is a tendency to sleep. Its continued employment seems to impair the intellect and to produce insanity. The Hindoos and Arabians are much more susceptible to its influence than Northern Europeans or Americans. In cold climates the plant possesses less of a narcotic quality. It is recommended in cases of neuralgia, gout, rheumatism, convulsions, mental depression, etc.

The following experiences of a noted hasheesh eater were related recently. "I saw," said this gentleman, "everything in an extravagant light after taking twenty-five grains of the drug. It was rapid in its action, having an effect about an hour after swallowing it. I was walking with a friend, and the first intimation of its action was a feeling as if I had received a severe shock; and everything commenced to increase in size, so much so, that, after crossing the street, I remarked to my friend: 'It has just taken us a thousand years to cross the street.' Words cannot describe, nor imagination conceive, the splendor of the imagery and the grandeur of the surroundings. Cottages

seemed baronial castles, and the gullies wide moats. I travelled all over Europe in imagination, and described in glowing colors and warm language the scenes I in fancy saw. This effect lasted until I reached my room, which was dark; and a transformation came over this splendid vision. Horrors of every kind assailed me. I imagined I was breathing all the air there was in the world, and but one square inch was left. My friend lit the gas, and discovered me in a profuse perspiration, as if I had undergone a severe mental struggle. The light, however, displaced the horrible, which gave place to the ridiculous; and soon after I fell asleep, to be troubled with strange and fanciful dreams. The effect lasted about eight hours. This was only one of several other equally absurd phantasmagoria."

It is generally supposed that the "Arabian Nights," and others of these strange weird Eastern tales, were written under the influence of hasheesh, which lends such a marvellous brilliancy to the imagination of the most saturnine and matter-of-fact individuals.



FEMALE POISONERS.

It is difficult for us at the present time to realize the constant fear of poisoning and witchcraft which prevailed in the minds of all persons in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Chemistry was studied in a great measure because of the knowledge of poisons which it gave. Sir Walter Raleigh studied chemistry, and prescribed for Queen Anne, consort of James I. The Medici and the Borgia studied the properties of poisons, not unfrequently with evil effect. Charles II. had a laboratory in which he spent hours, and so had the Regent Orleans, who seems to have studied chemistry chiefly because of the infamous reputation which a known devotion to the subject would give him. The art of poisoning, as practised in the centuries referred to, was chiefly as a political engine.

In the time of the Roman emperors, there were those who prepared philtres, which were generally poisonous, prophesied the deaths of persons, and worked so that their prophecies should be verified. Juvenal in his Satires refers to the frequency with which poisons were administered. Claudius was poisoned by Locusta at the instance of Agrippa, who afterwards became the priestess of Claudius' shrine, when he received his apotheosis. She was herself put

to death by Nero. Locusta was also employed to poison Britaunicus. The poison was often put in wine; but in this case it was put into the water which was given to him to mix with the wine. Locusta was executed in the time of Galba.

It is probable that the knowledge of the ancient poisons did not descend to the later professors of poisoning; but that the poisons were re-invented.

It is reported that there were poison-rings made, the wearing of which resulted in instant death. Rings containing poisons were most frequently worn by persons who intended to commit suicide. The poison boxes had lids which were opened when the wearer of the ring desired to take the poison. Hannibal took poison which had been carried in such a ring in 182 B. C. When the ring was put on it fitted easily, but when it was pulled in trying to take it off, a barbed hook came out, pressed into the flesh, and so the poison passed into the blood.

As prussic acid in any concentrated form was not known until a comparatively recent time, aconite was the only thing the early poisoners were acquainted with which was capable of producing sudden death. The possession of aconite was punishable by death. Very recently three persons were killed in Scotland by eating its root in mistake for horseradish. The plant ought never to be cultivated in gardens. One-tenth of a grain of this poison is fatal. "Powder of Succession," so called because employed by heirs who were in haste to succeed to estates, was said to consist of sugar of lead mixed with corrosive sublimate.

The fear inspired by the dread of being poisoned was very great. When Charles XI. of Sweden entreated his physician to tell him what slow and inscrutable disease was consuming him, he received for an answer, "Your majesty has been loaded with too many maledictions." The truth was, that he was being gradually poisoned.

A curious circumstance, and one that carries its own moral on the face of it, is, that poisoners, as a rule, are very unlucky, and that they have mostly come to very bad ends.

Fifty years before the Aqua Tofana was invented, there occurred the affair of Sir Thomas Overbury. In 1608, Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, got over some family feuds by marriages which he arranged between Lord Cranbourne and Lady Catherine Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, and the young Earl of Essex and Lady Frances Howard. In the latter case the bridegroom was only fourteen and the bride thirteen years

of age; so he went abroad for a few years. In the meantime the young countess grew up very lovely; but would not live with her husband when he returned—the truth being that she had fallen in love with Carr, Viscount Rochester, the favorite of James I. The Earl of Essex took small-pox, and it was said he was poisoned. The Countess consulted Mrs. Turner, a dealer in poisons, but well known as the inventor of yellow starch for ruffs. The destruction in effigy, the roasting a waxen image of the Earl before the fire, was tried; but without success. The Earl of Suffolk appealed to his daughter to cease her attempts on the life of her husband, but she would not listen to him. Rochester consulted Sir Thomas Overbury as to procuring the death of Essex; but Overbury turned from the proposal with horror, and the Countess of Essex determined to poison him. The King was requested to send Overbury on a mission to France or Russia. Rochester went to Overbury, and entreated him to refuse, saying that it was only a plot of his enemies to put him out of the King's favor. Then Rochester said to the King that Overbury contemptuously refused the mission, and so there was a pretext afforded for putting him in the tower. The servants, and Wade, the governor of the tower, were got rid of, and Elwes was put in his place. Elwes was told that the King was in the plot, and a servant named Weston, had a large sum of money given to him to administer the poison. Weston was the only one allowed to wait on Overbury. Corrosive sublimate was mixed with everything, even with the salt. Overbury became conscious of the design to poison him, and wrote a piteous letter to Rochester, entreating for mercy; but at last, a white powder administered to him suddenly finished the whole affair. After a time, Villiers superseded Carr, now Earl of Somerset, in the king's affections, and the Earl and Countess of Somerset were imprisoned from 1616 to 1624, on the charge of the poisoning. Though they were afterwards released, the end of the countess was wretched enough, almost to atone for the crime of which she had been guilty. Bacon says that the poisons used by the countess were arsenic, corrosive sublimate, and a substance called "rossiter."

In the time of Pope Alexander VII. it was observed that a great many married men died there suddenly; and on inquiry being instituted, it was found that there existed a society of married women who put their husbands to death when they were tired of them. Spira, Graciosa, and Tofana were women who made

and sold the poisons. The poison now known as Aqua Tofana was sent about under the title of Manna of St. Nicholas of Bari. There was a kind of rock-oil which was supposed to do good to rheumatism, and which was allowed to be sent about under the patronage of the saint, and under the same title as the oil, Tofana sent her poisons. When she was at last found out, she took refuge in various convents, from which she was, however, taken. The Archbishop was furious at the invasion of the sanctuary; but Tofana was strangled, after having confessed to the murder of six hundred persons, and her body was thrown back over the wall of the convent from which she had been brought to execution.

About the year 1670 occurred the affair of the Marquise de Brinvilliers; born in Paris, Marie Marguerite d'Aubry. Her husband was a soidier, and had a handsome comrade, St. Croix, whose attentions displeased Mme. de Brinvilliers so that she complained to her husband. He would not heed, but encouraged St. Croix's visits as before. At last the Marquise de Brinvilliers died, but there is no suspicion of his having been poisoned. St. Croix and Mme. de Brinvilliers were thrown into the Bastile, where they studied poisoning under another prisoner. As soon as she came out Madame donned the dress of a nurse, and entered the Hotel Dieu, where she pursued her experiments and poisoned many patients. She also poisoned her father and her brother, but her sister escaped. One day St. Croix was found dead in his laboratory; and among his effects was a box addressed to the Marquise de Brinvilliers, along with which were directions that, if she were dead when he died, the box was to be destroyed unopened. This box St. Croix's servant, La Chaussée, endeavored to take away; but he was prevented, the box was opened and found to be full of poisons with descriptions of their action. This was in 1673. The servant was broken on the wheel. La Brinvilliers escaped to Liège, and took sanctuary in a convent. She was induced to leave this by an agent of police, who had dressed himself like an abbe, and obtained entrance to the convent. He proposed an excursion to some place near; and, as soon as she was beyond the shelter of the convent, he arrested her. She confessed, and was put to death on the scaffold in 1676. To the last hopes of escape were held out to her, if she did not betray many of the high personages at court who had at one time or other got poison from her to give to others. The poisons found in the box were chiefly corrosive sub-

limate, opium, regulus of antimony, and blue vitriol.

Modern instances of poisoners have not been unfrequent. Pritchard, La Pommeraye, the nurse in Switzerland, the women who poisoned their husbands at Marseilles, all show that even now people who desire to poison will do so without being deterred by fear of the tests which the chemists can apply.

But tests for poison are becoming more subtle and more sure; and it is certain that the art of the poisoner is less likely to succeed than that of the chemist is likely to find him or her out.



SLEIGHING WITH A GIRL.

OF all the joys vouchsafed to man in life's tempestuous whirl, there's naught approaches heaven so near as sleighing with a girl—a rosy, laughing, buxom girl; a frank, good-natured, honest girl; a feeling, flirting, dashing, doating, smiling, smacking, jolly, joking, jaunty, jovial, poser-poking, dear little duck of a girl. Pile up your wealth a mountain high, you sneering, scoffing churl! I'll laugh as I go by with my jingling bells and girl—the brightest, dearest, sweetest girl; the trimmest, gayest, neatest girl; the funniest, flashiest, frankest, fairest, roundest, ripest, roguishest, rarest, spunkiest, spiciest, squirmiest, squarest, best of girls, with drooping lashes—half-concealing, love-provoking, amorous lashes—just the girl for a chap like me to court, and love, and marry, you see—with rosy cheeks, and clustering curls, the sweetest and the best of girls.



HOW JIMMY GOT THE MITTEN.

THERE is a blithesome maiden that lives next door to me; her eyes are black as midnight, and handsome as can be. Her cheeks are full of dimples, and red as any rose, and then this love of mine, too, has got a Roman nose! I asked her if she'd have me, (that was the other night,) and this was her reply, friends: "Why, Jimmy, you are 'tight!'" Says I, "I know I have, love, aboard a little wine; but that is not the question—will you, or not, be mine?" And then she put her face, my friends, as near mine as she could, and with the sweetest smile, said simply that she

would—escort me to the door, if I was ready to depart. And thus it was the girl next door declined my hand and heart.



A CAT CHARMED BY A SNAKE.

THE Pensacola *Observer* tells the following story: "A young lady living in the city had a valued cat, and a day or two since, losing sight of it for an unusual length of time, was induced to make search for the missing pet. In a short time, to her surprise, she discovered the truant under the shade of a shrub, with a snake coiled around its body. The reptile stretching forth its pliant neck, and curving it to the position of a *vis-a-vis*, held the charmed feline spell-bound. The neighbors—several in number—were summoned to behold the scene. Finally, a lad seized the snake by the tail, and placing a forked stick on its head, uncoiled his folds from around the cat. This done, both cat and snake lay with their gaze fastened upon each other, nor was the charm broken until the serpent died. As several ladies in the city were witnesses of the above, its reality will not be questioned."



A WORD FOR WIVES.

LITTLE WIVES! if ever a half-suppressed sigh finds place with you, or a half-loving word escapes you to the husband whom you love, let your heart go back to some tender word in those first love days; remember how you loved him then, how tenderly he wooed you, how timidly you responded; and if you can feel that you have not grown unworthy, trust him for the same fond love now. If you do feel that through many cares and trials of life you have become less lovable and attractive than you were, turn—by all that you love on earth, or hope for in heaven—turn back, and be the pattern of loveliness that won him; be the dear one your attractions made you then. Be the gentle, loving, winning maiden still; and doubt not, the lover you admire will live forever in your husband. Nestle by his side, cling to his love, and let his confidence in you never fail; and my word for it, the husband will be dearer than the lover ever was. Above all things, do not forget the love he gave you

first. Do not seek to "emancipate" yourself; do not seek to unsex yourself, and become a Lucy Stone, or a Rev. Miss Brown; but love the higher honor ordained by our Saviour of old—that of a loving wife. A happy wife, a blessed mother, can have no higher station, needs no greater honor.



DIVINATION BY CARDS.

THE following method of telling fortunes with cards will be found very amusing and interesting. Take a pack of cards and select for those to be used, the Ace, King, Queen, Jack, ten, nine, eight, and seven, of each suit, making thirty-two cards. A lady will be represented by the Queen, and a gentleman by the Jack of the same suit as the drawn card. After having shuffled the pack, desire the person whose fortune is to be determined, to cut the pack and draw a card; now let the presiding genius commence with this card, and lay them all out, faces uppermost, in four rows. The representative card can now be seen, and commencing with that as one, count all the cards from left to right, beginning with the top row, and the cards ending in the following numbers will denote what is to come to pass, and must be applied in the most suitable manner by the presiding genius: 5—8—11—14—17—20—23—26—29—32.

Signification of the Cards.

SPADES

ACE—Disagreeable news; Death.

KING—Success by perseverance.

QUEEN—Unfortunate in Love or Speculation.

JACK—Disappointment, Loss.

TEN—Non-fulfilment of a wish, unforeseen accidents.

NINE—Quarrels, law suits, etc.

EIGHT—Sorrow and vexation.

SEVEN—A change in family, condition, relations, or ideas.

CLUBS.

ACE—A present—honor and distinction.

KING—Separation—success in dishonest enterprises.

QUEEN—Quarrel.

JACK—Success in honest enterprises—safety.

TEN—Plenty and thrift.

NINE—Proposals of marriage.

EIGHT—Prosperity—industry and energy

SEVEN—Inheritance—prosperity.

DIAMONDS.

ACE—News.

KING—Extravagance—show and display.

QUEEN—Unchastity.

JACK—Dishonesty in men—misfortune in women

TEN—Return of a friend.

NINE—Riches and unhappiness.

EIGHT—Company, happiness, contentment.

SEVEN—Travels, campaign.

HEARTS.

ACE—A peaceful, domestic life.

KING—Good luck in speculating.

QUEEN—Good luck, elevation in society.

JACK—Danger of loss.

TEN—Frivolity in love matters.

NINE—A wedding.

EIGHT—A surprise.

SEVEN—Falling in love—love.

Therefore, as example, suppose a young man has drawn a Club, he will be represented by the Jack of Clubs, which being taken as one, we will presume the ten terminating cards to be the seven of Clubs, eight of Hearts, eight of Diamonds, King of Diamonds, ten of Diamonds, eight of Clubs, seven of Hearts, Jack of Clubs, nine of Clubs, and nine of Hearts. Young man, you will soon come in possession of property, (seven of Clubs,) by which you will be much surprised, (eight of Hearts.) You will attend a company, (eight of Diamonds,) where you will make considerable show and display, (king of Diamonds.) You will there meet with a long-lost friend, (ten of Diamonds,) who, being in prosperous circumstances, (eight of Clubs,) will gain your sincere love, (seven of Hearts,) and being prompted by honest intentions, (Jack of Clubs,) you make a proposal of marriage, (nine of Clubs,) which will result in a union for life, (nine of Hearts.)

ST. ROCH.

A MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

"THIS is a queer advertisement, is it not, especially to be in such a paper as the 'Debats;' do you believe it, or is it some political association hidden under this masquerade disguise?"

"It is perfectly and exactly what it pretends to be. Why, Pascal, don't you remember three years ago that this very M. de St. Roch, who advertises, was brought up before the courts by some discontented client, and that the court allowed that his trade was an honest one, violating none of the laws?"

"Still," continued Pascal, "that does not prove to me that St. Roch has ever made any marriages; it only proves to me that he has an agency, and that he finds dupes who believe in him and who pay him fees."

"Pretty large fees they must be to pay continually for the whole of the fourth page of 'The Debats.'"

"Paris has two millions of population, besides strangers; depend upon it, M. de St. Roch never lacks customers."

"That, however, does not prove to me that he ever effects a marriage," persisted Pascal; "I have such an intense desire to know that I really think I shall write to him."

"Write, my dear fellow? the greatest fun would be to go; writing is of no use."

"Well, though this seems a piece of schoolboy fun, I will, like another Decius, devote myself for my country's good," said Pascal, laughing, "and jump not into the gulf of matrimony, but into the arms of the matrimonial agent."

Pascal Devoine, who had taken this resolve, was one of the fortunate individuals, who had made an immense fortune before he had attained his thirtieth year, by speculations growing out of the events of the day.

One of the most distinguished scholars of the Ecole Polytechnique, he had, on his appointment of lieutenant of the corps of engineers, immediately resigned, and so found himself at twenty-five, without any position or profession. True, he was the son of a rich provincial attorney, but M. Devoine, senior, had founded great hopes on his son, had been very proud

of the distinctions he had earned, and was proportionately enraged and disappointed at the strange step his son had taken. It was unaccountable, even to Pascal's intimate friends; and the world in general—meaning the small circle in which Pascal Devoine moved—was disposed to look with blame and distrust on a young man, however well off, who had no profession, and apparently no object in life except to spend money and amuse himself.

Pascal, however, bore all reproaches, taunts and surmises with wonderful coolness and indifference, refusing and evading all explanation, even to his mother, who wrote most touching letters on the subject. Patiently, amidst all sarcasm and surmises, he lived in Paris, not extravagantly, but in the quietest and most retired manner possible, until he had attained his twenty-sixth birthday. Then, the very next day he took the chemin du Nord and proceeded to the town of Lannion, in which his father resided.

Here, good-humored and affectionate, he endured all the reproaches of his father and withstood the pleadings of his mother.

"What could be your motive for throwing away a career thousands would give the world to see opening before them?"

"My motive is simply, father, dear, to make a fortune in five years."

"In five years? by gambling, I suppose."

"Not even by speculating in the Bourse."

"How do you mean to begin?"

"With a capital of fifty thousand francs, left to me, I believe, by my mother's sister, when I should attain the age of twenty-six."

"Yes, sir, you have such a sum; it is at your disposal."

"That is what brought me here, to claim it."

"You need not have troubled yourself, M. Pascal Devoine. The accounts of my guardianship are all right. You can have that sum as soon as you like."

"The sooner the better," said Pascal.

The old attorney, piqued at his son's coolness, made short work of all formalities, and in a few days the fifty thousand francs were transferred to Pascal Devoine.

"Now for Paris," said Pascal. "Mother," said he, "I have a secret; it is honorable in all respects. If you choose, to you I will reveal it; but I had rather you would trust me."

"Pascal," said his mother, like a true mother, "I believe you, and have faith in you. If you are wrong,

I can always console you. Meantime, let it be as you desire; I will wait and trust."

So Pascal embraced his mother, forced his father to shake hands with him and came back to Paris. His secret was simply an association with one of those land speculations grown out of the improvements effected by the Emperor in Paris. The speculation consisted in buying as much as they had capital to purchase of the wretched streets and alleys to which the trowel and the hammer were to bring civilization and morality. Thus were the contracts made with the government:—A street, as it stood, has to be demolished. It is divided into lots and sold to the speculator, who undertakes to pull down the old houses and to rebuild new ones according to the plans of the government, so as to give uniformity to the street; the property (of course doubling, trebling in value) belonging to the purchaser. Besides this profit, all the old material more than covered the price of the sale. Doors, windows, slates, bricks, stones, all had a value; and in a city where wood is the principal fuel, and at a very high price, the lumber found quick and advantageous sales. This was Pascal Devoine's speculation. He found a partner who undertook all the demolition, whilst he, with his engineering and architectural advantages, made the plans of the new houses to be built. Immense fortunes have been made in Paris by this means during the last five years. Pascal and his associate, both keen, talented and industrious, were not likely to prove exceptions to the rule. Before he had attained his thirtieth year, Pascal Devoine found himself at the head of a capital of three hundred thousand francs.

During the years he had been realizing this fortune, he had lived in an apartment furnished with great taste and luxury, and had denied himself no comfort, but had been guilty of no extravagance. He had kept out of society, restricted himself to the companionship of a few of his intimate friends. He had, too, escaped all those perilous liaisons which beset young and rich single men in Paris; but this was, perhaps, not so much owing to his own prudence as to the care taken of him by his intimate friend and schoolmate, Leonard Leotaud, a physician striving to establish a reputation in Paris. The fact was that Leonard looked upon Pascal as his own property. Poor and struggling with fortune, having a widowed mother to support, as well as a young sister, he had determined at least to provide well for her by making her the wife of his friend. Unfortunately she was much younger than

Pascal; but all had gone well, for Pascal, at thirty, had neither wife nor mistress. Leonard's sister was then but just fifteen, but another year and all would be well.

Leonard, who believed as little as Pascal did in the matrimonial agency of M. de St. Roch, was not averse to Pascal's making the experiment of his skill and power. This would amuse Pascal, and, of course, would lead to no results; all Leonard wanted to gain was time; a few months, and his sister sixteen, then all would go well, could not fail to do so. Pascal was perfectly unconscious of Leonard's designs; he seemed, however, lately to incline much towards marriage, at least he fancied he felt a want of interest in life. Leonard, for his own purposes, holding his sister in reserve, had encouraged this feeling, and when they were alone, somehow the conversation almost always took the turn of a discussion on domestic bliss. Still Pascal had no serious intentions in visiting M. de St. Roch; curiosity prompted him, and also a desire for fun, for with all his seriousness and positiveness, Pascal, uncorrupted socially by the world, was exceedingly fond of fun. Accordingly, off set Pascal Devoine on his voyage of discovery.

M. de St. Roch* lived in an enormous house, that formed two sides of a corner in one of the most fashionable streets of the Chaussee de Autin. He occupied the second story, and his apartment had no less than sixteen windows looking on to the street, at all of which were curtains of rich brocade and lace. There were two entrances and three staircases to this apartment. The first floor was occupied by a banker, the third by a milliner, so that both men and women had a fair pretext for entering the house, without being suspected of going to the matrimonial agent.

Guided by the indication on the principal staircase, Pascal rang the bell at M. de St. Roch's door. A servant, in a magnificent livery, opened it immediately, and Pascal was introduced into a splendid drawing-room, there to await M. de St. Roch. Amidst all the magnificence, Pascal, who noticed all with a curious eye, beheld an innumerable quantity of nick-nacks on the various *etajeres*, bearing inscriptions such as these: "To my friend." "To the author of our happiness." "Grateful tribute of a happy mother." "A memorial from a happy husband."

Pascal was still engaged in looking at these trophies of M. de St. Roch's success, when the agent himself made his appearance.

* All the details concerning M. de St. Roch are facts.

He was a little, thin, old man, clad in black silk knee breeches, white satin waistcoat, and blue coat with steel buttons, and wearing as much jewelry, such as gold chains, and diamond studs and rings, as it was possible for one to put on. Pascal was perfectly dazzled.

"Ah!" exclaimed the agent, "you are looking at my *exvotos*, I see. Ah, sir, little memorials from the happy couples I have brought together. These are nothing; I have seven other drawing-rooms filled with similar things."

"You have been the means of marrying a good many people?"

"The half of France, sir. So successful have I been that I am meditating adding another branch to my agency, a new one—an inspiration, sir."

"What may that be?"

"An insurance against matrimonial disputes. By paying a small sum a year, husband and wife would each have a right to refer their disputes and discussions to a jury of a company formed for that purpose. But I have scarcely time yet for this great work. Pray, sir, in what can I oblige you?"

"I desire to find a wife," boldly replied Pascal.

"Then, sir," said the agent, rising, "I must trouble you to come into my private office."

Pascal rose and followed him. The office was a large room, all oak and leather as to furniture, containing as many ledgers as Ottinger's banking-house, and ranged in as good order.

The agent closed the door, then turned gravely to his client.

"Now, sir," said he, fancy yourself in a confessional; no secret ever passes these doors. All that I tell you here will be true, for it is not my own interest to deceive."

"I believe you, sir. Pray let us proceed to business."

"I am ready," and, as he spoke he opened a ledger, writing down every reply to his questions as Pascal gave them—name, age, profession, family details, fortune—nothing was forgotten.

"And now," said Pascal, "for the wife."

"Sir," said the little old man, with much dignity, "I know that I speak nothing but the truth. I do not doubt you, but I cannot give you the names of any of my fair clients until I know that what you tell me is exact. On Wednesday next, at two o'clock. Good morning."

Pascal had gone too far to recede; his curiosity had

been too much excited not to go on further. Accordingly, on Wednesday he was punctual to his appointment.

"Sir," said M. de St. Roch, "you are a pearl amongst clients. You have exaggerated nothing. Your father is worth twenty thousand francs a year, instead of ten, as you said. You yourself claim to possess only three hundred thousand francs. You are worth, according to your partner's estimate, nearly four. Ah! sir, I know all the events of your life better than your intimate friend, Doctor Leotaud."

Pascal was startled, and almost regretted his visit; De St. Roch, however, continued:

"Now, sir, I can open my books to you. Do you want a rich wife?"

"I want a wife I can love."

"Oh! here is one, half a million, nobility and title essential—that won't do—a widow—five hundred thousand francs, fifty-three years of —"

"Thank you; go on to the next."

"Two hundred thousand francs, tall, fair, beautiful, just twenty; this is better. Ah! here is a note; servants speak ill of her temper."

"I don't like fair women."

"Ah! this will suit us—charming girl, black hair, was never at school, entirely home education, father a manufacturer, three hundred thousand francs, black hair and eyes."

"Don't go any further. I think that will do. What is her name? Where can I see her?"

"All in good time; first sign this paper."

Pascal looked at the paper held towards him; it was an obligation to pay five per cent. on the dowry to the agent within forty-eight hours after the wedding day.

Pascal hesitated an instant, but as he could not be married by force, and, unless he married, the paper would be void, he took the pen and signed.

Then, on a paper, in a space left for that purpose, M. de St. Roch inserted the name of the lady, "Antoinette Gerbeau."

"Antoinette is a pretty name," said Pascal; and so they parted.

When Pascal told his friends the result of this visit, they all blamed him for having signed, excepting Leonard.

"You would never take a wife from such a source, would you?"

"Of course not. You know it's all a joke; and probably seeing who he has to deal with, M. de St. Roch will go no further."

But, greatly to his surprise, on the third day after his visit, Pascal received a note from the agent:

DEAR SIR: There is an excellent opportunity of seeing M^{lle} Antoinette Gerbeau. My esteemed friend, the Baron de Joufflers, will call upon you this evening at nine o'clock, and take you to a ball, where you will be able to see her, perhaps form her acquaintance.

G. B. DE ST. ROCH.

"Humph! It is eight now. Of course I shall not go;" but at that moment his servant opened the door and announced, "M. le Baron de Joufflers."

M. de Joufflers was unmistakably a high-bred gentleman.

"Monsieur Devoine," said he, "an old friend of mine tells me you desire to go into society; I shall have great pleasure in introducing you into two or three houses where you will be received with the distinction you deserve. To-night I will take you to a ball at the house of one of our judges of the Court de Cassation, M. de ——"

Much amazed, Pascal at last decided that he had better see the adventure out.

M de Joufflers was received with the utmost distinction and courtesy. Pascal saw every one treat him with respect. As for the company around him, it was all genuine, consisting of the higher middle class of Parisian society.

Towards the middle of the evening, M. de Joufflers came up to Pascal, and, without any sort of special meaning in manner, pointing out to a young lady seated in a corner by her mother,—

"What do you think of her?"

Pascal gazed at her, and he must have been more difficult to please than all present had he not at once pronounced her to be one of the prettiest girls in the room.

"That," said M. de Joufflers, after Pascal had expressed his admiration, "is M^{lle} Antoinette Gerbeau."

Now, Pascal had long given up dancing, but as French etiquette does not require an introduction amongst the guests of the host, he made his way up to M^{lle} Gerbeau, and asked her to dance. As she neither danced waltz or polka, she had but one quadrille disengaged; this she granted to Pascal. Their conversation during this quadrille was commonplace, yet at the end of it, Pascal was tempted to cry out

encore to the orchestra, and by the time he had taken his partner back by her mother, he was in love.

As he could not dance with her again, and French good breeding forbid his conversing with a young unmarried woman, he stood resolutely all the evening behind her mother's chair, and talked to her. A charming, sensible, well-bred woman he found her. At the conclusion of the evening he joined the Baron.

"My dear sir, she is the most charming girl I ever met with; her mother, too, is agreeable and amiable. Can you not introduce me? Take me to their house."

"No," said Joufflers, "but I can contrive that you should meet Monsieur Gerbeau, and he, perhaps, will invite you. Come to-morrow at eleven, and breakfast with me."

Pascal was exact to the hour, and a few minutes later M. Gerbeau came. He was a respectable-looking old gentleman, perfectly satisfied with the world, retired from business, and determined to enjoy life in his own quiet, respectable way. It so happened that, at this very time, he had got himself into a scrape. He had undertaken to build him a house, and between lazy masons and dishonest architects, he found his purse got every day lower, whilst his house rose no higher. Pascal, to whom he recounted his sorrows, as he did to every one, undertook at once to set all right, and thus obtained admittance into the family. The more he saw of Antoinette the more he admired and loved her. The family, too, delighted him; there was something so genial and honest about the father, whilst the mother, good, gentle, and sensible, reminded him of his own dear mother. Why should the image of the matrimonial agent pursue him like a spectre? Pascal Devoine would have given half he possessed to have become acquainted with Antoinette by some other means. Certain, however, he was, that she knew nothing of M. de St. Roch, nor her mother neither; perhaps her father, a business man, had innocently supposed all marriages were negotiated like other business matters. Pascal, for many weeks, was sorely puzzled; at length, however, he got beyond reasoning, and saw only through his feelings. Prompted by these, he boldly declared his love to M. Gerbeau, and asked the hand of his daughter. M. Gerbeau was much pleased, but asked for two or three days to reflect. Of course he proceeded to make inquiries concerning his future son-in-law, and as M. de Joufflers had introduced him, to him he applied. Joufflers spoke as if he had known Pascal Devoine and his family for twenty years, giving the minutest

details, which of course, had been furnished him by the agent. So all was settled; and one evening Pascal, who had concealed all relating to M. de St. Roch, after the second interview, declared to his friend Leonard that he was going to be married.

Here was a blow to Leonard's long-cherished hopes. He sank into a chair, perfectly overcome, whilst Pascal proceeded into his bed-room to dress, being engaged to go to the opera with Antoinette and her mother.

Leonard sat plunged in thought in Pascal's study, his eyes fixed on the table. Where could Pascal have found a wife?—how had it been managed? All at once his eyes fell on an open letter; it was precisely the one M. de St. Roch had written, introducing the Baron de Joufflers. Leonard did not hesitate an instant after he had comprehended all; but secure in Pascal's absence, he sat down and wrote two letters. The first was addressed to Pascal's father, and ran thus:

DEAR SIR: As soon as you receive this, hasten to Paris. Your son has fallen into the hands of a scoundrel, a matrimonial agent, M. de St. Roch, and is about to be married to a young lady procured by him, who could find, otherwise, no honest man to marry her. Do not show this letter to Pascal.

The second letter was written to M. Gerbeau, and, like the first, was anonymous:

MY DEAR FRIEND: Allow me to congratulate you on the marriage of your daughter, for whom M. de St. Roch, the matrimonial agent, has found a husband. He may be rich, which I doubt. He certainly was expelled from the school of artillery. I shall be at the wedding.

YOUR UNKNOWN FRIEND.

In this letter Leonard enclosed St. Roch's letter, but as he did not know either the name or address of the future father-in-law, he put the letter in his pocket, and joining Pascal in the room, began with a profound number of questions concerning his future family, and soon contrived to arrive at the knowledge of all he wanted to know.

Pascal was much surprised when, two days after this, his father suddenly appeared before him.

"Unhappy boy," said he, as soon as the first greetings were over, "what is this I hear? you are going to be married."

"I wrote all to you."

"Yes, but you didn't tell me all about your marriage; what, a girl who gets a husband through an agent?"—

"Do not say a word against her; she is purity itself."

"And her father—her family?"

"They are, beyond all doubt, respectable and rich; I have seen the very best society at their house."

"All a trick! a trick! you are duped, but I will go myself to this man."

"It is of no use, I love Antoinette."

"If she is only poor, if that is the only deception, Pascal, I promise you to say nothing; but at least let us know well to whom we give the name your mother bears so honorably."

Just as they were going out, M. le Baron de Joufflers entered and demanded an audience of Pascal. He was so changed and sorrowful that Pascal could not refrain from asking him what was the matter.

"Ah sir," said he, "M. Gerbeau forbids you ever to come to his house again."

"What is the matter with him?"

"Some one has mentioned de St. Roch's name to him, and that he is the victim of such a negotiation."

"Absurd! Why he must have known it from the first."

"No, he did not; he had never heard of him. Ah! you don't understand St. Roch's mode of proceeding."

"No, explain it."

"He has agents in every class of society—decayed gentlemen, widows of small fortune, young wives with stingy husbands, men of fashion—to whom he pays high salaries and high percentage. These agents——"

"Of which you are one."

"Of which I am one, for I must live—these agents furnish him with the names of all the marriageable girls of their acquaintance, as well as of the young, unmarried men, together with the details of fortune and family. In this manner I gave St. Roch Mlle Gerbeau's name, and he put her on his lists. In almost all the marriages he makes, one party is always in ignorance of the agent employed."

"How was Gerbeau informed?"

"By an anonymous letter, from one of your friends, too, for St. Roch's letter to you was enclosed."

"Ah!" said Pascal, "I have some traitor among my friends. But perhaps all may be yet explained."

"Not for me; my credit is lost forever with St.

Roch ; Gerbeau will betray me, and I shall be driven from society."

"How can a man like you——"

"Alas! M. Pascal, once I was rich—I am now poor, and without a profession; at my age, what could I do?"

Meantime, M. Devoine had gone in a storming passion to M. St. Roch, and profoundly astonished him by seizing him as soon as he saw him by the collar of his blue coat. Before, however, explanation could be reached, the door opened, and Monsieur Gerbeau entered. The unfortunate agent at once imagined he was saved, and shouted at the top of his voice—

"Monsieur Devoine, allow me to introduce Monsieur Gerbeau."

"Monsieur Devoine!" exclaimed Gerbeau. "Sir, I distinctly refuse your son."

"Sir," said M. Devoine, "a young lady reduced to the necessity of getting a husband through this man, is not to be regretted."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," put in De St. Roch, "I refer you to M. Bertrand, the notary, who knows you both, if I have deceived either of your families in one single article. Monsieur Devoine, M. Gerbeau knew nothing of this negotiation; he never came to me before. Monsieur Gerbeau, indeed M. Pascal is all I have told you. Go to Bertrand. Why quarrel? there is no harm done, and M. Pascal loves the young lady."

The two fathers looked at each other. There was a free masonry of honesty in their looks that brought them instantly to an understanding. Without a word to St. Roch, taking each other by the arm, they left the room, and in a few moments they were on their way to M. Bertrand. Bertrand, their old friend, soon satisfied them both that neither were impostors, and arm in arm, perfectly agreed to the marriage of their children, they proceeded to find Pascal.

No explanation was needed to him but that he had everybody's consent to be Antoinette's husband.

"Still," said Gerbeau, "I can't think how a young fellow, situated as you are, could think of going to St. Roch to get a wife."

"I went merely as a joke."

"My dear sir, marriage is no joke," said Gerbeau.

"No; and to make a joke of it was like playing with fire."

"Now, before we see Antoinette, let us compare our anonymous letters. Look, Pascal, do you know the writing of either?"

The writing was disguised, but not so much but that

Pascal turned pale as he gazed on it. He recognized, too, his own paper, for his initials were stamped in the corner, and with a pang he was forced to acknowledge that Leonard was the culprit. He, however, said nothing, but crushing the letters up in his hands, thrust them away.

As soon as all the formalities could be accomplished, the settlements made, and the trousseau completed, Pascal and Antoinette were married. The poor Baron was not at the wedding. On the morning of his wedding day, Pascal, taking Leonard aside, placed in his hands the anonymous letters.

"Leonard," said he, "when next you write incognito to any friends of mine, don't use my paper."

Leonard, without speaking, took the letters, and there was another guest besides the Baron absent from the festivities.

On the second morning after his marriage, M. de St. Roch entered Pascal's library in his new house in the Champs Elysees.

"I come to congratulate you, my dear client. I was present at your wedding-mass. She is beautiful, beautiful! Three hundred thousand francs dowry, and such a wife!"

"Yes, I am lucky, and supremely happy."

"Another consolation for my old age," said Roch, sentimentally. "Now, all that remains is for you to fulfil this little obligation." And, as he spoke, Roch produced the paper Pascal had signed on his first visit.

"What if I refuse?"

"You will not. Five per cent. on your happiness is, I think, very little. Oh, no. You would not like to tell the world how you became acquainted with your lovely young wife."

"Here is a check for your money. Now begone."

"Yes," said Roch, "like the good fairy in the pantomime; and I will take with me the paper weight as a memorial of your gratitude. Adieu, my son. You must acknowledge that I am truthful, discreet, and disinterested; and if ever you should become a widower, and want a second—

Here Pascal pushed him out and shut the door; and that was the last he ever saw of the MATRIMONIAL AGENT.

TAKING THE CHANCES.

Last summer several of the tourists in the vicinity of Ossipee took it into their heads to go fishing, and chartering a horse they started for their destination—a town some few miles from the one where they were staying—laying in a supply of rations for the journey, not forgetting the spiritual comforts. They had a weary day of it and slim luck, and coming home at night they lost their way, bringing up at an old-fashioned country tavern, at which they stopped to rest and refresh themselves. They patronized the house somewhat, and on coming out to take the road home, it became very suddenly evident to them that their horse had been changed. The one they began the day with was a respectable beast, they very well remembered, but this was a sorry vagabond of a horse, hardly worthy to be called a horse, and it must have been changed. But how? The horse stood in the wagon, just as they had left him, and the ostler said no one had come there since their arrival. The landlord heard the altercation, and after listening to what was said, quietly remarked: “Gentlemen, if you will walk in and take about three glasses more of my whiskey, I have no doubt that you will recognize your horse!” They thought they’d rather take the chance as it occurred.



A MODERN SAMSON.

In Dr. Alfred Booth's Reminiscences of Springfield, Mass., occurs the following account of Deacon Hitchcock: “Born in 1722, in the North Main street region, he removed while a young man into the east part of the town, now known as South Wilbraham, married in 1743, and was the first deacon of the church there, continuing in office many years. He is well remembered by the Hon. Oliver B. Morris, as occupying the deacon's seat at meetings, his whitened locks giving him quite a venerable appearance. During a long life he was of wonderful strength, agility, and endurance, and had he lived in the palmy days of Greece, he would have been a worthy competitor in the games of those days. It is related of him that on one occasion, a man riding by the field where he was at work,

and boasting of the speed of his horse, was challenged by the deacon, who said he could run from Springfield quicker on foot than the horse with his rider could. The race resulted in the triumph of the deacon, distance ten miles, time not stated. He would lift a cart-load of hay by getting his shoulders under the axle, in a stooping posture, and throw an empty cart over with one hand by taking hold at the end of the axle-tree. When loading grain in a cart he would take a bag by the teeth, and with a swing and the aid of a push from the knee, throw it into the cart. He had double teeth in front, and would hold a tenpenny nail by them and break it off with his fingers. He used to say he did not know a man he could not whip or run away from. The day he was seventy years old, he remarked to his wife that when they were first married he was wont to amuse her by taking down his hat with his toes, and added, "I wonder if I could do it now!" Thereupon he jumped from the floor, took off his hat with his toes, came down on his feet like a cat, hung up the hat on the nail, turned to the table, asked a blessing, and ate of the repast then ready.



TO THE ATHEIST.

BY DAVID PAUL BROWN.

Why do I live? And why was I created?
 Merely to die! To die, and be no more!
 To feed the lazy worm that my successor
 Shall trampie on, or bait his hook withal!
 Or shall this frame of mine, form'd to nice uses,
 Bless'd with perceptions, faculties and sense
 Inferior but to angels, serve only to enrich
 The incumbent soil, and nourish the rank weeds
 That spring and cluster round my last abode,
 The narrow house appointed for all living—
Appointed as the portal to all life?
 Not as the resting-place, not as the goal
 To the world's course—not as the end and object
 Of man's creation—not as his reward—
 Not as his penalty ;—but as the point
 Where Time resigns his sceptre unto God,
 And mortals cloth'd with immortality
 Are doom'd to an eternal bliss or woe,
 With kindred spirits in Tartarean gulfs,
 Or in the beatific courts of Heaven.

Man has his objects and his purposes,
 Wild as they are, and fatal to themselves—
 Fatal to *him*, as they too often prove ;
 Yet ne'er so false and disproportionate
 To the decrees of reason—worldly reason—
 As those which we ascribe to Deity
 In His omniscient wisdom! Where is God's work,
 Save *Man*, that does not glorify His power,
 And offer tribute, incense, to His throne?
 Go range and analyze Creation through,
 From the mere atom crush'd beneath thy feet
 Up to "the morning stars that sang together
 While all the sons of God shouted for joy!"
 Take the mere blade of grass—the simplest flow'r—
 The bird—the insect—earth and air and sea—
 Look upon all, around thee and above thee,
 And see how each in its appropriate sphere
 Refers to something *higher, higher* still,
 Until the eye exhausts itself with gazing!
 Thought sickens with its gross impiety,
 And the soul mounts in faith to meet its God



LOVE'S BELIEF.

I believe if I should die,
 And you should kiss my eyelids when I lie
 Cold, dead, and dumb to all the world contains,
 The folded orbs would open at thy breath,
 And from its exile in the aisles of death
 Life would come gladly back along my veins.

I believe if I were dead,
 And you upon my lifeless heart should tread,
 Not knowing what the poor clod chanced to be,
 It would find sudden pulse beneath the touch
 Of him it ever loved in life so much,
 And throb again, warm, tender, true to thee.

I believe if on my grave,
 Hidden in woody deeps or by the wave,
 Your eyes should drop some warm tear of regret,
 From every salty seed of your dear grief
 Some fair sweet blossom would leap into leaf,
 To prove death could not make my love forget.

I believe, if I should fade
 Into those mystic realms where light is made,
 And you should long once more my face to see,
 I would come forth upon the hills of night,
 And gather stars like faggots, till thy sight
 Led by their beacon blaze fell full on me!

I believe my faith in thee,
 Strong as my life, so nobly placed to be,
 I would as soon expect to see the sun
 Fall like dead king from his height sublime,
 His glory stricken from the throne of Time,
 As thee unworth the worship thou hast won.

I believe who has not loved
 Hath half the treasure of his life unproved ;
 Like one who with the grape within his grasp,
 Drops it with all its crimson juice unpressed,
 And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed,
 Out from his careless and unheeding clasp.

I believe love, pure and true,
 Is to the soul a sweet, immortal dew
 That gems life's petals in its hours of dusk—
 The waiting angels see and recognize
 The rich Crown Jewel, Love of Paradise,
 When life falls from us like a withered husk.



WHO ATE ROGER WILLIAMS ?

THE truth that matter passes from the animal back to the vegetable, and from the vegetable to the animal kingdom again, received a curious illustration not long since.

For the purpose of erecting a suitable monument in memory of Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, his private burying ground was searched for the graves of himself and wife. It was found that everything had passed into oblivion. The shape of the coffin could only be traced by a black line of carbonaceous matter. The rusted hinges and nails, and a round wooden knot, alone remained in one grave; while a single lock of braided hair was found in the other. Near the grave stood an apple-tree. This had sent down two main roots into the very presence of the confined dead. The larger root, pushing its way to the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams, had made a turn as if passing around it, and followed the direction of the back bone to the hips. Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heels, when both turned upward to the toes. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knee, which made the whole bear a striking resemblance to the human form. There were the graves, but their occupants had disappeared; the bones even had vanished. There stood the thief—the

guilty apple-tree—caught in the very act of robbery. The spoliation was complete. The organic matter—the flesh, the bones of Roger Williams, had passed into the apple-tree. The elements had been absorbed by the roots, transmuted into woody fibre, which could now be burned as fuel, or carved into ornaments; had bloomed into fragrant blossoms, which delighted the eye of the passer-by, and scattered the sweetest perfume of spring; more than that—has been converted into luscious fruit, which, from year to year, had been gathered and eaten. How pertinent, then, is the question, “Who ate Roger Williams?”



MISS NIGHTINGALE ON NURSING.

THE following sensible remarks are from Miss Nightingale's book on Nursing:—Never to allow a patient to be waked, intentionally or accidentally, is a *sine qua non* of all good nursing. If he is roused out of his first sleep he is almost certain to have no more sleep. It is a curious, but quite intelligible fact, that if a patient is waked after a few hours' instead of a few minutes' sleep he is much more likely to sleep again; because pain, like irritability of brain, perpetuates and intensifies itself. If you have gained a respite of either in sleep, you have gained more than the mere respite. Both the probability of recurrence and of the same intensity will be diminished; whereas both will be terribly increased by want of sleep. This is the reason why sleep is so all important. This is the reason why a patient waked in the early part of his sleep loses not only his sleep, but his power to sleep. A healthy person who allows himself to sleep during the day will lose his sleep at night; but it is exactly the reverse with the sick generally; the more they sleep the better will they be able to sleep. I have often been surprised at the thoughtlessness (resulting in cruelty quite unintentionally) of friends or of doctors, who will hold a long conversation just in the room or passage adjoining the room of the patient, who is either every moment expecting them to come in, or who has just seen them and knows they are talking about him. If he is an amiable patient he will try to occupy his attention elsewhere, and not to listen; and this makes matters worse, for the strain upon his attention and the effort he makes are so great, that it is well if he is not

worse for hours after. If it is a whispered conversation in the same room, then it is absolutely cruel; for it is impossible that the patient's attention should not be involuntarily strained to hear. Walking on tip-toe, doing anything in the room very slowly, are injurious for exactly the same reasons. A firm, light, quick step, a steady, quick hand are the desiderata; not the slow, lingering, shuffling foot, the timid, uncertain touch. Slowness is not gentleness, though it is often mistaken for such; quickness, lightness, and gentleness are quite incompatible. Again, if friends and doctors did but watch, as nurses can and should watch, the features sharpening, the eyes growing almost wild, of fever patients who are listening for the entrance from the corridor of the persons whose voices they are hearing there, these would never run the risk again of creating such expectation or irritation of mind. Such unnecessary noise has undoubtedly induced or aggravated delirium in many cases. I have known such; in one case death ensued. It is but fair to say that this death was attributed to fright. It was the result of a long whispered conversation, within sight of the patient, about an impending operation; but any one who has known the more than stoicism, the cheerful coolness, with which the certainty of an operation will be accepted by any patient capable of bearing an operation at all, if it is properly communicated to him, will hesitate to believe that it was mere fear which produced, as was averred, the fatal result in this instance. It was rather the uncertainty, the strained expectation as to what was to be decided upon. I need hardly say that the other common cause, namely, for a doctor or friend to leave the patient and communicate his opinion on the result of his visit to the friends just outside the patient's door or in the adjoining room, after the visit, but within hearing or knowledge of the patient, is, if possible, worst of all. It is, I think, alarming, peculiarly at this time, when the female ink-bottles are perpetually impressing upon us woman's "particular worth and general missionariness," to see that the dress of women is daily more and more unfitting them for any "mission" or usefulness at all. It is equally unfitted for all poetic and all domestic purposes. A man is now a more handy and far less objectionable being in a sick room than a woman. Compelled by her dress, every woman now either shuffles or waddles; only a man can cross the floor of a sick room without shaking it. What has become of woman's light step—the firm, light, quick step we have been asking for?

TWO SHARPERS.

A NOTED sportsman taking dinner at one of the New York clubs, exhibited a diamond ring of great beauty and apparent value on his finger. A gentleman present had a great passion for diamonds. After dinner the parties met in the office. After much bantering the owner of the ring consented to barter the ring for \$600. As the buyer left the room a suppressed tittering struck his ear. He concluded that the former owner had sold both the ring and the purchaser. He said nothing, but called the next day upon a jeweller, where he learned that the diamond was paste and the ring worth about twenty-five dollars. He examined some real diamonds and found one closely resembling the paste in his own ring; he hired the diamond for a few days, pledged \$1,200, the price of it, and gave \$100 for its use. He went to another jeweller, had the paste removed, and the real diamond set. His chums, knowing how he had been imposed upon, impatiently awaited his appearance the next night. To their astonishment they found him in rare glee. He flourished his ring, boasted of his bargain, and said if any gentleman present had a \$1,200 ring to sell for \$600 he knew of a purchaser. When he was told that the ring was paste and that he had been cheated he laughed at their folly. Bets were freely offered that the ring did not contain a real diamond. Two bet one thousand dollars each, two also bet five hundred dollars. All were taken, umpires were chosen, the money and the ring were put into their hands. They went to a first-class jeweller, who applied all the tests, and who said the diamond was a stone of the first water and worth, without the setting, twelve hundred dollars. The buyer put the three thousand dollars which he had won quietly in his pocket. He carried the diamond back and recalled his twelve hundred dollars, and with the paste ring on his finger went to the club. The man who sold the ring was waiting for him. He wanted to get the ring back; he attempted to turn the whole thing into a joke. He sold the ring for fun; he knew it was a real diamond all the time; he never wore false jewels; he could tell a rare diamond anywhere by its light; he would not be so mean as to cheat an old friend; he knew his friend would let him have his ring again. But his friend was stubborn—said that the seller thought

it was paste and intended to defraud him. At length, on the payment of eight hundred dollars, the ring was restored. All parties came to the conclusion, when the whole affair came out, that when diamond cuts diamond again some one less sharp will be selected.



CARE OF TEETH

ROUSSEAU said that no woman with fine teeth could be ugly. Any female mouth with a good set of teeth is kissable. The too early loss of the first teeth has an unfavorable influence upon the beauty and duration of the second. The youngest should accordingly be made to take care of them. All that is necessary is to brush them several times a day with a little ordinary soap or magnesia and water.

After eating, the particles of food should be carefully removed from the teeth by means of a toothpick of quill or wood, but never of metal, and by a thread passed now and then between the teeth. Camphorated and acid tooth-powders are injurious both to the enamel and the gums, and if employed every particle should be removed from the gums by carefully rinsing. The habit which some ladies have of using a bit of lemon, though it may whiten the teeth and give a temporary firmness and color to the gums, is fatal to the enamel, as are all acids.

No one, young or old, should turn their jaws into nut-crackers; and it is even dangerous for women to bite off, as they often do, the ends of the thread in sewing. It is not safe to bring very hot food or drink, especially if immediately followed by anything cold, in contact with the teeth.



THE ANNIVERSARY PRESENT.

THE deeply-craped door bell on a stately mansion in one of the quiet (?) streets of Paris, but too plainly told the tale of sorrow within. Death, the only truly democratic thing on earth, the visitor alike of peer and peasant, had entered, for the second time in one year, the home of Rosalie Dutille; first, it had taken mother, now it claimed father.

Monsieur Dutille had been a good man, to a certain extent, that is to say, he had indulged his family, consisting of two—Rosalie and her mother—in every

luxury known to the nineteenth century. "Could he afford it?" was the comment of many; but as years passed, and no change was visible, comments ceased.

Madame Dutille had been a weak, frivolous woman, who took everything for granted, never questioning; but, on the contrary, closing her eyes to aught save comfort of body, never for an instant thinking of the soul. As she lived, she died; therefore, her death was felt but little by either husband or daughter.

Rosalie had centred all her love on her father, except what little she could spare to give to George Mannell, who had, for the last three months, been most devoted in his attentions to the daughter of the reputed millionaire, M. Dutille.

Utterly unable to realize her loss, Rosalie sat as one stupefied by the dead body of her father, waiting for the arrival of her father's brother, her uncle, Arthur Dutille. He came at length, and a few hours' investigation into the affairs of M. Dutille sufficed to find out the sad fact that he had lived up to every cent of his income. He had entered into speculation after speculation, until success had made him mad, and when failure had met him, he still madly persisted, until inevitable ruin stared him in the face; and this it was that had shattered his nerves, and, to a certain extent, caused his death.

He was buried quietly, and soon forgotten. The fact of his failure soon became known, and the daughter, as well as the memory of the father, were shunned. Rosalie was told by her uncle that she must seek work. He pitied her, could not assist her, and placing a few hundred francs in her hand, all that was left of her father's fortune, he left her with his best wishes and his blessing.

Rosalie's thoughts were indeed sad. "Society" deserted her. She had seen its utter heartlessness and its true value. It is difficult to learn that the hand we so eagerly grasp in friendship is extended to our position and not to ourselves; but Rosalie had learned the bitter lesson. One friend alone stood firm—George Mannell. He consoled, cheered her, and assisted her to form some plan for the future, which resulted in hiring two rooms, with the intention of resting for a few months, at least until she could determine what steps to take.

Every day George visited her, and every day she looked more eagerly for his coming; feeling happier and more contented each time he came, and more unhappy and lonely each time he left.

So things continued for two months, when one day

George entered Rosalie's pretty little parlor unannounced and without knocking. Rosalie was reading, but quickly dropped her book, and the bright smile of welcome which covered her usually sad face would have given courage to the most timid lover, which George was not.

"Rosalie," began George, "I know I was rude not to knock, but I feel so at home here, it seemed ridiculous to stand upon any ceremony."

"I am so glad you think so."

"I think, Rosalie, I can speak to you freely now, can I not?"

Here George took a seat quite close to Rosalie.

"I hope so," was the timid reply.

"I have been patient for two months, and now I am going to tell you I love you, and I want you to name the earliest possible day on which you will take charge of a careless, indolent fellow, and be mistress of his heart and home."

"I won't assume surprise at your avowal, George, but I deny that you are careless and indolent."

"Then you do love me, Rosalie?"

"Of course I do."

"And when will you be my wife?"

"When you wish."

"Then at once—I mean in a day or two."

And so it was arranged.

Society wondered; called it a good match; wondered that Rosalie did not seem more elated with the idea of marrying a man holding the position of George Mannell; but it was Rosalie's nature to take things calmly.

They were married. Their's was indeed a happy home, though it was not so extravagantly grand as Rosalie had been accustomed to. George declared that further happiness was impossible, and, strange as it may seem, the envious world for once prophesied no cloud in the future.

The first year of married life one can scarcely judge by—it is merely an introduction to married life—a time when many idols are overthrown, and also many qualities discovered which were unsuspected before. The second anniversary of Rosalie's wedding-day was also the birthday of a darling child, and her home possessed the elements to make it more homelike than ever, but George was seldom there. It was not that he loved his wife the less, that her temper had changed—no, the change was in him. Before he had married he had chosen his associates from a circle that it was difficult to break from, now that their society

was no longer essential to him. He was close in his attention to business; his success had arisen from industry as well as talent; but when the counting-house was closed, there was no family circle to welcome him, and the door of the club house was invitingly open. True, it was one of the most respectable clubs, and he had thought to give it up because he was married would only turn him into a subject for ridicule; therefore, he concluded to devote only one evening a week to it; but as time rolled on, he devoted two or three evenings, and finally, each evening found him at the club.

Poor Rosalie felt discouraged; but beyond the fact of George's absence every evening, she would not complain; he loved her, loved the baby, and what more could she wish?

He had returned hurriedly one morning in search of some papers left in his room, dignified by the name of study—it communicated with his wife's boudoir, which was just then occupied by her and her only intimate friend, Eleanor Rochelle. Eleanor was questioning Rosalie in regard to George's continual absence.

"Yes, but you are never seen anywhere, Rosalie."

George caught this sentence, and being anxious to hear Rosalie's answer—having, probably, a guilty conscience—he listened.

"I am well satisfied at home; you know, Eleanor, I have a baby, and could not go out, and it must be so tiresome for a man to spend his evenings with babies, who do nothing but sleep, and monopolize the entire time of their mother."

George waited to hear no more, but vowed to spend at least one evening in the week with his dear Rosalie.

Rosalie and her friend continued to chat, and George continued to form good resolutions on his way to business.

In the evening, he surprised Rosalie by avowing his determination to remain at home.

"It will be so nice, George, to have one of our nice evenings."

They talked of the baby, of their courtship, and everything they could find of any interest, until about ten o'clock, when George looked at his watch, paused, rubbed his eyes, and then said:

"Rosalie, you look sleepy; go to bed; I will take a run round to the club, and be back directly. Now, mind you, don't sit up for me."

He rang the bell for the maid, and, kissing his wife and baby, went out, humming the liberty duett from "Puritani."

"Not an entire evening can he spare me," thought poor Rosalie, and taking her baby in her arms, she cried herself to sleep.

George was detained much longer than he anticipated; he met his partner, who was in search of him; he learned, much to his dismay, that the presence of one of the members of the firm was necessary in America—being the junior partner, the journey would devolve on him. He hurried home, and found Rosalie had retired. He stood a long time leaning, his head in his hands, over the mantlepiece, and thought over many things that had happened in the last few years, the unvarying love and constancy of his wife, his late neglect, for he could call it by no gentler name, and then came the dreadful thought that he must leave all his domestic happiness—and who knew what might happen before he returned? He kissed his sleeping wife and child with unwonted tenderness, and thought that they had never been so dear to him before.

Rosalie was almost heart-broken when, in the morning, she learned of his intended departure; fear for the friends he might form while abroad, and the loneliness of her life for three whole months. But it must be, and she bore it bravely.

The preparations were hastened, and at the close of the week they were standing at the door, saying their good-by.

"I have been a bad boy, Rosalie, but you won't know me when I return. Don't worry, dear—keep well."

"Oh! George, take me with you."

"Come, come, Rosalie, this is undignified for a mother," said George, trying to joke her tears away. "If you are very good, Rosalie, as they tell children, I will send you the most charming present you can fancy, or that America can offer, for an anniversary present. Too bad that we shall be separated for the first time, but three months will soon pass, and who knows but you may have cause to bless this journey, even though it does separate us for a little while?"

Poor Rosalie tried to smile through her tears at the half-sad, half-playful words, and a wife-like glance of trustfulness told how very dear he was.

A month passed slowly away, and little George had been his mother's best comforter. Every day Rosalie could trace in the features of her child some token of resemblance to the absent one. But suddenly the child grew ill, and the pain of separation was doubled as day by day the mother watched alone. She had

forgotten that the birth-day of the infant was so near, which they had twice welcomed so joyfully. At length the crisis came, and the dear one was restored to its anxious mother, well; and it was with a thankful, happy heart that Rosalie sat, with her baby on her lap, reading a letter from her husband. The letter announced that his business was all settled, and that his return might be looked for by the next steamer; meantime, he sent the accompanying choice gift for the anniversary of their marriage. It was the morning of that very day. She opened the box—there were many beautiful things, such as women delight to look on, and at last she came to a small package marked, "For our wedding-day." It contained a little jewel case, but there was nothing on the snowy cushion of white satin but a pair of clasps for baby's dress; but as she was replacing them, a sealed envelope fell to the floor. She open-d it. There was an inclosure directed to a name she was not familiar with, and a few lines pencilled to herself:

DEAREST WIFE: I have searched all over New York and could not find anything that I thought would please you better than the inclosed, which is my resignation of club membership. Will you please send it to the President, to whom it is directed, and accept the earnest love of your devoted husband?

GEORGE.

How unspeakably happy was Rosalie as she read her husband's letter.

True to his word, George arrived by the next steamer. Absence had taught him the value of the rare treasure of a happy home. He never regretted the club, and always found every evening very short, and Rosalie did indeed discover that his journey had been a blessing.



WORKING AND WAITING.

Look on that form, once fit for the sculptor!

Look on that cheek, where the roses have died!

Working and waiting have robbed from the artist

All that his marble can show for his pride.

Statue-like sitting

Alone, in the fitting

And wind-haunted shadows that people her hearth.

God protect all of us—

God shelter all of us—

From the reproach of such things on the earth!

All the day long, and all through the cold midnight,
 Still the hot needles she wearily plies,
 Haggard and white as the ghost of a spurned one,
 Sewing white robes for the chosen one's eyes—

Lost in her sorrow,

But for the morrow

Phantom-like speaking in every stitch.

God protect all of us—

God shelter all of us—

From the curse born with each sigh for the rich!

Low burns the lamp! Fly swifter the needle!

Swifter thou asp for the breast of the poor!

Else the pale light will be stolen by pity,

Ere of the vital life thou hast made sure;

Dying and living,

All the night giving

Barely the life that goes out with the thread.

God protect all of us—

God shelter all of us—

From her last glance as she follows the dead.

What if the morning finds her still bearing

All the soul's load of a merciless lot?

Fate will not lighten a grain of the burden,

While the poor bearer by man is forgot;

Sewing and sighing—

Sewing and dying—

What to such life is a day or two more?

God protect all of us—

God shelter all of us—

From the new day's lease of woe to the poor.

Hasten, ye winds! and yield her the mercy

Lying in sleep on your purified breath;

Yield her the mercy, enfolding a blessing,

Yield her the mercy whose signet is death;

In her toil stopping,

See her work dropping,

Fate! thou art merciful! Life! thou art done!

God protect all of us—

God shelter all of us—

From the heart-breaking, and yet living on!

Winds that have smited her! tell ye the story

Of the young life of the needle that bled!

Making its bridge over death's soundless waters

Out of a swaying and soul-cutting thread.

Over it going,

All the world knowing.

Thousands have trod it, foot-bleeding before
 God protect all of us—
 God shelter all of us—
 Should she look back from the opposite shore!



A FAVORITE OF FORTUNE.

GENERAL PRIM, the hero of the Spanish revolution, furnishes another illustration of greatness emerging from obscurity. Upon beginning his career he was third flute in the orchestra of the theatre in the little town of Reus, and afterwards accepted the position of groom to the Swedish Countess Barck. His wife is said to be lineally descended from the Montezumas, in whose "halls" the General himself desired to revel, when the French troops first entered Mexico, but did not succeed in so doing, Marshal Bazaine's views not coinciding with his own. From third flute, General Prim has risen to the baton, and this he may possibly make a sceptre. *Quien sabe?*



EARLY RISING.

"He who would thrive, must rise at five." So says the proverb, though there is more rhyme than reason in it; for if

He who would thrive, must rise at five
 it must naturally follow,

He who would thrive more, must rise at four;
 and it will cause, as a consequence, that

He who would still more thriving be,
 Must leave his bed at turn of three;
 And who this latter would outdo,
 Will rouse himself at the stroke of two.

And by way of climax to it all, it should be held that

He who would never be outdone,
 Must ever rise as soon as one.

But the best illustration would be,

He who would flourish best of all,
 Should never go to bed at all.

TOM TOODLE'S FACTS RELATIVE TO DOGS

THE beauty of a fact is to have it a big one. I remember that when my grandmother was a gal, facts were big and folks were crazy for 'em; but small facts now-a-days, ain't of no account. I laid in for a supply of big ones when I was a boy, and though I have been dealing in facts ever sence, I ain't out yet.

When I was quite a youngster I useter live in Sneaksburg, and useter hunt foxes on Midrif mountain. I presume you all know where that is—it is a branch of the Hazleback range. It useter be a great place for fur-bearing critters.

I had a dog remarkable for his swiftness and his toughness, but he was blind as a bat. He was so swift, that when I shot a fox, he would watch the bullet, and start just as soon as the bullet did, and catch the fox before the bullet possibly could. I useter have to tie him up when I shot, for fear he would git ahead of the bullet, and git killed.

My dog and me was arter a fox one day: my dog was putting in his best licks. I kept tight to his heels—for I was good on the foot them times—and as long as the dog was blind I didn't dare to let him go out of my sight, for fear he would get into some difficulty.

But as I was saying, my dog and me was arter a fox, and my dog being blind run right agin a big white oak tree, about six foot through. They useter have big trees them times. I see him when he run agin it, and 'sposed he was all smashed to pieces. But no! he went through the tree, slick and smooth, and made a hole through it about as big round as a gallon jug, and just as smooth as an anger hole; and what is the curiousest part of it, it didn't seem to hinder the dog a bit; he kept right on the track as keen as ever!

This fact was at the time called a big one, and thousands useter come to see the tree and the dog. It was curious it didn't kill the dog, going through that solid white oak tree. But it killed the tree as dead as a hammer; and I presume if it hadn't been for that it would er killed the dog.

The dog died of old age, in his thirtieth year, but he was then to all appearances as young as a puppy

CLOTHING.

THE subject of clothing is understood well enough, and the rules of common sense are well enough observed by men. But woman is under the guidance of a higher law than any relating to her individual safety.

"No woman that is a woman," says the late Professor Harris, "values her comfort, her health, or her life, in comparison with her personal appearance. She is impelled by a profound logic, say rather a divine instinct. On the slender thread of her personal attractions hangs the very existence of a human future. The crinkle of a ringlet, the tie of a ribbon, has swayed the wavering choice of a half-enamored swain, and given to the world a race which would never have come to the light of day but for the pinch of the curling-tongs, or a turn of the milliner's fingers."

It is in virtue of this supreme indifference to consequences—this sublime contempt of disease and death as compared with the loss of the smallest personal advantage—that woman has attained the power of resistance to exposure which so astonishes the male sex. Think of her thin shoes and stockings, her bare or scarcely protected neck and arms, her rose-leaf bonnet, by the side of the woollen socks, the layers of flannel and broadcloth, and the warm hats and caps of her effeminate companion! Our cautions are of no use, except to the fragile sex—our brothers in susceptibility and danger.

"A man will tell you he has the constitution of a horse; but the health of a horse is notoriously delicate, as Shakspeare reminds you. A woman is compared to a bird by poets and lovers. It should be to a *snow-bird*," says the late Professor Harris.

We may learn a lesson in the matter of clothing from the trainers and jockeys. They blanket their horses carefully after exercise. We come in heated, and throw off our outside clothing. Why should not a man be cared for as well as Flora Temple or Dexter? We dress for summer, and the next thing down goes the thermometer, and we run a risk which the owner of a trotting horse would not subject his beast to for a thousand dollars.

A DILEMMA.

A YOUNG parson of the Universalist faith, many years since, when the Simon-pure Universalism was preached, started westward to attend a convention of his brethren in the faith. He took the precaution to carry a phial of Cayenne in his pocket, to sprinkle his food with as a preventive of fever and ague. The convention met, and at dinner a tall Hoosier observed the parson as he seasoned his meat, and addressed him thus:

"Stranger, I'll thank you for a little of that ere red salt, for I'm kind o' curious to try it."

"Certainly," returned the parson, "but you will find it very powerful; be careful how you use it."

The Hoosier took the proffered phial, and feeling himself proof against any quantity of raw whiskey, thought that he could stand the "red salt" with impunity, and accordingly, sprinkled a juuk of beef rather bountifully with it, and forthwith introduced it into his capacious mouth.

It soon began to take hold. He shut his eyes and his features began to withe, denoting a very inharmonious condition physically. Finally he could stand it no longer. He opened his mouth and screamed "Fire!"

"Take a drink of cold water from the jug," said the parson.

"Will that put it out?" asked the martyr, suiting the action to the word.

In a short time the unfortunate man began to recover, and turning to the parson, his eyes yet swimming in water, exclaimed:

"Stranger, you call yourself a 'Varselist, I believe?"

"I do," mildly answered the parson.

"Wall, I want to know if you think it consistent with your belief to go about with hell fire in your breeches pockets."



THE METAL-FOUNDER OF MUNICH.

WHEN we gaze in admiration at some great work of plastic art, our thoughts naturally recur rather to the master mind whence the conception we now see real-

ized first started into life, than to any difficulties which he or others might have had to overcome in making the quickened thought a palpable and visible thing. All is so harmonious; there is such unity throughout; material, form and dimensions, are so adapted and proportioned one to the other, that we think not of roughness or of opposing force as connected with a work whence all disparities are removed, and where every harshness is smoothed away. There stands the achieved fact in its perfect completeness: there is nothing to remind us of its progress toward that state, for the aids and appliances thereunto have been removed; and the mind, not pausing to dwell on an intermediate condition, at once takes in the realized creation as an accomplished whole. And if even some were inclined to follow in thought such a work in its growth, there are few among them who, as they look at a monument of bronze have any notion how the figure before them grew up into its present proportions. They have no idea how the limbs were formed within their earthen womb, and how many and harassing were the anxieties that attended on the gigantic birth.

The sculptor, the painter, the engraver, has each, in his own department, peculiar difficulties to overcome; but these for the most part are such as skill or manual dexterity will enable him to vanquish. He has not to do with a mighty power that opposes itself to his human strength and strives for the mastery. He has not to combat an element which he purposely rouses into fury, and then subjugates to his will. But the caster in metal has to do all this. He flings into the furnace heaps of brass—cannon upon cannon, as though they were leaden toys; and he lights a fire, and fans and feeds the flames, till within that roaring hollow there is a glow surpassing what we have yet seen of fire, and growing white from very intensity. Anew it is plied with fuel, fed, gorged. The fire itself seems convulsed and agonized with its own efforts: but still it roars on. Day by day, and night after night, with not a moment's relaxation, is this fiery work carried on. The air is hot to breathe; the walls, the rafters are scorched, and if the ordeal last much longer, all will soon be in a blaze. The goaded creature becomes maddened and desperate, and is striving to burst its prison; while above it a molten metal sea, seething and fiery, is heaving with its ponderous weight against the caldron's sides.

Lest it be thought this picture is too highly colored, or that it owes anything to the imagination for its

interest, let us look into the foundry of Munich, and see what was going on there at midnight on the 11th of October, 1845.

When King Louis I. had formed the resolution of erecting a colossal statue of Bavaria, it was Schwanthaler whom he charged to execute the work. The great artist's conception responded to the idea which had grown in the mind of the king, and in three years time a model in clay was formed, sixty-three feet in height, the size of the future bronze statue. The colossus was then delivered over to the founder, to be cast in metal. The head was the first large portion that was executed. While the metal was preparing for the cast, a presentiment filled the master's mind that, despite his exact reckoning, there might still be insufficient materials for the work, and thirty hundred weight were added to the half liquid mass. The result proved how fortunate had been the forethought; nothing could be more successful. And now the chief of the figure was to be cast, and the master conceived the bold idea of forming it one piece. Those who have seen thirty or forty hundred weight of metal rushing into the mould below, have perhaps started back affrighted at the fiery stream. But four hundred hundred weight were requisite for this portion of the statue; and the formidable nature of the undertaking may be collected from the fact that till now not more than three hundred hundred weight had ever filled a furnace at one time.

But see, the mass begins slowly to melt; huge pieces of cannon float on the surface, like boats on water, and then gradually disappear. Presently upon the top of the mass a crust is seen to form, threatening danger to the furnace as well as to the model prepared to receive the fluid bronze. To prevent this crust from forming, six men were employed day and night in stirring the lava-like sea with long poles of iron; retiring, and being replaced by others every now and then; for the scorching heat, in spite of wetted coverings, causes the skin to crack like the dried rind of a tree. Still the caldron was being stirred, still the fire was goaded to new efforts, but the metal was not yet ready to be allowed to flow. Hour after hour went by, the day passed, and night came on. For five days and four nights the fire had been kept up and urged to the utmost intensity, and still no one could tell how long this was yet to last. The men worked on at their tremendous task in silence; the fearful heat was increasing, and as though it would never stop. There was a terrible weight in the burning air, and it pressed

upon the breasts of all. There was anxiety in their hearts, though they spoke not, but most of all in his who had directed this bold undertaking. For five days he had not left the spot, but, like a Columbus watching for the hourly-expected land, had awaited the final moment. On the evening of the fifth day exhausted nature demanded repose, and he sat down to sleep. Hardly had he closed his eyes, when his wife roused him with the appalling cry, "Awake, awake, the foundry is on fire!" And it was so. Nothing could stand such terrific heat. The rafters of the building began to burn. To quench the fire in the usual way was impossible, for had any cold fluid come in contact with the liquid metal, the consequences would have been frightful; the furnace would have been destroyed, and the four hundred hundred weight of bronze lost. With wet cloths, therefore, the burning rafters were covered to smother the flames. But the walls were glowing, too; the whole building was now like a vast furnace. Yet still more fuel on the fire! the heat is not enough; the metal boils not yet! Though the rafters burn, and the walls glow, still feed, and gorge, and goad the fire.

At last the moment comes!—the whole mass is boiling! Then the metal founder of Munich, Miller by name, called to the men who were extinguishing the burning beams, "Let them burn; the metal is ready for the cast!" And it was just midnight, when the whole of the rafters of the interior of the building were in flames, that the plug was knocked in, and the fiery flood rushed out into the mould below.

All now breathed more freely; there was an end of misgiving and forboding; and the rude workmen, as if awe-struck by what they had accomplished, stood gazing in silence, and listening to the roar of the brazen cataract. It was not till the cast was completed that the master gave the signal for extinguishing the burning roof.

In due time the bell of the little chapel of Neuhausen was heard summoning thither the master and his workmen to thank God for the happy completion of the work. No accident had occurred to any during its progress; not one had suffered either in life or limb.

THE STAR AND THE WATER-LILY.

A STAR looked down at even
Where earth in her beauty slept,
And over her breast, like a blessing given,
The breath of the night-breeze crept,
And light shone out from the perfect heaven,
And smiled where the dewdrops wept.

The star sent down a ray,
A bright, uncertain beam,
That fled from heaven, away, away,
And fell in a glassy stream—
And the star gazed there where its image lay,
Oh, dim as a distant dream.

Its lover-star was bright,
And its kin beyond compare,
But it turned its face from their nearer light,
To the streamlet that seemed so fair,
And dreamed and dreamed through the long, long
night
On its image reflected there;

Till the beauty erst it had
Paled out from the skies above,
And its pure star-lover, erewhile so glad,
With a kindred sorrow strove;
For he saw that its heart grew sick and sad
With the weight of an earthly love.

And he said—"The stream is clear,
But clearer thy native sky;"
And he sighed—"That image seems fair and near,
But thy star-love is yet more nigh;"
He wept—"Oh, live in thy beauty here,
Nor look upon earth—to die!"

Alas!—for it would not mark,
But turned with a weary woe,
And fainter, fainter, a trembling spark
It hung o'er the depths below—
Then fell—and its place in the heaven was dark
By the spirit that loved it so.

But ever at night, from the cold, wet wave,
It looked to the skies afar,
To gaze on the light that the heaven gave,
And mourn for its lover-star—
For the stars that fall to an earthly grave
The souls of the lilies are.

LOSS AND LUCK ; Or, The Master-Passion.

"No, LACORDAIRE, I won't play this evening. My losses of late have been rather heavy, and—to tell you the truth, Marquis, I've given up cards altogether."

Julien Lacordaire, Marquis de B——, stared incredulously, as these words were uttered, at his friend, the Viscount Lucien Champsey. They had met on the crowded thoroughfare of the Boulevard des Italiens, in Paris, and as the hour, (nine o'clock in the evening) was the one at which these young men often adjourned to their club, the Marquis had offered to accompany Lucien thither.

"Are you serious?" asked the former, when surprise at his friend's announcement allowed of his replying to it. "Do you positively mean that cards are to be henceforth abandoned by one in whom I believed the——"

Julien hesitated.

"By one in whom you believed the vice of play to be an unconquerable passion!" finished Lucien Champsey, with a smile. "Say what you mean, Marquis. The resolution is made, the oath of renunciation is sworn. Expect to see very little of me at the club in future, for I do not intend to place myself voluntarily in the tempter's path. And now, good evening; I have an engagement of great importance, which there is little time for me to meet before the hour appointed."

In a few moments the young men separated, and Lucien Champsey made his way with all possible speed to the hotel of his uncle, the Count Grandinot, a superb dwelling situated at a short distance from the Rue Rivoli.

The story of Lucien's life may be told in a few words. Left at the age of nineteen in the possession of a moderate fortune, he had found himself, at twenty-five, embarrassed by gambling debts, almost to the extent of utter ruin, and (no less unhappy circumstance) hopelessly in love to the verge of distraction. The cause of this latter misfortune was his cousin, Andrée Grandinot, whose proud and wealthy father had begun to suspect Lucien's attachment, and to frown darkly upon his daughter's reciprocation of it. As yet, however, the old Count had neither forbidden his nephew from visiting Andrée, nor announced his

intention of marrying the young lady to a certain rather aged member of the new nobility, who had lately asked her hand. But, on this very evening of which we write, the lovers were destined to receive both pieces of intelligence verbally and decisively from the Count himself.

Lucien, whose call at the Hotel Grandinot was paid to-night upon his cousin, had not long to wait, in the elegantly-furnished drawing-room in which he was shown, before Andrée made her appearance.

A more charming type of blonde beauty than Andrée Grandinot represented it would have been difficult to find in all Paris. The soft eyes, that looked out from beneath their golden floss of lashes, were blue, lustrous, and full of soul; the hair, which rippled, like a Madonna's of Raphael, on either side of her fair forehead, gleamed as if some subtle light were forever tangled and enmeshed among its silky threads. She was a woman of surpassing beauty, and the grace of her every motion, the liquid melody of her voice in speaking, corresponded with this physical loveliness. It is not a matter of wonder that Lucien availed himself of a cousin's privilege on this particular evening, and, advancing to meet her as she entered the drawing-room, imprinted a warm kiss on Andrée's tempting mouth.

"How about your oath, cousin?" she asked, blushing a little at Lucien's ardent greeting. "Have you kept it?"

"Scrupulously, Andrée. I have not touched a card for two days, and do not intend breaking my resolve."

"I am so glad, Lucien." Somehow her dimpled, satin-soft hand found its way to his. "Do you know I have been unjust enough all yesterday and to-day to doubt your faith; but you will forgive me this time, I am sure."

As Andrée finished speaking a step was heard in the outside hall, and a moment later Raymond de Grandinot, Andrée's father, entered the apartment.

Lucien advanced to greet the Count, but he drew himself haughtily away from the young man's proffered salutation, and said, sternly:

"I feel, Lucien Champsey, that it has become my disagreeable duty to forbid, in the future, your visits to this house. It has lately reached my ears that you have, on several occasions, professed openly an attachment for your cousin Andrée, of which the relationship existing between you and that young lady

does not afford a sufficient explanation. My daughter possibly returns your love. I will say plainly, that were it not known to me how recklessly you have squandered the fortune which, six years ago, you inherited, a union between my daughter and my nephew would be far from distasteful. But at present all thought of such union must be resigned by both Andrée and yourself. It must never be said that the child of Raymond de Grandinot married a roué and a gamester."

The reader may easily imagine what followed. There were tears and heart-broken words from Andrée; there were a few fiery sentences from the lips of Lucien Champsey, followed by a brief, hurried farewell of his cousin; and five minutes afterward he had left the Hotel Grandinot and was walking aimlessly, wildly, through the gay-illuminated streets of Paris.

Many another man, over whom the fascinations of gambling possessed as strong a hold as over Lucien, would have yielded to them as a palliative to the torments of disappointment, which, for weeks after the events of that evening, agonized both his heart and brain. But the promise he had given to Andrée remained unviolated; and those who had known him in the careless Parisian circles that his pleasant face and agreeable company once adorned, finally concluded that their quondam associate had renounced the frivolities of life, and, after the world's well-known fashion, forgot him altogether.

But Lucien, having managed to save from the wreck of his fortune a sufficient competence wherewith to maintain himself respectably, was filled with a single idea—that of one day becoming rich enough to claim the hand of his cousin. It was, however, an idea alone, with no practical stimulus to further its accomplishment. Eagerly, intensely as he desired to obtain wealth, the false methods of his aristocratic education and the languid, negligent life which he had lived from boyhood, unfitted him for anything that resembled positive effort or severe exertion. He built golden castles and dreamed mercenary dreams *ad libitum*, but he performed no labor, carried out no definite plan. During the space of a year, his existence passed mostly in Paris and occasionally at the German Spas, where he was fond of watching the games of chance in which he had once so recklessly participated, was melancholy, devoid of purpose, and extremely miserable.

On a certain evening during a visit of his to Baden,

Lucien returned from one of the principal *salons* in the place with feelings of unusual gloom and dejection. The time at which he entered his lodgings was remarkably early, considering the late hours in which, from long habit, he ordinarily indulged. Seated at the window of his apartment—it was early June, and the soft air blew from the starlit streets without—Lucien's reflections were somewhat of this nature:

"To-morrow I shall quit Baden. This watching of the games in the *salons* does me no good. To-night I was on the verge of flinging my resolution to the winds and forgetting the promise I made to Andrée. And she—has not she perhaps forgotten the love which prompted her to require this oath? Am I sure that she is yet constant? Ah, Lucien Champsey, do not begin the invention of foolish excuses to justify the breaking of your promise! If Andrée's love be weak, let your *honor* remain strong. I am decided upon quitting Baden to-morrow. The return of the season may bring with it a score of my old associates—Lacordaire among the rest. Did not the old Countess B—— tell me yesterday that Julien had engaged apartments in this very building? Once more, then, I repeat to myself, 'Quit Baden to-morrow.'"

His resolve made, Lucien arose from his seat by the window, and, in order that his departure for Paris might take place at an early hour on the following morning, retired for the night.

When he awoke, after a perfectly dreamless and uninterrupted sleep, the sun was shining brightly in his chamber. Rising, a glance at his watch assured him that there was ample time to catch the first train for Paris. His toilet performed and his portmanteau hastily packed, Lucien happened to fix his eyes on the small table that stood by the bed. A handkerchief wrapped about some bulky material was resting there, unnoticed till now.

"Careless," he muttered, approaching the bundle. "I have forgotten to pack the linen which the laundress probably brought here last evening during my absence. What right has a poor man to be so regardless of trifles?"

But as Lucien unclosed the handkerchief, which was knotted tightly about its contents, a sight met his astonished gaze which he will ever remember—a sight that for a moment dazzled, confounded and stupefied him with amazement.

The handkerchief contained what seemed an al-

most incalculable sum, in bank notes and golden louis d'or!

Was he awake or dreaming? Lucien actually rubbed his eyes to settle this apparently vexed question.

It was no dream. The bank notes were substantial paper, the louis d'or genuine metal.

What mystery was this? He now remembered that, having dined yesterday with the Countess B—, and having been absent from his chamber during the whole afternoon, he had locked his door and taken the key with him; at night he had done the same, expecting to remain away from the hotel longer than he really did. How, then, had this money found its way into the apartment, setting aside the inexplicable motive that could have induced any one to place it there? He had slept not only with his door locked, but bolted also, as its present condition proved. Had the good-natured elves of whom he had read so often in German legend visited upon him, while sleeping, one of their benevolent miracles?

Finally, abandoning all conjecture relating to the origin of this money as useless in the extreme, Lucien did a very natural thing under the circumstances—he fell to counting it.

The sum amounted, all told, to no less than twenty thousand louis!

For the first time since his discovery the thought of actually becoming rich through the agency of this apparent miracle caused Lucien's heart to throbb fast with emotions of delight.

"Can it be possible," he exclaimed, "that Heaven has rewarded the faithful preservation of my oath to Andrée; and at a time, too, when I was almost on the point of breaking it?"

The words had not left his lips before two sharp knocks sounded at the door. Concealing the money in the handkerchief, Lucien went to answer the summons.

His surprise was great on finding that his visitor was no less a person than Julien Lacordaire.

The Marquis wore upon his usually good-natured face an expression of dignity and pride. Without noticing the hand of welcome which Lucien extended, he walked past him and seated himself at the further end of the chamber. Then, before Lucien had the opportunity to ask an explanation of his singular conduct, Lacordaire began:

"I have come, De Champsey, at the request of Rochefort and D'Aubray, to seek of you some stated

reason for your behavior last night. The direct cut which you gave all three of us when we approached for the purpose of shaking hands with you——”

“My dear Marquis,” interrupted Lucien, “I am at a loss to understand your meaning. On no occasion since my stay in Baden have I met either yourself, Rochefort or D’Aubray. This is undoubtedly some absurd mistake—some ridiculous confusion of identity.”

“You *deny* having met us at the *Salon*——last evening!” cried Lacordaire, starting to his feet.

“Positively,” answered Lucien, “I deny it.”

“Really, Viscount, this audacity confounds me.”

“You mean, monsieur, to doubt my word?” Lucien’s blood was rising.

“Doubt your word!” retorted the Marquis, with a satirical smile. “Can I believe it against the evidence of my own senses?”

Lucien controlled himself and said, as calmly as he was able:

“Will you oblige me, Marquis, by stating under what circumstances this meeting took place?”

“Willingly,” was Lacordaire’s reply. “The place was, as I have said, the *Salon*——”

“The hour?”

“Half-past eleven.”

“Impossible!” exclaimed Lucien; “at that hour I was in bed and asleep.”

The Marquis walked toward the window, probably to conceal his rage at what seemed to him the most audacious of falsehoods.

“Continue, Marquis,” said Lucien. “Can you inform me how *I* was dressed at the time of this meeting?”

“Precisely,” replied Lacordaire, “in the same clothes which you now have on. But pshaw!” he cried, interrupting himself. “How *could* you have forgotten? A man does not break the bank at *rouge et noir* without remembering it for the rest of his lifetime. Allow me, monsieur, to congratulate you upon the acquisition of twenty thousand louis—such, I believe, were your enormous winnings last night—and to take my departure. Henceforth our acquaintance will terminate, as you seem to desire.”

The Marquis moved toward the door. Lucien sprang forward and seized his arm.

“For Heaven’s sake, Lacordaire, tell me that I am not mad or dreaming. You have mentioned the sum of twenty thousand louis—the very amount which I

found yonder in the handkerchief upon my table when I awoke this morning!"

"There is nothing strange in this," said the Marquis, "nor can I understand your agitation. It is the exact sum of money which, by the most extraordinary run of luck I have ever witnessed, you made last evening."

"But I swear to you by our old friendship, by everything sacred, that for a year past I have not touched a card, or staked a single sou upon any game of chance."

"My dear fellow," exclaimed the Marquis, his face brightening after a moment's reflection, "I understand it all now; the mystery is explained! Do you remember," he went on, "the visit we paid, two years ago, to my chateau in Brittany? Can you recall our heavy games of *ecarte* on one especial evening? Have you forgotten how I was awakened by a noise in the chamber adjoining mine—the one which you occupied—at four o'clock in the morning, several hours after we had both retired for the night? Well, Lucien, what did I find there? Was it not yourself, seated at the same table which we had lately quitted, playing *ecarte* with an imaginary partner? And when I spoke to you no notice was taken of my words; *you were sound asleep, Lucien*. Have you forgotten all this?"

"You mean——" stammered Lucien, in a bewildered way.

"I mean that you were in the same somnambulistic condition last night. beyond a doubt, my friend. The master-passion, against which you struggled successfully in your waking hours, gained the victory over you in sleep. There are stranger instances on record concerning sleep-walkers than even this my dear Lucien; but the marvellous luck which attended your play last night makes the whole affair difficult of credence. Were it not for my experience of your somnambulism at the chateau, I, for one, would doubt the matter strongly, I assure you."

Two weeks later an interview took place at the Hotel Grandinot, in Paris, between Lucien Champsey and his uncle. The words of the old Count, at its conclusion, are all that it will be necessary to repeat:

"I am satisfied, Lucien," he said, warmly pressing his nephew's hand, "that you have now fairly relinquished your life of dissipation and folly. As for the almost incredible accident by which three-quarters of your fortune have been restored to you, I can only

congratulate you upon such unparalleled good luck, and give my consent to the marriage between Andrée and my nephew. I find that her love is deeper and more sincere than I at first believed; this separation has filled Andrée's spirits with a gloom and melancholy that threatens seriously to impair her health. It is useless for me to hold out longer—and, indeed, Lucien, I feel that your reformation of life merits, as its reward, the hand of your cousin."

Not long after this reconciliation between uncle and nephew a brilliant wedding reception took place at the Hotel Grandinot.

At present, with the exception of an occasional visit to Paris during the winter months, the Viscount de Champsey and his beautiful young wife pass their days at a chateau in Normandy, which constituted a part of Andrée's bridal dower. Rumor says that they are a model of conjugal happiness; and if the world speaks correctly in this matter, we must agree that the old proverb, "Lucky at cards, unlucky in love," is not always to be considered an infallible axiom.



THE DESERTED HUT, AND WHAT I SAW THERE.

I WAS lost, there could no longer be a doubt upon the subject. The forest road, which I had been following for the last hour, suddenly terminated in a tangled swamp; and the last rays of the sun were slowly gliding from the topmost twigs of the gloomy evergreens surrounding it.

I bitterly repented my own foolishness in rejecting the advice of mine host of the preceding night, who had advised me to wait until the following day, when his son would pilot me through the forest I was forced to traverse, and when, beside, my poor horse might have sufficiently recovered from his fatigue to be able to proceed.

The situation was serious. The season was so far advanced as to render the prospect of a night beneath the open sky disagreeable, if not absolutely dangerous; and among the animals above-mentioned were a plentiful sprinkle of wolves, catamounts, and bears, with an occasional panther, as formidable an opponent, when enraged, as its congener of the Indian jungle.

All at once I perceived, through the gathering

gloom, the approach of some moving object, which a brief scrutiny convinced me was a female form, clothed in light, fluttering garments. I hastened towards her, shouting and waving my hand. To my great surprise, she neither paused nor even turned her head, although I was quite sure that she must have heard me, as the distance was not more than five or six rods.

"She must be deaf," muttered I, and attempted to run, in order to overtake her, but I found the underbrush so dense, and tangled with vines, as to render haste impossible. "How the deuce does she get on so fast?" asked I, peevishly, as I found the attempt to diminish the distance between myself and the woman entirely useless.

I hastened on as rapidly as possible, always keeping the fluttering garments of my guide in view, until we suddenly emerged from the forest into a small clearing with a cabin in its midst.

"Thank heaven!" said I aloud. "Here is actually a house, and my deaf companion has probably already entered, as she is nowhere in sight. I hope she may prove more hospitable than she is quick at hearing."

Judge then of my surprise, when, on arriving in front of the cabin, I discovered it to be an uninhabited ruin, without door or window, or any sign of recent occupancy.

I entered, and looked about me. Upon the hearth a little heap of pallid ashes showed where a fire had been; and beside it still stood a low rocking-chair; that must once have been the familiar seat of the woman who had called this deserted hut her home. A bed, a table, and a few coarse articles of household use stood about; but all were weather-stained, covered with mould and dust, and dropping with decay. I looked about me with a shudder, and hastily retreated to the open air.

But the woman who had led me hither! Where was she? I peered earnestly into the forest, where now the night shadows gathered dense and close, and seemed creeping out on every side to invade the little clearing, and make headquarters of the deserted hut. Except the shadows, nothing was to be seen, although far in the wood something like a light garment seemed flitting from one dense thicket to another; or it might have been but the waving of the poplar leaves, or the swaying branches of the silver birch.

Clearly I must remain in the hut for the night; and I fought hard to convince myself that the repugnance I felt to so doing was but an unreasonable whim, unworthy of the least attention.

"No, I will stay here, and I will make myself very comfortable, and even jolly, in spite of all the presentiments and will-o'-the-wisps in creation," said I, aloud, and throwing my knapsack upon the mouldy bed, I looked about me for the materials of a fire. Kindling-stuff was soon obtained from some of the old chairs; and having broken one of them into suitable fragments, I went out, and soon collected a sufficient supply of branches and dead wood to keep a good fire all night.

As I returned toward the house, with my burden in my arms, I mechanically raised my eyes, and started so violently as to nearly throw down my whole load.

In the doorway of the cabin, looking earnestly towards me, stood the figure of the woman, in her light fluttering dress, her pale and beautiful face distinctly visible against the dark background of the interior.

"This, at least, is no delusion," thought I, and keeping my eyes steadily fixed upon the figure, I slowly approached the house, my forgotten faggot of wood closely clasped in my arms.

I had traversed perhaps half the distance, and was within two rods of the house, when the woman, whose eyes I could now plainly feel fixed upon my own with a mournful earnestness, slowly retreated backward into the house. Never removing my gaze from the doorway, I hurried on, and entered not a moment after.

The place was as bare, as lonely, as utterly untenanted, as when I first set foot in it.

A heavy shudder ran through my frame, and the first impulse was to turn and fly to the wood, to the night—anywhere, away from this mystery, this mocking delusion. The next moment, however, a dogged determination to see the end of the affair seized upon me. I felt all my courage revive, mingled with a sort of angry contempt, both of myself and the unknown agent of my discomfiture.

"If it is some one trying to frighten me, he or she will find it is not such an easy matter; and if it is——"

So far I spoke, and then my voice died away; for, as truly as I breathe and speak this moment, I felt a cold, soft hand gently laid across my mouth, as if to arrest the words already formed upon my lips. I staggered backward, but the next instant sprang forward, with both arms extended, and grasping for some substance in the direction whence the hand had seemed to come. They encountered nothing but the empty air; and, indeed my own eyes sufficiently

showed me that I was alone in the place. For a moment I stood as stupefied; but in the next I recovered myself, and proceeded in the line of action upon which I had previously resolved.

The heavy door of the cabin still lay upon the floor, where it had apparently fallen when time and damp had eaten through its hinges. This I raised into its place, and secured it there by dragging a high-backed settle across it. Next I closed the window, by hanging one of the bed coverings upon two nails, driven into the logs just above it, and securing it at the bottom by setting an old chest upon the end which lay upon the floor. Next I minutely examined the walls by the light of a pine torch, selected from among my supply of fuel, and kindled with the aid of some dried leaves and my pocket match-box. With this torch I minutely examined the interior of the cabin in every direction. Nothing could be simpler in its construction. Above, the roof, formed of pine saplings, covered with bark; below was a floor of hard-beaten earth; around the sides, four walls of logs, whole on three sides, and on the fourth pierced by the door and a small square window. Opposite the door, the fireplace, where already a merry blaze curling up the chimney, closed that means either of entrance or egress. Clearly nothing could now enter or leave the cabin without my knowledge; and, if it were anything human, not without my consent.

As this thought defiantly shaped itself into my mind a heavy sigh, close behind me, seemed to reply, and a breath of ice-cold air swept my cheek. I turned suddenly, and not only searched with my eyes through every corner of the now brilliantly-lighted cabin, but swept the air with my extended arms, in every direction. Nothing, nothing, either for sight or touch to seize upon; and again I shivered and slunk nearer to my fire, that most human and most sympathetic with men of all the elements. I sat beside my fire then, and the fire renewed my courage, and my proud incredulity of danger.

"Sigh, now; put your hand upon my mouth; look at me with your great mournful dark eyes, or wave your white hand! I do not care—I am not afraid. This house is mine to-night, and you shall not drive me from it," cried I, aloud, and looked defiantly about me.

Was it the wind, sweeping about the deserted hut—was it the blaze, crackling in the chimney—was it the rising storm, exulting in its mad glee? Heaven knows, not I; but no sound was plainer to me than

the shout of derisive laughter which seemed to peal from a man's deep lungs, just outside the curtained window, and then die away in the sweep of the stormy wind.

I started to my feet, rushed to the window, and, tearing away the curtain, thrust my head and half my body out at the opening. As I did so, a flash of lightning spread through the heavens, throwing a vivid and ghastly light over the whole scene. I swept the clearing with a piercing gaze. Absolutely nothing—nothing but the brown grass, the stunted bushes, the forest tossing its myriad arms wildly against the ink-black sky. Above, the thunder pealed ominously as the war-cry of the infernal powers, whom I now believe let loose upon me.

"Heaven help me!" muttered I, at last, and carefully readjusted the curtain; but had hardly done so, when around the edge of it crept the tips of four slender, white fingers, which drew it gently aside, until, tearing from its hold at the top, it dropped, showing me—framed in the window opening, and thrown forward from the black night behind her—the figure of the woman, her dark hair, swept by the storm, about her pallid face, her dark eyes fixed mournfully upon my own.

With a final effort I sprang forward and grasped at the hand still holding the edge of the curtain. For an instant I felt it—a woman's cold, ice-cold hand, clasped, within my own—but the next it was gone; not withdrawn, but melting within my grasp, as if suddenly resolved to the elements. At the same moment the figure disappeared—when, how, or by what process, I know not.

It was gone; and, half mechanically, I applied myself to replacing the curtain, which I did not accomplish without difficulty, for my right hand, which had grasped that of the apparition, as I now consented to call it, was numb, cold, and nearly useless.

Seating myself once more beside the fire, I took from my knapsack a flask of brandy and some food, for I was faint with exhaustion and emotion. I ate my supper, not with relish, but yet with a certain satisfaction; and the flask of brandy I drained to the last drop.

Then I arranged my knapsack as a pillow, piled my heaviest logs upon the fire, stretched myself before it, and while listening to the wild roar of the storm, I fell into a heavy sleep. How long this lasted I cannot tell, but I was awakened by a sense of intolerable cold. It seemed as if the blood had frozen in my

veins, my heart had ceased to beat, and all animation was suspended, save just sufficient to allow me to realize that I was suffering excessively.

My first conscious emotion was surprise at this terrible chill, for the fire still burned fiercely, and I lay not six feet distant from it. But the next moment I became conscious that I was not alone. A sound of whispering voices behind me, and the light rustle of a woman's garments were plainly audible, and I slowly turned my head towards the sound.

There she stood, pale and beautiful, as I had before seen her, but with a look of intense love in the great eyes, now uplifted to the face of a young man, around whose neck her arms were tightly clasped, while his head was bent so closely over hers as quite to conceal his features. They seemed in the act of leave-taking, and the passionate embrace and kiss which I had surprised, was not yet done when the door flew violently open, and a tall, middle-aged man, in hunter's dress, carrying a rifle, and followed by a hound, entered the hut.

In an instant all was confusion. A piercing shriek from the lips of the woman rang through the place; her lover sought in his bosom for an instant, and then, obeying the gestures and frantic cries of the woman, he fled precipitately into the night, pursued by the dog. The hunter uttered a horrible curse, and would have started in pursuit, but the woman had already closed the door, and now stood against it, her face set in a sort of terrified defiance, as she raised it to the fierce wrath of the hunter, who stood gazing at her a moment, with a frightful expression of rage, despair, and love upon his rugged features; and then drawing his hunting-knife from his belt, slowly approached, and holding it upraised a moment, looked down into her eyes which looked as steadily up to his.

The hunter slowly raised his right hand still higher, and while the dilated eyes of the unresisting victim steadily watched its movement, the blade flashed in a sudden descending curve, and was sheathed within her heart.

The blow was followed by a short, gasping cry, not of terror, but of bodily anguish; and as the murderer withdrew his weapon, the body fell heavily to the ground, where it lay, with the wide-open black eyes staring up a dumb accusation, and the bright blood welling out and creeping slowly on in a little stream, until it reached and bathed the murderer's feet. He stood quite still, leaning on his rifle, and looking down at his work—not carelessly or savagely,

but with the air of a man who feels that he has taken a terrible justice into his own hands, and that his conscience acquits him of blame in the matter.

He still stood thus, and the life-blood of the beautiful woman whom he had slain lay a great red pool about his feet, when from the forest without was heard the voice of the great hound in furious outcry, mingled with the strangled cries and shouts of a man. The hunter listened for a moment and smiled grimly.

"Venom has him, and won't leave him while there is life," muttered he.

The human cries grew weaker, those of the brute fiercer, until of a sudden both stopped; and, after an interval, a long, melancholy howl from the hound seemed to announce, and at the same time lament, his victory.

"He's dead," whispered the hunter; and a sudden tremor seized and shook his heavy frame.

Staggering to a seat, he leaned his elbows upon his knees, and covered his face with both hands, while from his broad chest broke a storm of terrible sobs.

The emotion of the man exhausted itself at last, or rather changed its demonstrations. He rose and went, with feeble steps, to kneel beside the terrible calm accuser, whose fixed eyes seemed to dwell forever upon his own. He tried to close them, but the stiffened lids refused to move. He smoothed the long, dark hair, he kissed the pale, still lips, he folded the hands upon the breast, and decently composed the limbs to rest. Kneeling there beside the dead, when all was done, and looking steadfastly down into the calm face, which looked as steadfastly back to his, it seemed to me that this man, at once so terribly injured and so terribly avenged, went over in his mind the history of his life; and as the events chronicled themselves in his memory, by some subtle process of sympathetic communication, they chronicled themselves in my consciousness, and there remained, when all was over, a clear and connected history, whose end lay at that moment before my eyes.

I knew, as if I had been told, that this hunter, a lonely and gloomy man, had set his strong heart upon the woman who now lay dead before him, then a fresh and innocent girl in her father's distant home; that he had won her, half reluctant, and all untried in life or love as she was, at her father's hand, and had brought her here to the wilderness, where his lonely and savage tastes had led him to live. I knew that she had pined for home, for the gayety of her young

companions, for the free and joyous life of her girlhood, not yet passed away ; that she had grown at last to fear and shun, as far as she might, the stern and silent man whom she had married ; and she shed, in secret, many a tear, until at last the beauty, that at first had glowed in the dusky cabin like the richest blossom of the summer time, waned and paled, until it was but that of the lily drooping upon its stem, and fading before its time.

Then came the gay young kinsman of the bride, who, on his return from a distant voyage, missed the pretty playmate of his boyhood—the half hoped-for bride of his manhood ; and nothing could please or satisfy him until he had seen her sweet face once more, and made sure that she was happy in her new home. He came, and she, poor innocent, thought it no harm to let the new life he brought with him beam from her once more blooming face, ring from her altered voice, shine in her dark, wonderful eyes. The kinsman marked it, and his heart beat high with the old love he had thought crushed and broken forever. The husband saw it, and all the gloom and ferociousness of his nature darkened into a terrible and relentless purpose. But he watched and waited.

I knew, for I felt the memory tearing at his heart, that he had left them alone long, summer days, while he went out ostensibly to hunt in the forest, but soon returning, laid in wait, where he could watch the door of his own cabin, and the outgoings and the incomings, the long, sweet hours of murmured talk beneath the forest shadows, the growing consciousness of something in either heart that should not, must not be spoken ; the effort to control the rising passion, that in the end swept all before it ; the wild love, that in itself was sad despair ; the temptation to flee together ; the struggle that conquered that temptation ; the resolve to part—to part forever ; the anguish of the leave-taking—ah ! I knew, I felt it all, as he, kneeling there, went over the terrible tragedy, step by step, and saw for the first time, many a thing in its true light, which before he had warped and twisted to a blacker meaning than it should have borne.

And now she lay before him dead—the woman he had loved with a passion as stern and strong as hatred.

And his rival ? I think the terrible strength of his love and of his vengeance towards that pale corpse at his feet had crushed out all memory of him. He knew that the fierce brute, whom he had trained to share his hate and his love, had avenged both the one and

the other; and he was content that it should be so, hardly spending a second thought upon the fate of dog or man. The end—the end of all—had come, and the fierce excitement that for months had strung his whole existence, and given tone to his very being, had culminated into this the first hour of revulsion, which must be as terrible in its excess as had been the previous emotion.

At last he rose, and as he uncovered his face, I shuddered to see the work the one hour had wrought upon it. Vengeance had already overtaken him, and marked him as her own.

Close to where she lay he made her grave; fashioned it with care and skill, there in the midst of the home which now she should nevermore desert.

When all was ready, he raised her in his arms, kissed once more the cold lips, which now could neither reject nor return the caress, strained her in a wild embrace, until her heart's blood moistened his own breast, and then he laid her softly down, reverently covered the pale face, that to the last looked back his every look, whether of love, or longing, or wild regret, with the same stern, patient accusation, and heaped the earth upon the quiet form.

When all was done, he took his rifle in his hand, and, softly opening the door, went out into the night. A few moments later, a sharp report rang through the gray twilight of the morning; and then all was still, save the low sobbing of the exhausted storm, as, moaning, it hid itself in the depths of the forest.

The slow twilight broadened into day; and at last I rose, with the slow and cautious movement of one who fears to disturb a sleeper close at hand.

I was not surprised to find the door and window fast, as I had left them, although the hunter had passed out of the door, leaving it open behind him. I turned to the spot where I had seen him lay the dead body of the woman he had loved so well and punished so terribly. A sunken grave was plainly visible by the dull morning light. I knelt beside it, and prayed for the peace of those three souls, gone to judgment, with all their sins upon their heads.

Then I crept softly from the house, and, with the aid of the risen sun, made my way to the point of my destination. But, although I tried, I could not ask a question of those who might have given me the story of the deserted hut. Some inner impulse withheld me, and the words always died unspoken upon my lips. But, after all, what need? Did I not know it already, and know it as surely as if I had been an actor myself in the tragedy rehearsed before mine eyes?

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

"ONCE upon a time," in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, was born Charles Perrault. We pass over his boyhood and youth to the period when, after having long filled the situation of Commissioner of Public Buildings, he fell into disgrace with his patron, the prime minister Colbert, and was obliged to resign his situation. Fortunately he had not been unmindful of prudential economy during the days of prosperity, and had made some little savings, on which he retired to a small house in the Rue St. Jacques, and devoted himself to the education of his children.

About this time he composed his fairy tales. He himself attached little literary importance to productions destined to be handed down to posterity, ever fresh and ever new. He usually wrote in the morning the story for the evening's amusement. Thus were produced in their turn "Cinderella," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Blue Beard," "Puss in Boots," "Riquet with the Tuft," and many other wondrous tales, which men now, forsooth, pretend to call fictions. Charles Lamb knew better. He was looking for books for a friend's child, and when the bookseller, seeing him turn from shelves loaded with Mrs. Trimmer and Mrs. Edgeworth, offered him modern tales of fay and genii, as substitutes for his old favorites, he exclaimed:

"These are not my own true fairy tales."

When surrounded by his grandchildren, Perrault related to them the stories he had formerly invented for his children. One evening, after having repeated for the seventh or eight time the clever tricks of "Puss in Boots," Mary, a pretty little girl of seven years of age, climbed on her grandfather's knee, and giving him a kiss, put her dimpled little hands into the curls of the old man's large wig.

"Grandpapa," said she, "why don't you make beautiful stories for us as you used to do for papa and my uncles?"

"Yes," exclaimed the other children, "dear grandpapa you must make a story entirely for ourselves."

Charles Perrault smiled, but there was a touch of sadness in the smile.

"Ah, dear children," said he, "it is very long since I wrote a fairy tale, and I am not as young as I was then. You see I require a stick to enable me to get along, and am bent almost double, and can walk but

very, very slowly. My eyes are so dim I can hardly distinguish your little merry faces; my ear can hardly catch the sound of your voices; nor is my mind what it was. My imagination has lost its vigor and freshness; memory itself has nearly deserted me; but I love you dearly, and like to give you pleasure. However, I doubt if my poor bald head could now make a fairy tale for you, so I will tell you one which I heard so often from my mother that I think I can repeat it word for word."

The children joyfully gathered round the old man, who passed his hands for a moment across his wrinkled brow, and began the story, as follows:

My mother and your great-grandmother, Madeline Geoffrey, was the daughter of a linen draper, who, at the time I speak of, had been residing for three years in the Rue des Bourdonnais, close to the Cemetery of the Innocents. One evening, having gone alone to vespers at the church of St. Eustace, as she was hastening home to her mother, who had been prevented by illness from accompanying her, she heard a great noise at the top of the street, and looking up saw an immense mob hurrying along, shouting and hooting. As they were then in the midst of the troubles of the Fronde, Madeline in alarm hurried toward the house, and having opened the door by a latch-key, was turning to close it, when she was startled on seeing behind her a woman wrapped in a black mantle holding two children by the hand. This woman rushed past Madeline into the shop, exclaiming:

"In the name of all you hold most dear, save me! Hide me and my children in some corner of your house! However helpless and unfortunate I may appear at this moment, doubt not my power to prove my gratitude to you."

"I should want no reward for helping the distressed," said Madeline, deeply touched by the mother's agony; "but poor protection can this house afford against a brutal mob."

The stranger cast a hurried and tearful glance around; when suddenly uttering a cry of joy, she fixed her eye upon part of the floor almost concealed by the shop counter, and rushing to the spot, exclaimed, "I have it!—I have it!" As she spoke she lifted a trap-door contrived in the floor, opening on a stone staircase which led to a subterranean passage; and snatching up her children in her arms, darted down into the gulf, leaving my mother stupefied with astonishment. But the cries of the mob, who had by this time reached the shop, and were clamorously de-

manding admittance, roused her: and quickly closing the trap-door, she called her father, who came down in great alarm.

After a short parley he opened the door, which they were beginning to force. The mob consisted of two or three hundred miserable tattered wretches, who poured into the house; who, after searching every corner of it without finding anything, were so furious with disappointment, that they seized upon Madeline and her father.

"Deliver up to us the woman we are looking for!" they exclaimed. "She is a vile sorceress—an enemy to the citizens of Paris; she takes the part of the hated Austrian against us: she is the cause of all the famine and misery that is desolating Paris. We must have her and her children, that we may wreak just vengeance on them."

"We know not who you mean," replied my grandfather, who, in truth, was quite ignorant of what had occurred; "we have not seen any one—no one has entered the house."

"We know how to make such obstinate old wretches speak," exclaimed one of the ringleaders.

He seized my mother, and pointing a loaded pistol at her breast, cried:

"The woman! We want the woman!"

At this moment Madeline, being exactly over the trap-door, heard a slight rustle underneath; and fearing that it would betray the stranger's hiding-place, endeavored to drown the noise from below by stamping with her foot, while she boldly replied:

"I have no one to give up to you."

"Well, then, you shall see how it fares with those who dare to resist us!" roared one of the infuriated mob. Tearing off her veil, he seized Madeline by the hair, and pulled her to the ground.

"Speak!" he exclaimed, "or I will drag you through the streets of Paris to the gibbet on the place de la Gréve."

My mother uttered not a word, but silently commended herself to God. What might have been the issue Heaven only knows, had not the citizens in that quarter, on seeing their neighbor's house attacked, hastily armed themselves and dispersed the mob. Madeline's first care was to reassure her almost fainting mother. After which, rejoining her father, she helped him to barricade the door, so as to be prepared for any new incursion, and then began to prepare the supper as usual.

While laying the cloth the young girl debated

whether she should tell her father of the refuge afforded to the stranger by the subterraneous passage; but after a fervent prayer to God, to enable her to act for the best, she decided that it would be more prudent not to expose him to any risk arising from the possession of such a secret. Arming herself, therefore, with all the resolution she could command, she performed her usual household duties; and when her father and mother had retired to rest, and all was quiet in the house, she took off her shoes, and stealing down stairs into the shop, cautiously opened the trap-door and entered the vault with provisions for those who already were indebted to her for life and safety.

"You are a noble girl," said the stranger to her. "What do I not owe to your heroic devotedness and presence of mind? God will reward you in Heaven, and I trust he will permit me to recompense you here below."

Madeline gazed with intense interest on the stranger, as the light in her hand, falling full upon her face, gave to view features whose dignified and majestic expression inspired at the very first glance a feeling of respect. Her long black mantle almost wholly concealed her figure, and a veil was thrown over her head. Her children lay at her feet in a quiet sleep.

"Thanks for the food you have brought," she said to Madeline. "Thanks, dear girl. As for me I cannot eat: but my children have tasted nothing since morning. I will ask you to leave me your light; and now go, take some rest, for surely you must want it after the excitement you have undergone." Madeline looked at her in surprise.

"I should have thought, Madame," said she, "that you would make an effort to find some asylum, if not more secure, at least more comfortable than this."

"Be not uneasy about me, my good girl. When my time is come it will be as easy for me to leave this place as it was to reveal to you the secret of its existence. Good night, my child. Perhaps we may not meet again for some time; but remember, I solemnly promise that I will grant any three wishes you may form."

She motioned to her to retire; and that indescribable air of majesty which accompanied every gesture of the unknown seemed as if it left Madeline no choice but to obey.

Notwithstanding her fatigue, Madeline hardly slept that night. The events of the day had seized hold of her imagination, and she exhausted herself in continued and wondering conjecture. Who could this

woman be, pursued by the populace, and accused of being a sorceress and an enemy to the people? How could she know of a place of concealment of which the inhabitants of the house were ignorant? As vainly did Madeline try to explain her entire composure, the certainty with which she spoke of being able to leave the vault whenever she pleased, and above all, the solemn and mysterious promise she had made to fulfil any three wishes of the young girl.

Had you, my dear children, been in your great-grandmother's place, should you not have been very much excited and very curious? What think you? Would you have slept a bit better than Madeline did? I hardly think you would, if I may judge from those eager eyes.

The whole of the next day Madeline could think of nothing but her secret. Seated behind the counter, in her usual place, she started at the slightest sound. At one moment it seemed to her as if every one who entered the shop must discover the trap door; at the next she expected to see it raised to give egress to the unknown, till, dizzy and bewildered, she scarcely knew whether to believe her whose life she had saved to be a malignant sorceress or a benevolent fairy. Then, smiling at her own folly, she asked herself how a woman, endowed with supernatural power, could need her protection. It is unnecessary to say how long the time appeared to her till she could revisit the subterranean passage, and find herself once more in the presence of the stranger. Thus the morning, the afternoon, and the evening wore slowly away, and it seemed ages to her till her father, mother, and the shopmen were fairly asleep.

As soon as the clock struck twelve she rose, using still more precaution than on the preceding night, opened the trap-door, descended the stone staircase, and entered the subterraneous passage, but found no one. She turned the light in every direction. The vault was empty! the stranger and her children had disappeared! Madeline was almost as much alarmed as surprised; however, recovering herself, she carefully examined the walls of the vault. Not an opening, not a door, not the smallest aperture, was to be seen. She stamped on the ground, but no hollow sound was heard. Suddenly she thought she perceived some written characters on the stone flag. She bent down, and by the light of her lamp read the following words, evidently traced with some pointed instrument:

"Remember, Madeline, that she who owes to thee

the life of her children, promises to grant thee three wishes."

Here Perrault stopped.

"Well, children," said he, "what do you think of this first part of my story, and of your great-grandmother's adventures? What conjectures have you formed as to the mysterious lady?"

"She is a good fairy," said little Mary, "for she can grant three wishes, like the fairy in *Finetta*."

"No, she is a sorceress," objected Louisa. "Did not the people say so? And they would not have wanted to kill her unless she was wicked."

"As for me," replied Joseph, the eldest of the family, "I believe neither in witches nor fairies, for there are no such things. Am I not right, grandpapa?"

Charles Perrault smiled, but contented himself with saying:

"Now, be off to bed. It is getting late. Do not forget to pray to God to make you good children; and I promise, if you are very diligent to-morrow, to finish for you in the evening the wonderful adventures of your great-grandmother."

The children kissed their grandpapa, and went to bed, to dream of Madeline and the fairy.

The next evening, the old man, taking his usual seat in the arm chair, resumed his story without any preamble, though a preamble is generally considered as important by a story-teller as a preface is by the writer of a romance. He spoke as follows:

It would seem that my mother, in her obscure and peaceful life, had nothing to wish for, or that her wishes were all fulfilled as soon as formed; for she not only never invoked the fairy of the vault, but even gradually lost all remembrance of the promises made her by the unknown, and the whole adventure at last faded from her memory. It is true that thirteen years had passed away, and the young girl had become a wife and mother. She had long left the house where the occurrence I have related to you took place, and had come to live in the Rue St. Jacques, where we now reside, though I have since then rebuilt the former tenement.

My father, as you know, was a lawyer. Though of noble birth, he did not think it beneath him to marry the daughter of a shopkeeper, with but a small dowry. He found in Madeline's excellent qualities, her gentleness and beauty, irresistible attractions—and who that knew her could disapprove of his choice? Madeline possessed, in an eminent degree,

that natural refinement of mind and manner which education and a knowledge of the world so often fail to give, while it seems intuitive in some. She devoted herself entirely to the happiness of her husband and her four sons, of whom I was the youngest. My father's income was quite sufficient for all the expenses of our happy family ; for a truly happy family it was, till it pleased God to lay a heavy trial upon us. My father fell ill, and for a whole year was obliged to give up the profits of his situation to provide a substitute ; and he had scarcely begun, after his recovery, to endeavor to repair the losses he had suffered, when a fresh misfortune occurred.

One night, as my mother was lying quietly in bed, with her four little cubs around her, she was awakened by an unusual noise, to behold the house wrapped in flames, which had already almost reached the room in which we were. At this moment my father appeared, and took my eldest brothers in his arms, while my mother had charge of Nicholas and me, who were the two youngest. Never shall I forget this awful moment. The flames crackled and hissed around us, casting a livid hue over the pale faces of my father and mother, who boldly advanced through the fire. With great difficulty they gained the staircase. My father dashed bravely forward. Nicholas, whom my mother held by the hand, screamed violently, and refused to go a step further. She caught him up in her arms, but during the short struggle the staircase had given way, and for a few moments my mother stood paralyzed by despair. But soon the imminent danger roused all the energy of her heroic nature. Your grandmother was no common woman. She immediately retraced her steps, and, firmly knotting the bedclothes together, fastened my brother and myself to them, and letting us down through the window, my father received us in his arms. Her children once saved, my mother thought but little of danger to herself, and she waited in calm self-possession till, a ladder being brought, she was rescued.

This trial was but a prelude to many others. The loss of our house completed the ruin of which my father's illness was but the beginning. He was obliged to dispose of his situation, and take refuge in small lodgings at Chaillot, and there set to work, steadily and cheerfully, to support his family, opening a kind of pleader's office for legal students. But his health soon failed, and he became dangerously ill. My noble-minded mother struggled hard to ward off

the want that now seemed inevitable; but what availed the efforts of one woman to support a sick husband and four children? one night came when we had literally nothing to eat. I shall never forget my mother's face, and the tears which streamed down her cheeks, when one of us cried:

"Mother, we are very hungry."

She now resolved to apply for help to the nuns of Chaillot; a step which, to her independent spirit, was a far greater trial than to brave the threats of the mob or the fury of the flames. But what is there too hard for a mother who has heard her children ask for food which she had not to give them? With sinking heart, and cheek now pale, now crimson from the struggle within her, she presented herself at the convent, and timidly made known her desire to speak with the superior. Her well-known character procured her instant admission, and her tale once told, obtained for her much kindly sympathy and some relief. As she was passing through the cloisters on her way back, she was startled by a voice suddenly demanding—

"Art thou not Madeline Perrault?"

My mother started; the tones of that voice found an echo in her memory, and, though thirteen years had elapsed since she had heard it, she recognized it to be that of the being whom her husband was wont to call her "Fairy." She turned round, and as the pale moonbeams, that were now struggling through the long, dim aisle, fell upon the well-remembered, stately form, in its black garb and flowing mantle, it seemed to Madeline's excited imagination to be indeed a being of some other world.

"I made thee a promise," said the unknown; "didst thou doubt my power, that thou hast never invoked my aid?"

My mother crossed herself devoutly, now convinced that she was dealing with a supernatural being. The phantom smiled at her awe-struck look, and resumed:

"Yet fear not; you have but to name three wishes, and my promise is still sure—they shall be granted."

"My husband—oh, if he were but once more well."

"I say not that to give life or healing is within my province to bestow. God alone holds in his hands the issues of life and death. Say what else lies near thine heart."

"Bread for my husband and children. Save them and me from beggary and want."

"This is but one wish, and I would grant two more."

"I ask not—wish not for more."

"Be it so, then, Madeline Perrault; hold yourself in readiness to obey the orders that shall reach you before twelve hours have passed over your head."

And she disappeared from Madeline's sight as suddenly as she had appeared to her.

My mother returned home in considerable agitation, and told my father all that had occurred. He tried to persuade her that the whole scene had been conjured up by her own excited imagination. But my mother persisted in repeating that nothing could be real if this was but fancy; and they passed a sleepless night in bewildering conjectures.

Early the next day a carriage stopped at the door, and a footman announced to my mother that it was sent to convey her and her family to a place appointed by one whose summons there was good reason they should obey. No question could extract from him any further information. You may well fancy how long my father and mother debated as to the prudence of obeying the mysterious summons. But curiosity at last prevailed, and, to the unmixed delight of the children of the party, we all got into the carriage, which took the road to Paris, and drove on rapidly till we reached the Rue St. Jacques, where it drew up before a new house; and as the servant opened the carriage door and let down the steps, my father perceived that it occupied the site of his house which had been burned down.

Our little party was met in the entrance by a deputation of the civic authorities, who welcomed my father to his house, and congratulated him on being reinstated in the situation he had so long held with such credit to himself, and, as they were pleased to add, to themselves as members of the body to which he was such an honor.

My father stood as if in a dream, while my mother shed tears of joy and gratitude. A letter was now handed to her, and hastily breaking the seal, she read:

"Madeline, hast thou still a wish? Speak, and it shall be gratified."

"Only that I may be allowed to see my benefactress, to pour out at her feet my heart's gratitude."

And at the instant the door opened, and the unknown appeared. Madeline, with clasped hands, darted suddenly forward; then, as suddenly checking herself, uttered some incoherent words, broken by sobs.

"Madeline," said the lady, "I have paid but a small part of the debt I owe you. But for you, a ferocious mob would have murdered me and my children. To you I owe lives dearer to me than my own. Do not

deem me ungrateful in so long appearing to have forgotten you. It has pleased our Heavenly Father to visit me also with heavy trials. Like you, I have seen my children in want of food which I had not to give, and without a spark of fire to warm their chilled limbs. But more: my husband was traitorously put to death, and I have been myself proscribed. When you rescued me, they were hunting me like a wild beast, because I refused to take part against the son of my brother. But brighter days have dawned. My son is restored to the throne of his fathers, and Henrietta of England can now pay the debt of gratitude she owes Madeline Perrault."

"But how can poor Madeline ever pay the debt she owes?" exclaimed my mother.

"By sometimes coming to visit me in my retreat at Chaillot; for what has a queen without a kingdom, a widow weeping for her murdered husband, a mother forever separated from her children—what has she any more to do with the world whose nothingness she has so sadly experienced? To know that amid my desolation I have made one being happy, will be soothing to me, and your children's innocent merriment perchance may beguile some lonely hours. Henceforth, Madeline, our intercourse will not bear the romantic character that has hitherto marked it, and which chance, in the first instance, and afterward a whim of mine, has made it assume. By accident I was led to take refuge in your house in the Rue des Bourdonnais, and instantly recollected it as the former abode of Ruggieri, my mother's astrologer. His laboratory was the vault which doubtless you have not forgotten, and the entrance to which was as well known to me as the subterraneous passage by which I left it, and which led to the Cemetery of the innocents. Last night I heard all you said to the superior, and was about to inquire directly of yourself, when, seeing the effect of my sudden appearance, I was induced to play the fairy once more. The instant you left me I put in requisition the only fairy wand I possessed, and money soon placed at my disposal the house which I have the happiness of making once again your own. You know now my secret, but though no fairy, I have still some influence, and you shall ever have in me a firm friend and protectress." And from that time the queen never lost an opportunity of serving my mother and her family, and it is to her I owe the favor and patronage of the Minister Colbert.

"And now, children," said Perrault, "how do you like my last fairy tale?"

AMONG SHARPS.

IN February, last year, I came to London for the day, on business which took me into the city. Having accomplished the purpose of my visit more quickly than I expected, I was strolling leisurely along St. Paul's Churchyard, with the view of working my way into the Strand. The time of day was something after twelve at noon, and of all the busy stream of people that flowed cityward or ebbd past me, it seem'd that I was the only loiterer. A man, however, walking nearly as slowly as I, seeing me smoking as he passed, at last stopped and asked me for a light. I gave him a match. He fell back a little out of the stream of traffic into the shelter of a shop-window corner, to light his cigar in peace. He was a short man, about six and thirty, with brown beard and whiskers, face a trifle marked with small-pox, well-dressed, of gentlemanly appearance, and spoke with a strong (indeed, much too strong) American twang.

As I continued my stroll I soon became aware that I was followed by this gentleman. The slower I walked, the slower he walked. It is not comfortable to be followed—so I pulled up to let him pass. Instead of doing so, he no sooner came up with me than he pulled up, too.

He set his head just a thought out of the perpendicular, and looking me full in the face, said, "Guess this is a tall city? Rather tangled to get about in, though? Now, it ain't like Philadelphia, where our critters knew what they was going at before they begun to build, and ruled all the streets straight ahead in right lines. No, sir."

"No?" I said, curtly, and was moving on.

"No, sir," he continued, walking by my side, "and it's useless for a stranger in yure city to give his mind to going anywhere, for he ain't likely to get there. Now, if it ain't re-ude of a stranger asking it, because he *is* a stranger, (and *we* know how to treat strangers in our country, sir,) where air you going to? Happen you can put me in the way where I'm goin' to."

"I am making for the Strand," I said; "If your way lies in that direction, I can show it you; if not, I can tell you how to find it."

"Just where I'm castin' about to get to," he returned; "my moorins is at a hotel opposite Somerset House, and as soon as I get into the Strand, I can fix myself right up. So I'll just couple on to you."

I allowed him to do so. I hinted that I had no wish to show discourtesy to a citizen of that great nation to which he belonged. My companion had plenty to say. He rattled on about the States being this and the States being that, so that it was needless for me to do any more talking than an occasional interjection of surprise or satisfaction, each of which was acknowledged with a Yes, sir, or a No, sir, completely final. He told me that he had only been in England for a fortnight—just taken a run over to see the old country—and should be back in Noo York again in a couple of months.

When we had passed through Temple Bar, I told him he could be in no further doubt as to his way, since he was now in the Strand.

"I'm considerable obliged," he said. "I'll do as much for you, when you come to Noo York. But you ain't going to part company like that?"

I had freed my arm and held out my hand to wish him good-morning.

"You'll just do a spell?" he continued.

"A what?" said I.

"Do I not make myself clear to the British intellect? Reckon you'll liquor?"

No, I reckoned I had rather be excused.

"Wal," he said, chewing his cigar so that it assumed a rotary motion, and its point described a circle over his face. "Wal, sir, it's a custom we hev in our country, and we think it rather scaly manners to refuse. Reckon you Britishers do *not* think it scaly to slight a friend's hospitality in the street. *We du.*"

As he persisted in regarding my refusal almost in the light of a personal insult, and would not listen to any explanation that we do not regard the declining of "drinks" in a similar light in our own country, I yielded the point.

We retraced our steps a short distance and entered a wine store on the city side of Temple Bar, a very respectable place, where wines are drawn from the wood. Small round marble tables and light chairs are dispersed about the shop for the convenience of customers. Here my companion compounded a drink of soda water and gin and lemon and ginger, of which he wished me to partake. I declined the mixture and took a glass of sherry. We might have sat five minutes, when a tall and important-looking person-

age lounged into the wine shop. As he entered, he cast a supercilious look upon all the occupants of the tables; then, raising his head, he removed his cigar and emitted a long column of smoke from his lips as a contemptuous verdict of lofty disapproval on the society he had joined. He was well-dressed—irreproachably, so far as the quality and cut of his clothes were concerned: but they seemed to assert that conscious independence of their wearer that new clothes will assert over a person who has been up all night. His black hair and small mustache were scrupulously well-arranged, but his eyes blinked in the daylight, seemingly for want of a night's rest.

He sauntered up to our table and emitted another superior column of smoke over our heads.

"Know this swell?" my Yankee friend whispered. I shook my head.

"Thought he might be a member of yure Congress, or a tailor's advertisement, or some other nob."

There was a spare chair at our table, and the person thus irreverently alluded to, after some time spent in mentally estimating the relative merits of the other vacant chairs, appeared to prevail on himself to take it and sit down.

"Spree last night," he condescended to say presently. "Champagne supper and things till all was blue."

"Very pretty tippie," said my American friend.

"Ya-as. Then coming home with some fellahs, we saw a Hansom waiting outside a doctor's door, and we chained the man's cab to an iron post."

"Man cuss much?"

"Bay Jove, ya-as. Doctor damning the cabman, and swearing he should be late, cabby cutting into his horse like forty thousand, and couldn't tell what was up."

"Will yeu liquor?" inquired my American friend.

"No; 'pon m' word, you know—you'll allow me. Waiter, bottle of champagne!"

"Wal, reckon I'm not particular, so as we du liquor. (Original Champagne Charlie," the American whispered to me.)

The swell put his hand in his breast-pocket and carelessly drew out a roll of notes, one of which he changed to pay for the champagne.

My American friend nudged me and raised his eyebrows.

"You'll excuse me, stranger," he said, "but if I was in yure place I would take care of those notes and not keep them in a breast-pocket, nor yet flash 'em about."

"Oh," said the swell, "I always carry 'em so."

"Then, maybe, you don't live in London, *sir*?"

"Oh, bay Jove, no. The fact is, my uncle has lately died and left me a fine property down in Essex, and till the lawyers have settled up, I came to have a flutter in town."

"Then you'll excuse me once again, but if I was in yure place, I wouldn't flutter my notes," and the American appealed to me for justification.

"Ye see you never know what company you may be in."

I thought *I* knew what company *I* was in, but I didn't say so.

"Aw! for that matter," said the swell, "I know I am always safe in the company of gentlemen."

"That's correct. But heow do you tell a gentleman from a coon?"

"Well, I think a man's a gentleman—aw—if he's got money in his pocket."

"Happen you're right. But heow much money must a man have in his pocket to prove him a gentleman?"

"Nothing less than five pund," said the swell.

"Wal, I dunno. Bnt for my part, I shouldn't like you to think you were ta kin' with any one but a g'n'tleman, as far as I'm concerned," and my American friend produced his purse.

"Aw," said the swell, before he opened it, "bay Jove, I'll bet you a new hat, you haven't got five pund in your purse."

"Done with you!" said my esteemed friend.

And on exhibiting his purse, he showed nearly thirty sovereigns, as well as I could judge.

"Aw, then I've lost, and I owe you a hat. Aw, here is my card."

He handed it to us both. Frederick Church, Esquire, I was impressed with the notion that the faces of both these men were somehow familiar to me.

The American nudged me again, and bestowed upon me an encouraging wink.

"Reckon now you won't bet my friend here he hasn't got five sovereigns about him?"

He nudged me again.

"Ya-as, I will," said Mr. Church, languidly. "I often do it for a lark. I am generally about right twice out of three times."

I said that I didn't bet.

"Aw, well, some people don't. I wouldn't persuade anybody, I'm sure. Sure to lose in the long run. Bay Jove, I know *I* do. But just for the sport

of the thing, I don't mind standing a new hat if you've got five pund about you. Your friend shall be a witness. It's all right, you know, among gentlemen."

I produced my purse. It contained about seven pounds in gold and silver. I also had about me a gold watch and chain, a ring or two, and a shirt pin. I observed just the faintest sign of an interchange of intelligence between my companions.

"Ah, lost again," Mr. Church remarked; "well, can't be helped. Another bottle of champagne."

This bottle my American friend insisted on paying for. I drank very little.

"Really, you know," Mr. Church remarked over the new bottle, "most singular thing—aw—three fellows, perfect strangers, should meet like this—and all of us strange to London. Bay Jove. You're from the North, (I had told them so, which was true,) I'm from the East, and our friend and American brother, aw, if I may call him so, is from the West. Tell you what. As soon as ever the lawyers have done up my business, you shall both come down to my place in Essex and see me. Jolly good welcome, and deuced good shooting. You shoot, of course?"

"Sheute! Wal, a small piece. I was lieutenant in General Sherman's army for three years, and very pretty sheutin' we had. Conclude you mean rifle sheutin'?"

"Oh, no; shooting game," Mr. Church explained.

"Yeu don't du rifle sheutin', then?"

"Bay Jove, no. I only shoot pheasants and partridges, and all that sort of thing."

"Reckon yu're a good shot, perhaps?"

"No, nothing uncommon."

"Wal, how many times d'yu conclude yu'd hit the bull's-eye out of 'twenty *with* a rifle?"

"Oh, aw, I suppose sixteen, said Mr. Church.

"Bet yeu ten dollars yeu don't hit it fourteen."

"Done."

"Very good, *sir*. My friend here shall be umpire." This was I.

"Oh, no; hang it. He's a friend of yours—that's not fair. Have the landlord."

Thus Mr. Church.

The American explained that the landlord could not leave his business, and that I was only an acquaintance of half an hour, and could not be prejudiced either way. So, with some apparent reluctance, Mr. Church consented.

The next thing was, where should we go "to sheute

off the affair," as my American friend put it. "I know there's a place Westminster way," he said. "I know there is, 'cause the volunteers sheute there."

I told him no; the volunteers did not shoot at Westminster, but only paraded.

"I mean a gallery," he said, "I know I had a shente there with one or tew volunteers last week; but I couldn't find the place again."

"Call a cab," suggested Church. "Cabby'll be sure to know."

"Where to, sir?" the cabman asked Church.

"Westminster Palace Hotel," he replied.

I was in a cab with two men whose object was to rob me, and I was being driven whither they directed. However, I was not going to be cowed at riding alone with two thieves through the crowded London streets in broad day, and I was bent on disappointing them. As we rode on, they pretended ignorance of the various buildings we passed. I pointed out Somerset House, the Charing Cross Hotel, National Gallery, Whitehall, etc.

Arrived at Westminster, Mr. Church dismissed the cab. We could walk the rest of the way, he said, and the cabman had told him where the shooting-gallery was. The two walked one on either side of me. We came to a dirty back street immediately behind the Westminster Palace Hotel, down that, and to the right—a dirtier street still. I said this was a strange situation for a shooting-gallery. "It was all right when you got there," Mr. Church said; "it was kept very snug."

At the lower end of this street, I was not at all ill-pleased to see a policeman talking to a woman. I tried my utmost to catch his eye as we passed, but without success. We turned down a third street of slimy houses, with here and there the filthy red curtain of a low public house. Sharp round the corner into a blind alley. A dank, greasy brick wall blocked the other end of the place, so I knew we had reached our destination. Scarcely more than one of the dilapidated wooden houses in the alley showed outward signs of being tenanted; decayed shutters were nailed up to the windows; the whole frontage was smothered in filth and grime. The most villanous-looking public-house I ever set my eyes on was the last house but one, nearest the wall.

"That's the gallery," said Church.

"Reckon it is," said my American friend. "That's the identical crib where I made some fine sheutin' last week. Come along."

I followed them to the door. A woman went out as they entered. "Go and fetch —— and ——," two names I could not catch, I overheard Church whisper. The men went in first. I following. The beershop bar was a filthy room, about six feet square, on the right as we entered, with only a window to serve beer through. The passage was long. About three yards down it was a partition with a half-door, very strong. I saw, too, that it had a strong hasp or catch to it, without a handle, so that, once past that, a victim was shut in like a mouse in a trap. I stopped there.

"Come along, and look sharp," said my American friend, with less twang than before; "here's the gallery," and he opened a door on the left.

I looked in at that open door. I saw a strong room or cell, seven feet square, as near as I can judge—nothing but bare brick walls, no window (it was lighted for the moment from the passage,) and deep sawdust on the floor. Both the men were beside the door, standing half in light, half in shadow.

"Harry the Maid, and Churcher," I said, "I know you both. It won't do, and you have lost some valuable time!" I slammed the half-door to gain a moment's time from pursuit, and took to my heels. I had been in the court at Worcester when these two men were tried for card sharpening. I never slackened speed until I came upon the policeman, who was still talking to the woman.

"Policeman," I said, "I think I can put you on two people you want, perhaps—Harry the Maid, and Churcher."

"Harry the Maid," he replied, "is the greatest card sharper in England, and Churcher is the tip-top of skittle sharps; but that's not their only trade."

I told him of my adventure, and how I had tried to arrest his attention as I passed.

"Look you here, sir," he said, "as you've got away alive, and with your clothes on, from those two, just you be very thankful for having done well, and don't ask for anything more. If you *had* caught my eye as you passed, I wouldn't have gone into that crib after you—no, nor yet if there had been two more along with me. If we want a man out of that place, we go ten and a dozen strong; and even then it's a risk."

"But supposing I had really been a simple countryman, and passed that half-door and gone into the trap?" I asked.

"If you had come out any more, it would have been in your shirt," replied the policeman.

MAGNITUDE OF THE UNIVERSE.

To the eye of one not accustomed to consider those distances and magnitudes, the firmament of night presents a wide confusion of nearly evanescent points of distant light—and their inconceivable remoteness and vastness become incredible or hard to realize. The eternal depths of infinity are projected upon an apparently concave hemisphere, and widely separated worlds are crowded together on the sight of man. There is no great difficulty, however, in the attainment of a scale by which a person of ordinary intelligence may correct this fallacy of vision. Let us, for the advantage of round numbers, take Jupiter's diameter at 89,000 miles, and its distance from the earth, in opposition, 399,000,000 of miles; in this case its apparent magnitude will be to the eye a seeming point. This point, then, at that distance, represents a line of 89,000 miles. Now let us suppose an accurate measure by the usual methods of science, and at the mean distance of the planet we shall have its apparent diameter about 45m, each second of which may represent 1,900 miles. Now let us suppose this visual object removed a million times farther, the same apparent diameter being still preserved, and computing the line it would then represent, each second should give a distance of 1,900 millions of miles, which, multiplied by 45, would give $8\frac{1}{2}$ millions of millions of miles between two stars, still so close as to offer but one luminous point to earthly vision. Thus may be easily apprehended the mutual remoteness of the bodies which seem to crowd the heavens, and a clear sense of the actual magnitude of the creation which the sceptical philosophy would consign to non-existence. There is a curious and interesting calculation of Sir W. Herschell received with some reserve by modern astronomers. Sir William Herschell surmised, on probable grounds, that some nebulae which were just visible in his telescope, might consist of 50,000 stars. Now, by Sir W. Herschell's theory, a fixed star, barely visible in his telescope, should be 192 times further off than a fixed star of the seventh magnitude, the farthest visible to the naked eye, and computed, by the same theory, to be itself seven times farther than a star of the first magnitude, while its light would take eight years to reach the earth. But when a star and a nebulae are both just barely visible, the quan-

tity of light received from each must be equal, and consequently the light from the single star must be 50,000 times greater than that from any one of the 50,000; and as the density of light varies inversely as the square of the distance, the nebulæ must be further off than the star by the square root of 50,000—nearly 223 times. The whole distance of the nebulæ, therefore, beyond the nearest fixed star should, according to this statement, be expressed by the product of 7, 192 and 223 multiplied together, or, approximately, 300,000 times. Computing from this data by the known velocity of light, Sir W. Herschell computes nearly 2,000,000 of years for its reaching us from such a nebulæ; a conclusion which, though resting on conjectural distances, has in it a degree of probability enough to convey a just illustration of the real magnitude of the universe, and suggest the truth that no distance can be conceived at which a world may not exist.



ON AN UMBRELLA.

I had a new, a cherished silk umbrella,
Which I with care concealed behind the rack,
Until one night a friend—a thoughtless fellow—
Desired its use, and never brought it back!
This friend upon my sister had been calling—
That was all right; but when he rose to go,
And reached the door, behold, a rain was falling;
So my umbrella went along with beau.

There, snug in bed, unconscious of the sorrow
In all its bitterness to be revealed
To my unhappy gaze upon the morrow
(A sorrow time, alas! has never healed,,
There, snug in bed I lay, and, smiling, hearkened
To the remorseless patter of the rain.
Why, let it pour, and let the sky be darkened;
I was prepared, so why should I complain?

Ah! that sad morn, when, breakfast being over,
I took my hat, approached the faithful stand,
To draw my dear umbrella from its cover,
And no umbrella met my eager hand!
'Twas gone. My sister soon explained the reason:
"You were not out last night, my dear, you know,
And as he was a-coughin' and a-sneeziu',
When he went home—I lent it to—my beau!"

It went, it staid. I never saw it after,
 Though days, and weeks, and months have passed
 away.
 Nay, gentle reader, check, I pray, your laughter—
 My fate may be your own some rainy day!
 I mourn my loss as though it were a brother,
 Or, what perhaps is better, a sweet wife!
 One thing is sure—I'll never get another,
 But rather go umbrellaless through life



PLANCHETTE.

WE took Planchette home with us, and have tested its powers, with the most astonishing results. On the first trial it told us a great many events in our past life that we never knew ourselves even! With regard to the future, it said we should live to have parents, be bald-headed at ninety, and, dying at a sweet old age, take as much property away with us as did the famous millionaire so often quoted, John Jacob Astor. We have dispensed with clocks entirely at our house, Planchette telling the time of day whenever applied to. She warns us of storms, domestic and otherwise; reminds us of rent day in advance of the landlord; detects frauds in the gas bills; tells what folks say about us after we have been to call upon them; predicts next week's style of bonnet, and makes herself generally useful. Our youngest boy gets Planchette to assist him in ciphering out all his hard sums, and the cook boils by her!

Upon one occasion we told a neighbor if he wanted to hold converse with the spirits, to come over to our house that night, and he was at liberty to bring some of his friends also. We would give them a specimen of the wonderful powers of Planchette. Neighbor came, and about a dozen with him. Brought out Planchette. "Now," said we to our neighbor, "do you recall to your mind any departed spirits you would like to hear from?"

"Ah, yes," said he, visibly affected, "I do."

"You have some choice of spirits, without doubt," said we; "name it, and it shall be produced."

"Can I have my—my choice—of—of— spirits?" sobbed the unhappy man, with face buried in his handkerchief.

"You can."

"Then, said he, "I'll name—Old Bourbon!"

We had to stand it. We kept a few bottles (very old) hid away, in case of sickness, which we were obliged to produce, and they left nothing but the empty glassware when they went away.

Planchette is a great institution, and no family should be without it.



THE FIRST DOCTOR.

"WHO was the first doctor? What physic did he give? and how did his patients like it?" "Galen was the man, answers the family M. D., in a tone of reverential admiration for the accredited author of the healing art. "Galen was the father of medicine," he goes on to say, "and we are indebted to him for—" "The father of medicine," interrupted Paterfamilias, "he was not even its elder brother. What did the people do until Galen's time? And was not Hippocrates setting bones five hundred years before?" M.D. looks puzzled, for Paterfamilias is right; and, for the matter of that Pythagoras had been dosing his confiding friends with all sorts of queer compounds a century or so earlier. If he did not administer the first black draught, nobody can say who did, so let him have all honor of the nasty mixture. The Egyptians, indeed, were early afoot as medicine men, and were concocting potions hundreds of years before the Samian philosopher tried his hands at drugs. But the land of mystery seems to have taken its physic without troubling itself to remember who first prescribed the dose. Medicine has fared like beer. No one knows to whom the world is indebted for these wonderful compounds. If the story be true that Isis devised malt liquors for her own peculiar delectation, it may chance to be that Osiris, her husband, felt it his duty to discover a remedy for too liberal indulgence, and the result may have been offered to the world in the shape of a digestive pill. Be this as it may, doctoring is first heard of in Egypt. The priests took it in charge, as they did most other things worth having, and turned it to good account. It is likely enough that poisoning enemies divided their attention with curing friends. But whatever success may have followed their treatment of living, they certainly knew how to preserve the dead. Their skill in embalming shows them to have possessed a knowledge of drugs, and a readiness of hand, that more enlightened prac-

titioners have since tried in vain to emulate. Whether, therefore, for good or evil, medicine claims an unknown Egyptian priest as its first author; and who shall say that senna and castor oil may not divide the honor of the earliest dose of physic.



LITTLE WOMEN.

As a rule, the little woman is brave—When the lymphatic giantess falls into a faint, or goes off into hysterics, she storms, or bustles about, or holds on like a game terrier, according to the work on hand. She will fly at any man who annoys her, and bears herself as equal to the biggest and strongest fellow of her acquaintance. In general, she does it all by sheer pluck, and is not notorious for subtlety or craft. Had Delilah been a little woman, she would never have taken the trouble to shear Samson's locks. She would have defied him with all his strength untouched on his head, and she would have overcome him too. Judith and Jael were both probably large women. The work they went about demanded a certain strength of muscle and toughness of sinew; but who can say that Jezebel was not a small, freckled, auburn-haired Lady Audley of her time, full of the concentrated fire, the electric force, the passionate recklessness of her type! Regan and Goneril might have been beautiful demons of the same pattern—we have the example of the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, as to what amount of spiritual devilry can exist with the face and manner of an angel direct from heaven—and perhaps Cordelia was a tall, dark-haired girl, with a pair of brown eyes, and a long nose, sloping downward. Look at modern Jewesses, with their flashing oriental orbs, their night black tresses, and the dusky shadows of their olive-colored complexion. As catalogued properties according to the ideal, they would be placed in the list of the natural criminals and law-breakers, while in reality, they are as meek and docile a set of women as are to be found within the four seas. Pit a fiery little Welch woman or a petulant Parisienne against the most regal Julianic amongst them, and let them try conclusions in courage, in energy, or in audacity; the Israelitish Juno will go down before either of the Philistines, and the fallacy of weight and color in the generation of power will be shown without the possibility of denial. Even in those old days of long ago, when human character-

istics were embodied and defined, we do not find that the white-armed, larged limbed Hebe, though Queen by right of marriage, lorded it over her sister-goddesses by any superior energy or force of nature. On the contrary, she was rather a heavy going person, and, unless moved to anger by her husband's numerous infidelities, took her Olympian life placidly enough, and once or twice got cheated in a way that did no great credit to her sagacity. A little French woman would have sailed round her easily; and as it was, shrewish though she was in her speech when provoked, her husband not only deceived but chastised her, and reduced her to penitence and obedience as no little woman would have suffered herself to be reduced.

There is one celebrated race of women who were probably the powerfully built, large-limbed creatures they assumed to have been, and as brave and energetic as they were strong and big—the Norse women of the sages, who for good or evil, seemed to have been a very influential element in the old Northern life. Prophetesses, physicians, dreamers of dreams, and accredited interpreters as well, endowed with magic powers, admitted to a share in the councils of men, brave in war, active in peace, those fair-haired Scandinavian women were the fit comrades of their men, the fit wives and mothers of the Bersekers and the Vikings. They had no good time or easy life of it, if all we hear of them is true. To defend the farm and homestead during their husbands' absence, and to keep themselves intact against all bold rovers to whom the Tenth Commandment was an unknown law; to dazzle and bewilder by magic arts when they could not conquer by open strength; to unite craft and courage, deception and daring, loyalty and independence, demand no small amount of opposing qualities. But the Steingerdaes and Gudrunas were generally equal to any emergency of fate or fortune, and slashed their way through the history of their time more after the manner of men than of women; supplementing their downright blows by side thrusts of craftier cleverness when they had to meet power with skill, and were fain to overthrow brutality by fraud. The Norse women were certainly as largely framed as they were mentally energetic, and as crafty as either; but we know of no other women who unite the same characteristics, and are at once cunning, strong, brave, and true.

On the whole then, the little women have the best of it. More petted than their bigger sisters, and in-

finitely more powerful, they have their own way, in part because it really does not seem worth while to contest a point with such little creatures. There is nothing that wounds a man's self-respect in any victory they may get or claim. While there is absolutely inequality of strength, there can be no humiliation in the self-imposed defeat of the stronger; and as it is always more pleasant to have peace than war, and as big men for the most part rather like than not to put their necks under the tread of tiny feet, the little woman goes on her way triumphant to the end, breaking all the laws she does not like, and throwing down all the barriers that impede her progress, perfectly irresistible and irrepressible in all circumstances and under any considerations.



NOW!

I NEVER saw but one hanging in my life. On that occasion my duties brought me into close contact with the culprit himself. I attended him on the scaffold, and was with him to the last. The newspapers described the execution in the usual terms. They did not describe what I saw or heard. It may be they were justified in not doing so; it may be, even now when public executions have happily become a thing of the past, that I am not justified in recording an unprofessional view of the tragedy I witnessed. My plea is, that I have never yet read what has impressed me as a truthful account of any such scene.

As it can serve no possible purpose to mention real names, I will simply state that the execution referred to took place in a Northern Assize town, not very recently. The condemned was an old man of at least seventy; his offence, the brutal murder of an old woman, his wife.

I first saw the old man, say Giles, at seven o'clock on the morning in question. He was sitting in his cell, his head bent forward, and slowly shaking from side to side, not with trepidation, but with the tremulous palsy of old age that was natural to him. He was evidently a man of the dullest sensibilities, and in whom feeling had become still more numbed by the consciousness of his approaching fate. He had passed a good night, and had freely partaken of that hearty breakfast which, strangely enough, all such felons do partake of for their last. The Governor of the jail

entered to bid him farewell and to introduce the Sheriff. Giles shook hands with both, he stolid and emotionless. There was a little pause. They expected some one else. It was the only time Giles showed any feeling at all. He stopped shaking, and looked furtively but eagerly toward the door. Even that was only the emotion of impatience. Calcraft entered. A mild, gentle-faced man—short, rather stout, with plentiful gray hair. I can see him as I write—his eyes full and gray, though small, and sweet in their expression. He does not “shamble” as he walks, nor does he talk coarsely. He walks softly at such times, as in the presence of impending death, and his voice is by no means unpleasant. His walk, his voice, his expression, and his manner, are, in fact, completely reassuring. They were so to Giles. Having been introduced to his executioner, and seen the calm, self-reliant look of his eyes, Giles became perfectly calm, and resumed the monotonous shaking of his head from side to side. I can testify that, whether from age or mental stupor, he was the least affected of us all; and I am told this is usually the case.

Half-past seven o'clock struck, and the prison-bell broke out in a harshly solemn toll. While we were getting ready to leave the cell it began—Toll! As we walked along the corridors it went on—Toll! It struck upon all our hearts—Toll! except Giles's.

Having entered the pinioning-room, the chaplain began the solemn service for the dead. “I am the Resurrection and the Life”—Toll! “Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die”—Toll!

Calcrafft produced a small black leather portmantau. Opening it, he disclosed his pinions, spare straps, and two ropes. The pinion is simply a broad leather strap or surcingle to go round the waist, having strong loops on either side, through which are passed the straps to secure the elbows. The wrists are then fastened by another strap.

“It's my own invention,” Calcraft whispered, with some modesty, “the old pinions used to be very bad, they hurt the poor fellows so. They used to strap their elbows tight behind them and force them together at the back, and then strap the two wrists together. This waist strap answers every purpose, and is not the least uncomfortable.

“There,” he whispered to Giles (for the chaplain still read on), when he had arranged the straps, “that doesn't hurt you, my good fellow?”

“No sir; it's very comfortable.”

And the chaplain still read on, and the bell broke in like a solemn amen. "For since by man came death——" Toll!

"Shake hands with me, Giles," said the mild man with the gray hair; "say you forgive me. You shall not be tortured."

"I forgive thee, mister!" and he offered his poor pinioned hands, like furs, which Calcraft shook kindly. Toll!

"There's one thing I should lik'ee to do," said Giles.

"Yes," said Calcraft.

"Will'ee tell I when *it's comin'*? Thee know what I mean."

"I will," returned the executioner. Toll!

The "Lesson" was not yet finished. No one of us paid attention to it, or to any of that part of the service (least of all did Giles), save when the bell struck out like a solemn voice from the sky, "Heed that!" Then we remembered the word or two that had gone before. To me the reading of the clergyman sounded like the babble of a dream, and the gentle old man, and the pinioned murderer the only realities. (Toll! "And how are the dead raised up?")

I saw Calcraft return to his black portmanteau to select the rope. Intent, against my will, more on the details of the dreadful tragedy than on the service, that only broke out on me in snatches, I pointed to the cord, and whispered:

"New?"

"Oh, no; the same I've used these three years."
(*"Changed as in a moment,"* Toll!)

"I thought you always had a new rope?"

"Oh, dear, no."

"Is it silk?" I had heard so.

"No; the very best of hemp."

He gave it into my hand. A supple cord, soft as silk, as thick as my forefinger. ("Oh! grave, where is thy victory?" Toll!)

"And the cap?"

"Ah, yes! It's the Sheriff's—the one they use here—but it's a bad one. I would rather use my own. Look here"—and he took from the portmanteau a small bag, like silk, and inserting his hands in it, stretched it out to an enormous size—"that's the one, if they would only let me use it." It was the only professional remark he made.

The Lesson was done. Toll! Toll! Toll!

The bell ceased. It was the service by the graveside.

We joined in procession. "Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery." Chanting this solemn dirge in monotone, the chaplain led the way along the passage and up a ladder staircase to the prison roof. Giles followed, shambling uneasily from the straps about his legs, but otherwise in less outward concern than any of us. He seemed to derive relief from that palsied swaying of his head which was natural to him.

As we mounted the scaffold a restless murmur, like a great sigh, went through the sea of white upturned faces below—then a hush. Calcraft came to the poor culprit and drew the cap over his face, to hide the sea of faces from his eyes. Then he fixed the rope—with long pains to arrange the knot in the most merciful place, and to judge the amount of fall. While this was doing Giles worked his hands—all that were free of them—up and down rapidly in the attitude of prayer. The chaplain was reading a prayer. The reporters said he prayed. They were wrong. I was close to him, and I heard what he said. His words were addressed to Calcraft. "Tell me, mister—be I goin' now?"

"No," said the executioner; "I'll tell you when."

The prayer was done.

"Tell me, mister," said Giles again, "be I goin' now?"

"No," said Calcraft. "I'll give you a sign. When I shake hands with you, you will have just half a minute left."

The chaplain knelt to pray with Giles. Giles did not or would not hear.

"Be I goin' now?" he said.

Calcrafft came and shook his pinioned hand. "God bless you!" he said gently, "for it is now!" and he slipped away.

Then the old man woke up; all his senses quickened by the knowledge that only one-half minute of precious life remained—only one-half minute! Till now he had been numbed and lulled into the belief that *it* was a long way off. Now it was come. He broke out, as rapidly as he could gabble:

"Oh Lord, have mercy on my poor soul! Oh Lord, have mercy upon my poor soul! Oh Lord, have——"

Cr, *chunk!* And there was a fall, and something was swaying to and fro, to and fro, till at last it became steady, and twisted from right to left, from left to right. And there was the noise of the crowd that had been silent, that drew a long sighing breath of relief, and woke up into life to go about its business.

OMENS

CERTAINLY no sensible person really believes in ghosts. The idea that the spirit, the impalpable essence of either friend or enemy, may return to comfort or annoy poor struggling mortals, is ridiculous beyond conception. Notwithstanding, there are very few, in the present enlightened nineteenth century even, who are free from some taint of superstition. The new moon, viewed over the right shoulder, will delight the hearts of many, and the reverse produce a feeling of uneasiness even among those who are by no means believers in the supernatural. Breaking a mirror will oftentimes beget a strange nervous depression unaccountable as it is undeniable.

A long list of signs and omens might be enumerated, and under the different heads all would be able to find something applicable to his or her peculiar notion or superstitious prejudice. There can scarcely be found one entirely incredulous in regard to prognostics. Early education may have not a little to do with this visionary tendency; the transmission from one generation to another of these countless whims will account for much that is startling in the present belief of Spiritualists; for notions, as well as ideas, by a natural analogous law, can never stand still, and hence the present age finds us a people replete with facts and fancies, so heterogeneously mingled that a separation of the two is impossible.

We ask our friends to step with us now into the very elegant and aristocratic establishment of James Douglass, Esq. Everything wears a bright and cheerful appearance, if we except the face of the mistress of this palatial residence. Instead of the smiling features we would expect to behold peeping from behind the coffee urn, Mr. Douglass meets a pair of eyes swollen with weeping, quivering lips, and a general hysterical appearance, which admonishes him that silence on his part will be the only preventive against an outburst of tears, which he especially desires to prevent. So Willie and Maud are treated to an unusually animated conversation from their paternal parent.

"I shall be home very early this afternoon, dear," said Mr. Douglass, rising from the table, and purposely avoiding his wife's eye. "And we will have a nice long ride if you would like."

"I shall not dare leave the house now, George," and the eyes overflowed.

"Why, what is the trouble now, I should like to know? Anything new?"

"Is it possible that you did not hear that dog howling and moaning under the conservatory window all last night?"

"Why, yes, I heard the confounded hound, and if I hadn't been so sleepy, would have stopped his noise with a bullet. But you are not afraid of a dog, I hope? the animal can't get into the house."

"Oh, George, it is not that. Are you not aware that the howling of a dog portends death to some one of the family? Oh, dear! which of us will it be?"—and the wretched woman threw herself into her husband's arms and wept unrestrainedly.

Mr. Douglass tried to convince her how foolish and unwarrantable were her fears, and how miserable she made herself and family by such indulgence; but the effort was useless. This was an omen that had never failed. When Mrs. Douglass was a young girl a dog had moaned in just such a manner under her mother's window, and her darling brother Paul died in less than a week. She had seen its truth demonstrated in hosts of instances, and now one of her own family was threatened.

The husband lost patience, and declared that whoever had been instrumental in instilling such detestable notions into women's heads deserved the scaffold, and left his wife in a paroxysm of grief distressing to witness.

As may be inferred from the preceding description of Mrs. D.'s abnormal nervous condition, she had very little energy in discipline, fearing to deny her children the pleasure accruing from undue physical indulgence, lest the darlings should be taken from her, and she be compelled to regret her unkindness. The reverse of this picture never seemed to be taken into consideration.

"Willie, you must not eat that apple, it will make you ill." But Willie would cry and stamp his little feet, and mamma, whose weak nerves detested noise, and whose weak will was entirely subservient to her children's, invariably gave up, and Willie, after a slight skirmish, ate his nuptial food, undisturbed by further maternal interference.

A day or two of sorrowful quiet followed the night made memorable by canine howls. Mrs. Douglass held her darlings a little closer, and gratified their appetites to the very extent of childish caprice.

Willie, who was very fond of everything indigestible, compelled his nurse to make purchases from numberless fruit stands of green, gnarly peaches, and dead-ripe, sun-spoiled bananas, peanuts and bonbons, too numerous to mention. The consequence was, that on the evening of the third day, Mr. Douglass returned to find his only boy exceedingly ill—with decided symptoms of cholera infantum.

"Have you called the physician?" he inquired, terrified at the pinched, agonized expression of his darling.

"I have just sent; but what is the use? How well I knew what that unearthly howling portended?" replied Mrs. D.

"And so, for the whining of an infernal cur, you have given up your child to die, Clara? This is terrible. You have allowed him to crowd his stomach with all sorts of stuff, Mary," to the astonished nurse. "What has Willie been eating?"

"Oh, nothing, sir, but bananas and candy."

"Any peaches or pineapples?"

"He had pineapples for his tea yesterday evening, and his mamma gave him a peach last night to make him stop crying after he went to bed."

"The howling of a dog!" murmured the stricken father, bitterly. "If this child dies, your weakness and carelessness will have killed him."

The physician came hastily; but all medical skill was useless. Death, after a few hours, relieved the little fellow of his misery. No argument could convince this deluded woman that her own want of attention had the remotest bearing on the child's illness and death. A dog had howled under the window at night, the omen was verified, that was the truth, and she saw nothing beyond it. After a while, time (great healer) softened the poignancy of the father's grief, but he could never again regard his wife with the same loving respect. Once these notions seemed the result of early training and constitutional nervousness, and consequently excusable; but now they had grown, by constant nursing, into faults of the first magnitude. The pride of his heart had been snatched from him by a fatalistic theory, which bade fair to prove as ruinous to conjugal happiness as it had to the wife's peace of mind. Mrs. Douglass grew moody, irritable, and more blindly superstitious than ever. Maudie, next younger than Willie, was a very mischievous and very spoiled child. Especially since the death of her brother had she been exempt from all discipline; and the father

groaned in bitterness of spirit that he was powerless to prevent the utter ruin of his children's natures.

Five years after the burial of little Willie, Mr. Douglass returned to his home, as on many former occasions, to find his wife in strong hysterics, and the servants frightened out of their wits. The elegant pier-glass was a wreck; Mr. Douglass had only purchased it a few days before, and now, as if a stone had struck the centre and shivered it to the edge of the frame, it stood, shorn of its beauty and its power. The drawing-rooms were unoccupied at the time of the accident, but a tremendous crash, almost like an explosion, had brought every member of the family to the parlor.

"Don't weep, Clara; don't weep! Good gracious, I can buy another."

"*Don't* you know it is not the loss of the mirror? Another omen! Oh, good heavens! who will it be this time?"

Mr. Douglass could not repress a shudder. Memory brought back his darling boy, and he lived over again the distressing sickness, and unnecessary death.

"Clara, I beseech of you to conquer this emotion, and behave in a sensible manner. Do not allow this mirror-breaking to render you so unhappy as to be incapacitated for the care and guidance of your little family. It is simply damnable," he continued, finding prayers and entreaties availed nothing, "to allow children to become the victims of such terrible delusions! Your father and mother, Clara, ought to have been burned at the stake." But Mrs. Douglass heard nothing, felt nothing, but the awful significance of the shattered mirror.

Two or three months glided along peacefully. A new mirror was substituted, and Mr. Douglass had almost forgotten the accident. Business called him to Washington. It was the month of November—cold and disagreeable. Maude was invited to a children's party among the fashionables. The little self-willed beauty insisted upon a low-neck dress with short sleeves. The indulgent mother, fearing to oppose the strong will, held out for a little while, and then Maude had her own way. High-necked flannels were removed, and the delicate chest exposed to the inclement weather. Mrs. Douglass was very proud of her little daughter that evening. She was the belle of the occasion. Three days after Mr. Douglass, in obedience to a telegram, burst into the chamber where his precious daughter, in the arms of her mother, lay breathing her last.

"What is it, Clara? for God's sake, speak! What caused it?"

"Oh, George! have you forgotten the mirror? I felt then that Maude would be the victim."

The father's indignation can better be imagined than described when he discovered that congestion of the lungs, which had so quickly terminated the life of his little daughter, had been superinduced by cruel exposure on the night of the party.

There is no more happiness in that circle; and Mrs. Douglass believes more firmly than ever in omens.



JENKIN.

THERE was a Chimney Elf in Jenkin's house, a wee old woman, who was always dressed in smoke color, and who was always knitting spider's silk stockings; and one day, when the kitchen was still and sunny, and the fire was clear and bright, she slipped out of the chimney, knitting in hand, for a sly talk with the Kettle.

Just as she was seating herself on the poker, she heard something like this: "Aieah! Don't! Oh! Stop! Eee! Mother!"

"Mercy! what is that?" cried the Chimney Elf.

"Only Jenkin teasing his sister again," answered the Kettle.

"Oh! that is it?" and the Chimney Elf put on her spectacles. Now, these were fairy spectacles, and with them on her nose, the Elf could look straight through the ceiling into the nursery, where Jenkin was teasing his sister. How was he teasing her? He was twitching her, nudging her elbow, and making her drop her needle, pulling three little hairs of a curl at a time till she screamed; dancing about her, and laughing, and at every jerk and squeal saying, "Oh, how funny you are! If you only could see how droll you do look!"

"I see," said the Elf, "he needs me in his pocket."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the Kettle, but this queer little old woman had already folded up her knitting, and slipped through the key hole.

Where was she going? To the drawing room, where were some ladies whom Jenkin had just been called to see. Jenkin sat on a chair, with his hair fresh brushed, his cheeks like rosy apples, and holding himself very straight; and he looked so sweet and behaved so well, that you could never have believed that such a boy would tease a girl, and that girl his sister! The ladies were talking, and Jenkin,

having nothing better to do, was looking at the door. So he saw the Chimney Elf coming through the key-hole.

"What is coming now?" thought Jenkin, for the Chimney Elf never made her appearance except on business. The little old woman smoothed down her smoke-colored dress, and walked up to Jenkin, who began to feel nervous, and looked at his mother. But his mother was talking, and saw nothing. The Chimney Elf looked Jenkin straight in the eye for a moment, and—dived into his pocket!

Jenkin gave a light squeal.

"Jenkin!" said his mother, reprovingly.

"If you say a word, I will turn you into a pair of tongs," whispered the Elf, giving Jenkin a great pinch on the leg.

Jenkin jerked.

"Creep mouse! creep mouse!" whispered the Elf, tickling him, and running up and down his leg, in a way that filled him with little chills and shudders.

Jenkin wriggled.

"Oh, what fun!" said the Elf, running up his back and pulling two small hairs in his neck.

Jenkin gave a great bounce.

"Jenkin, leave the room," said his mother, much ashamed of all this twisting and bouncing.

"It ain't my——"

"Fault," Jenkin was going to say, but—"Would you like a brass knob when you are a pair of tongs?" whispered the Elf, and Jenkin cried instead.

"He! he! he!" tittered the Elf; and as soon as the drawing-room door was shut, she got out of his pocket and danced around him, making little darts and snatches at him.

"If you could only see yourself! The corners of your mouth turn down, and your eyes are shut up tight, and your nose is all in wrinkles, and you do look so funny," declared this terrible little old woman, laughing and clapping her hands.

But just then a door opened, through which she vanished.

Jenkin rubbed his eyes, and then he sat down and began to think how odd it was that the Chimney Elf should serve him just as he had served his sister; and then he thought that it, perhaps, would be better not to tease so much; and, after that, he was a good boy for a week. But one day he was coming down hill, and May was afraid of the ice; and Jenkin thought what fools girls were to be always afraid, and to mince so! And then he thought she should be

made to do better; and then he ran her down hill, and she screamed and he laughed, till they had quite reached their own door. But in the door Jenkin's heart went down like lead, for there stood the Chimney Elf.

"I see," she said, briskly, "we must have a little more fun to-day," and with that, Jenkin found himself on the ceiling—walking there, head downwards, like the flies!

"Murder!" roared Jenkin, throwing out his hands, and trying to catch hold of something, while his feet went on walking, walking, all over the ceiling. "Oh! ah! yow!" and he shook his knees, and tried to stop himself, and even to tumble down.

"What fools boys are to scream and mince so! They should be made to do better," said the Elf, seizing Jenkin by the arm, and running him along the ceiling.

"Oh, what a dreadful position!" Jenkin bellowed so loudly that his father came running. But when he reached the door, Jenkin was on his feet, and quite alone.

"What are you crying about?" asked the father.

Jenkin looked toward the chimney, and saw the Chimney Elf shaking her head at him.

"Nothing," whispered Jenkin.

"It would be a pity to make such a noise like that for nothing," cried the father, who thought that Jenkin had played him a trick, and Jenkin got a whipping.

Jenkin began to think that really he must not tease May again, and he was very good for a prodigiously long time—say a month. But one day, as she was trying to draw a house, Jenkin came and looked at her.

"Please don't look just now," said May.

"I don't see what harm there is in looking," answered Jenkin.

"Oh, Jenkin, I *can't* draw," cried May, "please wait till it is done."

By this time Jenkin had discovered that it was fine fun to look, and he put his head down so close that his nose touched his sister's; and when she moved he followed her, and when she ran he ran too, laughing and looking in her face all the way.

Suddenly, with a hop, skip and jump, a little old woman in a smoke-colored gown lighted on his shoulder; and stepping on the edge of his collar, and holding on by his ear and nose, looked straight into his eyes.

"Get out!" cried Jenkin, scared out of his wits.

"I am only looking," answered the Elf.

"But I don't like it," said Jenkin.

"What harm is there?" insisted the old woman.

"Jenkin, come to dinner," called his mother.

Jenkin went at once, for he hoped that somebody would take the Elf away; but nobody seemed to see her; and she held on by his ear and looked at him! and she swung herself from his hair, and looked at him! and stood on his plate, and looked, and looked at him! and when he got a book she sat on the top of that, and looked at him, laughing all the time; and when he went to play, she stood in his ear, and stretched around, and peeped at him; and when he began to undress himself, what do you think she did? Why, she perched herself on his pillow, and prepared to look at him all night!

But here Jenkin began to cry.

"And I won't tease May ever again," said Jenkin.

"I didn't know it plagued so just to look; and oh, dear, good Mrs. Chimney Elf, do please go away, and try me just this once, and you will see I will be good."

"See that you are," answered the Elf, sternly, but on her way up the chimney wiped her eyes more than once, for she was sorry for Jenkin after all; and meeting the Dream-man, she sent Jenkin, oh, such a beautiful dream, that he forgot all his troubles.

But he never teased May again.



REAPPEARANCE OF THE WANDERING JEW.

ON Wednesday last the little village of Hart's Corners, located on the Harlem Railroad, about twenty-four miles from New York, was filled with the greatest commotion in consequence of a report that the veritable "Wandering Jew" had suddenly appeared in that place. The village lies about a mile and a half south of White Plains, and the chief public building of the hamlet consists of a two-storied wooden house, known as the Post-office, and another immediately opposite, remarkable as being the monument of several deceased hotels. The former is not only a Post-office, but is also a railroad station, a variety shop, and a place of general resort for crude philosophers and rustic politicians. The Bronx river flows immediately behind it, and the rails of the Harlem road lie immediately in front. The greatest stir that ordinarily happens in the quaint little village is the arrival and departure of the

trains, and the main subjects of discussion are, the price of oats, and the chances as to the next fall of rain. It may easily be imagined, therefore, that the advent of such an extraordinary character as a veritable, Simon-pure "Wandering Jew," was every way calculated to fill the hamlet with amazement, and to cause each particular inhabitant to "stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

It appears that, on Wednesday last, as a brace of urchins, named John Wilkins and Walter Bains, were passing along the east side of the river, on the way to the dam, for the purpose of catching fish, their attention was suddenly arrested by a deep groan. Near this spot, at intervals of about a hundred yards, are a number of old powder-houses, long since deserted, and a short distance beyond lie the blackened ruins of a mill, which was used in the manufacture of that article. The groan seeming to emanate from one of those shanties, the boys hastened towards the doorless entrance, and they soon discovered a strange-looking patriarch in long, black, sweeping garments, and with an immense white beard, seated in one corner, and moaning as if in pain. Inquiring what was the matter, the boys approached with a view of rendering assistance. But as they came very near to him, he tightened his clutch on a very long staff which lay at his side, and suddenly lifting his eyes, "flashed a look upon them," as the boys expressed it, "that made them feel as if they had been suddenly struck with chain lightning." So frightened were they at his unnatural aspect, that, simultaneously dropping their fishing-rods, they darted from the place, and never stopped to take breath until they had crossed the adjacent bridge, and dashed headlong into the midst of a lazy group assembled at the Post-office.

As soon as they had related what they had seen, a number of men started for the powder-houses, piloted by the boys, and there, sure enough, discovered one of the most singular beings that ever threw a crowd into amazement and consternation. He had a great, crooked nose, and large ears, with finger nails about an inch long; but the great peculiarity about him was his unnaturally large and piercing black eyes. When ever he looked straight at one, it seemed as if a shock of electricity darted through and through the entire body. Again the inquiry was made as to what ailed him, when, in a sepulchral tone, he replied that he had fallen on a stone, and severely injured his leg. Being then asked where he resided, he replied:

"Nowhere! I have no home; I have no rest."

"Have you no friends?" inquired another.

"None!" was the reply. "My last friend departed long ere the light of Heaven illumined the soul of the oldest among you, and the voice of the only one I loved was stifled in the dust of the tomb before printing was invented, or America had echoed to the cry of liberty."

Here the crowd immediately backed away from him, and while some significantly touched their foreheads, an ill-suppressed whisper of "cracked" burst from several lips.

"Cracked, indeed!" he replied, with quiet dignity, "to suppose that now, any more than in times past, I can hope to impress a belief in what I tell you upon the stolid and unbelieving minds of wretched and degenerate men. But if you will not believe me, why have you come here?"

"We have come," was the reply, "because we heard there was a man in trouble, and we expected to offer you assistance."

"I thank you; but 'tis in vain. Man *cannot* assist me, and Heaven *will* not. Since I left Siberia, you are the first that have even extended to me a word of comfort."

"Siberia?"

"Yes. I crossed to America by Behring's Straits, and from the time I began my weary journey through the snowy plains and ice-covered mountains of the Esquimaux, through the wastes of Alaska, and the timbered wilderness of the States, I have never till now been the recipient of one kind word. But I cannot tarry—I must on, on, on!" Here he raised himself from the heap of straw upon which he had been resting, and limping toward the door, remarked, as he shook his snowy beard, with a tone of indescribable sadness, "You have spoken kindly to me, and in kindness I depart. In token of good feeling let me say to you, send no more vessels in search of your departed Franklin. These feet have traversed the snow above his grave—these eyes have beheld the boat in which he perished."

Then, with a majestic bow of his pale face, and a wave of his claw-like hand, he girded up his loins and swiftly disappeared, leaving the party rooted to the spot in awe and consternation.

In his hasty departure, the mysterious occupant of the powder-house left behind him a well-thumbed volume, in Hebrew characters, consisting of extracts from the Jewish book known as the Babylonian "Talmud," which is now in possession of Michael O'Grady,

switch-tender, who is also the proprietor of a small farm within a stone's throw of the station. On the fly-leaf of this volume is written the following account of the mysterious being who, for many centuries, has been regarded as a veritable entity, and designated, in various languages, as the "Wandering Jew."

"Ahasuerus, the accused, or never-dying, was born of the tribe of Naphtali, some seven or eight years before the Christian era. It is narrated that he was the son of a shoemaker, and that in early life he manifested his perversity by running away from his father to accompany the three wise men, or kings, who were guided by a star to the manger at Bethlehem. Returning to Jerusalem, his stories of what he had seen, and of the rich presents which the Eastern monarchs conferred upon the child, were the cause of the massacre of the innocents. He was also employed as a carpenter on the cross destined for the passion of Christ, who passed his workshop on the way to Calvary. The soldiers begged him to allow the Saviour to enter for a few moments' rest, but he not only refused, but spat upon him. Then Christ bade him traverse the entire earth, without the possibility of stopping or resting, until the second coming. In his ceaseless wanderings since that time, he has in vain sought death, and all the greatest dangers and calamities to which human life is subject. The legend first appears in the chronicle of Matthew Paris, in the thirteenth century, where he is called Cartiphilus, and said to have been a servant of Pilate. His name in the latter form of the legend is Ahasuerus."



THE IDEAL WOMAN OF MIDDLE AGE.

WITH the ideal woman of middle age—that pleasant woman with her happy face and softened manner, who unites the charms of both epochs, retaining the ready responsiveness of youth while adding the wider sympathies of experience—with her there has never been any such struggle to make herself an anachronism. Consequently, she remains beautiful to the last—far more beautiful than all the pastes and washes in Madame Rachel's shop could make her. Sometimes, if rarely in these latter days, we meet her in society, where she carries with her an atmosphere of her own—an atmosphere of honest, wholesome truth and love, which makes every one who enters it purer and better for the time. All children and all

young persons love her because she understands and loves them. For she is essentially a mother—that is, a woman who can forget herself, who can give without asking to receive, and who, without losing any of that individualism which belongs to self-respect, can yet live for and in the lives of others, and find her best joy in the well-being of those about her. There is no servility, no exaggerated sacrifice in this; it is simply the fulfilment of woman's highest duty—the expression of that grand maternal instinct which need not necessarily include the fact of personal maternity, but which must find utterance in some line of unselfish action with all women worthy of the name. The ideal woman of middle age understands the young because she has lived with them. If a mother, she has performed her maternal duties with cheerfulness and love. There has been no giving up her nursery to the care of a hired servant, who is expected to do for £20 a year what the tremendous instinct of a mother's love cannot find strength to do.

When she had children, she attended to them in great part herself, and learned all about their tempers, their maladies, and the best methods of management; as they grew up, she was still the best friend they had, the Providence of their young lives who gave them both care and justice, both love and guidance. Such a manner of life has forced her to forget herself. When her child lay ill, perhaps dying, she had no heart and no time to think of her own appearance, and whether this dressing-gown was more becoming than that; and what did the doctor think of her with her hair pushed back from her face; and what a fright she must have looked in the morning light after her sleepless night of watching. The world and all its petty pleasures and paltry pains faded away in the presence of the stern tragedy of the hour; and not the finest ball of the season seemed to be worth a thought compared to the all-absorbing question of whether her child slept after his draught and whether he ate his food with a better appetite. And such a life, in spite of all its cares, has kept her young as well as unselfish; we should rather say, young because unselfish.

As she comes into her room with her daughters, her kindly face unpolluted by paint, her dress picturesque or fashionable according to her taste, but decent in form and consistent in tone with her age, it is often remarked that she looks more like their sister than their mother. This is because she is in harmony with their age, and has not, therefore, put herself in rivalry

between them; and harmony is the very keystone of beauty. Her hair may be streaked with white, the girlish firmness and transparency of her skin is gone, the pearly clearness of her eye is clouded, and the slender grace of line is lost, but for all that she is beautiful, and she is intrinsically young. What she has lost in outside material charm, she has gained in character and expression; and not attempting to simulate the attractiveness of a girl, she keeps what nature gave her—the attractiveness of middle-age. And as every epoch has its own beauty, if woman would but learn that truth, she is as beautiful now as the matron of fifty, because in harmony with her peers, and because her beauty has been carried on from matter to spirit, as when a maid of sixteen. This is the ideal woman of middle age, met with even yet at times in society—the woman whom all men respect, whom all women envy, and wonder how she does it, and whom all the young adore, and wish they had her for an elder sister or an aunt. And the secret of it all lies in the truth, in love, in purity, and in unselfishness.—*Review.*



THREE BRAVE MEN.

PRETTY Barbara Ferros would not marry. Her mother was in consternation. "Why are you so stubborn, Barbara?" she asked. "You have plenty of lovers."

"But they don't suit me," said Barbara, coolly tying her curls before the mirror.

"Why not?"

"I want, when I marry, a man who is brave—equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty, I want to be taken care of."

"Silly child! What is the matter with big Barney, the blacksmith?"

"He is big, but I never learned that he was brave."

"And you never heard that he was not. What is the matter with Ernest, the gunsmith?"

"He's as placid as goat's milk."

"That is no sign he is a coward. There is little Fritz, the tanner, he is quarrelsome enough for you, surely."

"He is no bigger than a bantam cock. It is little he could do if the house was set upon by robbers."

"It is not always strength that wins a fight, girl. It takes brain as well as brawn. Come now, Barbara, give these fellows a fair trial."

Barbara turned her face before the mirror, letting down one raven tress and looping up another. "I will, mother," said she at last.

That evening Ernest, the gunsmith, knocked early at the door. "You sent for me, Barbara," he said, going to the girl, who stood upon the hearth, coquettishly warming one pretty foot and then the other.

"Yes, Ernest," she replied, "I've been thinking of what you said the other night when you were here."

"Well, Barbara?"

Ernest spoke quietly, but his dark blue eyes flashed, and he looked at her intently.

"I want to test you."

"How?"

"I want to see if you dare do a very disagreeable thing."

"What is it?"

"There is an old coffin up-stairs. It smells of mould. They say Reemond, the murderer, was buried in it; but the devil came for his body and left the coffin empty at the end of a week, and it was finally taken from the tomb. It is up-stairs in the room my grandfather died in, and they say grandsire does not rest easy in his grave, for some reason, though that I know nothing about. Dare you make that your bed to-night?"

Ernest laughed. "Is that all? I will do that and sleep soundly. Why, pretty one, did you think I had weak nerves?"

"Your nerves will have good proof if you undertake it. Remember no one sleeps in that part of the house."

"I shall sleep the sounder."

"Good night, then. I will send a lad to show you the chamber. If you stay there all night," said the imperious Miss Barbara, "I will marry you."

"You vow it?"

"I vow it."

Ernest turned straightway and followed the lad in waiting through the dim rooms and passages, up echoing stairs, along narrow, damp ways, where rats scuttled before them, to a low chamber. The boy looked pale and scared and evidently wanted to hurry away, but Ernest made him wait until he took a survey of the room by the aid of his lamp. It was very large and full of recesses, with high windows in them, which were barred across. He remembered that old Grandsire Ferros had been insane for several years before his death, so that this precaution had been necessary for the safety of himself and others. In the

centre of the room stood a coffin; beside it was placed a chair. The room was otherwise quite empty.

Ernest stretched himself in the coffin. "Be kind enough to tell Miss Barbara that it's a good fit," said he. The boy went out and shut the door, leaving the gunsmith alone in the dark. Meanwhile Barbara was talking with the blacksmith in the keeping-room.

"Barney," said she, pulling her hands away from his grasp, when he would have kissed her, "I've a test to put you to before I give you any answer. There is a corpse lying in the chamber where my grandsire died, in the untenanted wing of the house. If you dare to sit with it there all night, and let nothing drive you away from your post, you will not ask me to marry you in vain."

"You give me a light and a bottle of wine and a book to read?"

"Nothing."

"Are these all the conditions you can offer me, Barbara?"

"All. And if you get frightened, you need never look me in the face again."

"I'll take them, then."

So Barney was conducted to his post by the lad, who had been instructed in the secret, and whose voluntary stare at Ernest's placid face as it lay in the coffin was interpreted by Barney to be the natural awe of a corpse. He took his seat, and the boy left him alone with the darkness and the rats and the coffin.

Soon after, young Fritz, the tanner, arrived, flattered and hopeful from the fact that Barbara had sent for him.

"Have you changed your mind, Barbara?" he asked.

"No; and I shall not until I know that you can do a really brave thing."

"What shall it be? I swear to satisfy you, Barbara."

"I have a proposal to make you. My plan requires skill as well as courage."

"Tell me."

"Well, in this house is a man watching by a corpse. He has sworn not to leave his post until morning. If you can make him do it, I shall be satisfied that you are as smart and as brave as I require a husband to be."

"Why, nothing is so easy," exclaimed Fritz. "I can scare him away. Furnish me with a sheet, show me the room, and go to your rest, Barbara. You will find me at the post in the morning."

Barbara did as he required, and saw the tanner step blithely away to his task. It was then nearly twelve o'clock, and she sought her own chamber.

Barney had been sitting at his vigil, and so far all had been well. The night seemed very long, for he had no means of counting the time. At times a thrill went through him, for it seemed to him as if he could hear low, suppressed breathing not far away; but he persuaded himself that it was the wind blowing through the crevices of the old house. Still it was very lonely and not at all cheerful.

The face in the coffin gleamed whiter through the darkness. The rats squeaked as if famine was upon them and they smelled flesh. The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked about, but something made a slight noise, as if somebody was behind him, and he put his chair with the back against the wall and sat down again.

He had been hard at work all day, and, in spite of everything, he grew sleepy. Finally he nodded and snored.

Suddenly it seemed as if somebody had touched him. He awoke with a start but saw nobody near, though in the centre of the room stood a white figure. "Curse you, get out of this!" he exclaimed in a fright, using the very first words that came to his tongue. The figure held up its right arm and slowly approached him. He started to his feet. The spectre came nearer, pressing him into a corner. "The devil take you!" cried Barney, in his great extremity.

Involuntarily he stepped back. Still the figure advanced, coming nearer and nearer and extending both arms. The hair started upon Barney's head; he grew desperate, and, as the gleaming arms would have touched him, he fell upon the ghost like a whirlwind, tearing off the sheet, thumping and pounding, beating and kicking, more and more enraged at the resistance he met, which told him the truth.

As the reader knows, he was big and Fritz was little, and while pummelling the little tanner unmercifully, and Fritz was trying to lunge at Barney's stomach, to take the wind out of him, both plunging and kicking like horses, they were petrified by hearing a voice cry:

"Take one of your size, big Barney!"

Looking around, they saw the corpse sitting up in his coffin. This was too much, they released each other and sprang for the door. They never knew how they got out; but they ran home in haste, panting like stags.

It was Barbara herself who came and opened the door upon Ernest the next morning.

"It's very early; one more little nap," said he, turning over in his coffin.

So she married him, and though she sent Fritz and Barney invitations to the wedding, they did not appear. If they discovered the trick, they kept the knowledge to themselves, and never willingly faced Barbara's laughing eyes again.



LOVE A GIVER.

A Family Lesson on Selfishness.

"You are a selfish man!"

The words leaped out with quick, angry impulse. There was a frown on the beautiful face, and a flame that was not of love in the bright eyes.

If the soft hand laid so trustingly in his scarcely three months before, had struck him a stunning blow, Alfred Williston could not have been more surprised or hurt. "Selfish!" It was the first time that sin had been laid at his door. "He's a generous fellow." "The most unselfish man alive." "There's not a mean trait in his character." Such things had been said of him over and over again, repeated in his ears by partial and interested friends, until he had almost believed himself the personation of unselfishness, and now to be called "a selfish man," by the sweet rosebud mouth, that looked as if only made for kisses—to be called "a selfish man," by her to whom he had given all he had in the world, and himself in the bargain. No wonder Alfred Williston stood dumb before his pretty wife.

The accusation was made, and for good or for evil it must stand. No taking back the words could take back their meaning. "You're a selfish man," had been cut, by sharply uttered tones, deep into his memory, and there the sentence would remain. He did not attempt to meet the charge.

To have done so would have been felt as a degradation.

"Good morning, dropped coldly from his lips, and he went away without offering the usual parting kiss. It was showery at home, and cloudy at the office, for the greater part of the forenoon.

"What's the matter, my friend? You look as sober

as a judge on sentence day!" remarked an acquaintance who called upon Williston.

"Look about as I feel," was moodily answered.

"Heigh-ho! moon in the rainy quarter already!" rejoined the visitor familiarly, with a sly, provoking laugh.

Williston turned his face partly aside, that its expression might be concealed.

"Sunshine and shower—summer and winter—you will have these alternations like the rest of mankind, and learn to bear with philosophy."

"Do you think me a very selfish man, Edward?" asked Williston, turning upon his friend a serious face.

"Selfish? Oh, dear! No, not very selfish. I have heard you called the most generous fellow alive. But we're more or less selfish you know; born so, and can't help it, unless we try harder than it is agreeable to most people. There was a time when I had a very good opinion of myself as touching things; but I grow less and less satisfied every day; and am settling down into the conclusion that I am no better than my neighbors."

"Well, I despise a selfish man. He is the meanest man alive!" Williston spoke with a glow of indignation.

"He's mean just in the degree that he's selfish," replied the friend. "And, as we are all more or less selfish, I don't see how we are to get away from that conclusion."

Williston knitted his brows like one annoyed or perplexed.

"Has anybody called you selfish?" asked the friend.

"Yes."

"Who? The little darling at home? Ha! I see it. That's the trouble!"

The young husband's color betrayed the fact.

"She called you selfish? Ha! Good for Margery! Not afraid to give things their right name. I always knew she was a girl of spirit. Selfish! That's interesting. And did you really fancy that you were unselfish?"

This half-in-pout, half-in-earnest speech had the effect intended. A slight glimpse of himself, as seen by another's eyes, gave Williston a new impression, and let in a doubt as to his being altogether perfect.

"And you think me selfish?" he said, in a tone of surprise. "Well! I guess there's been a new dictionary published of late."

"As far as this world is concerned, the heart is the most reliable dictionary. If you wish to get the true definition look into your heart," replied the friend.

"My eyes are not, perhaps, as sharp as yours," said Williston. "I don't find the definition there."

"Maybe I can help you to a clear definition. Why did you marry Margery?"

"Because I loved her."

"Are you quite sure," said his friend with provoking calmness.

"Take care, Edward! I shall get angry."

"O no. You're too sensible, and too well poised to do that. Answer my question. Are you sure?"

"As sure as death."

"It's my opinion that you married because you loved yourself more than you did Margery."

"Now this goes beyond all endurance!" exclaimed Williston. "Is there a conspiracy against me?"

"Gently, gently, my friend. The mind is never clear when disturbed. You love Margy. There is no doubt in the world of that. Loved her, and do love her very dearly. But is your love unselfish? That is the great question now at issue. A boy loves a ripe peach, and climbs after it that he may enjoy its flavor. In what does your love of Margy differ from this boy's love of the peach? Was it to bless the sweet maiden—to give her yourself—that you sought her with a lover's ardor? Or, was it to bless yourself? Did you think how much she would enjoy your love—how much happiness you would give her? Or, did you think chiefly of your own joy? Don't frown so! Put away that injured look. Go down like a man into your consciousness, and see how it really is. If you find all right, then stand firm in serene self-approval; if all is not right then you will know what to do. Love seeks to bless its object—is all the while endeavoring to minister delight—is a perpetual giver."

The hot flashes began to die out of Williston's face. He was looking into his heart, and getting some new revelations of himself, and they were not satisfactory. How had he loved Margy? What had been the quality of his love? Never before had such questions intruded themselves; never before had he found queries so difficult to answer. A deep sigh attested his disappointment in his self-investigation.

"I don't know whether to be angry or grateful," he said, knitting his brow. "Is it a true or false mirror you are holding up before me? Is the spectrum growing more and more distinct, an image of myself? I am in doubt and confusion."

"Love is a giver," answered his friend. "Does not think of itself—desires only to bless. If you have so loved Margy, then has she wronged you. But if you have thought mainly of yourself, of your own delight, then, I trow, the dear little woman was not so far wrong, when she called you selfish."

"The thing is certain," said Williston, speaking soberly. "I take pleasure in giving her pleasure. Any want that she might express, I would gratify if in my power. I could not deny her anything."

"Except the denial of yourself," remarked the friend.

Their eyes met, and they looked intently at each other for some moments.

"I am not sure that I understand you," said Williston.

"If Margy wanted a set of Amoor sables, costing a thousand dollars, and you had the money with which to buy them, her desires would be gratified?"

"Undoubtedly; I would find pleasure in meeting her wishes," was promptly answered.

"If she had a fancy for diamonds, or India shawls—for elegant furniture and pictures—and you had the means to gratify her tastes, you would find delight in giving her the possession of these things. You would let her have her own sweet will in everything."

"You have said it, my friend. Nothing pleases me so much as to see her satisfied."

"No great self-denial in all this, however. In the case supposed, you are able to give what Margy asks for, and no special love of money comes in to chill your ardor. It is the easiest thing in the world to meet her wishes. But let us take some other case. There is to be a musical party at our friend Watson's. You care but little for music, and less for musical people. The case is different with Margy. With music and musical people she is in her element. You come with a new book from a favorite author, promising yourself an evening's enjoyment in reading aloud to your wife. She meets you with face aglow, and in her hand a note of invitation from the Watsons. 'It will be such a delightful time!' she exclaims in her enthusiasm. Now comes the true test of your love—now its quality must stand revealed. If she had known about the new book, and the pleasure you had promised yourself, in reading aloud to her through the evening, I am sure she would have sent a note of excuse to the Watsons, and cheerfully denied herself, for your sake, the delights of a musical evening. But, knowing nothing of this, she lets fancy revel in

anticipated enjoyment, and does not think, perhaps, of your musical taste. Thus stands the case, my friend, and how will you meet it? In the other case it was the generous hand that gave of its abundance. Now it is of sheer self-denial."

Williston drew a heavy sigh, moved himself restlessly, and looked down upon the floor,

"This love that we talk so much about," resumed his friend, "is a subtle thing, and very apt to hide from us its true quality. It is much oftener love of self, than love of the object sought. Hence we have so much unhappiness in the state of marriage, which, on the theory of mutual love, ought to be full of bliss. But I am using time that cannot be spared to-day, so good morning. If Margy has done you a wrong, help her to see it, and she'll not only apologize for calling you selfish, but cover your lips with penitent kisses."

The case supposed touched the difficulty at its very core. Since Williston's marriage, he had shown himself gifted with a feeble spirit of self-denial. He enjoyed his home and his wife, but not in a generous spirit. She was more social, and her tastes had received a better cultivation. She enjoyed music and art intensely. Her soul responded lovingly to all things beautiful. After his friend left him Williston, in the new light which penetrated his mind, began to see the relation of existing aspects. One little incident after another was called up from memory, and reviewed, and he saw in them, as in a mirror, an image of himself, so different from any before presented, that he was filled with pain and surprise. Such a thing as self-denial had scarcely come within the range of his virtues. Self-denial he had exacted often. It had been no unusual thing for Margy to defer her tastes and wishes to his, and he could think of many cases in which she must have done so at considerable sacrifice of feeling.

A new sentiment began to pervade the mind of Williston; a deeper and tenderer feeling for his young wife; in this new sentiment he had a perception of something purer and fuller of joy than anything experienced—the joy of giving up even his life's love for another.

"Dear Margy!" he said, speaking to himself in this state. "The tramp of my heedless foot must have been very crushing, to have extorted that cry of pain—for your charge of selfishness was but the voice of suffering that could not be repressed. Many times have I trampled upon, many times wounded the love given me so lovingly; but never before did the bruised heart reveal its anguish."

The tears that gushed from the eyes of Margy Wiliston, as her husband turned so coldly from her and left the house, rained on for over an hour; for the greater part of the time she indulged in accusing thoughts. She wept over instance after instance of selfish disregard of pleasure; and recounted the many times she had given up her desires to gratify his demand. But this state of feeling in time changed—or wore itself off. A calm succeeded, in which her better nature had an opportunity to speak. The hand of pain folded away many coverings that had laid over her heart and she could see into some of the hidden places never before revealed. She did not find everything in the order and beauty imagined to exist.

She was not so loving and unselfish as she had fancied herself to be. There came a new gush of tears, but the rain was gentler, and instead of desolating, refreshed the earth of her mind.

“I have thought more of my own gratification than of his,” she began to say within herself. “His tastes differ in many things from mine. What I enjoy may be irksome to him. If I insist upon having my own enjoyments, regardless of how they may effect him, must not a degree of separation take place? Can he love me as much as before—will I love him as much as before—if I exact what he cannot give willingly? And if our love grow less, what is there in all the world to compensate for this decline? Losing that we lose all. Shut away that light, and all else will lie in shadow.”

So she thought, gaining sight, and a firmer will to act in the line of self-rejection, whenever self interposed to hinder love. As the hours went by, and the time drew near when her husband would return, a dead weight began to settle down upon Margy’s heart. They had parted in anger. For the first time the lightning of a summer storm had flashed in their sky. There had been a quick descent of the tempest, burning and blinding them. How much of wreck and ruin had been wrought in that brief war of inner elements, it was yet impossible to know.

At last, the time of return was at hand. A few minutes beyond the hour and a vague fear began creeping into the soul of Margy. Shadowy forms of evil seemed hovering around her; the weight on her bosom grew more oppressive; her heart labored so heavily that its motions were painful.

Suspense was not very long. She heard the door open, and the music of a well-known step in the hall. Restraint became impossible—his temperament was

too ardent for impression in moments of deep feeling. Springing down the stairs, Margy had her arms about her husband's neck, ere he had time to put his thoughts in order, and was crying on his bosom. The fervent kisses, laid as peace offerings on her lips, were sweeter to her taste than honey.

"Can you forgive me?" she asked, in the calmness of spirit that ensued. "I am very weak, sometimes; and feeling is so strong."

"If there had been no provocation to feeling," Williston answered, frankly, "it would never have broken the band of restraint. The fault was mine not yours. It was selfish in me, and you said only the truth; but the truth is sometimes the most unpleasant thing we can hear. It sounded very harsh in my ear. I felt angry and rejected it. Not so now. I have seen myself as in a mirror."

Margy laid her fingers on his mouth and they were silent. After a few moments she said gently—

"We are human, and of consequence, weak and selfish by nature. Let love teach us a better law than nature has written in our hearts. Then we shall draw nearer and nearer together, and the pulses of our lives, that sometimes beat unevenly, take the same sweet measure." And it was so. But not at once, not until after many seasons of mutual self-repression.



TOO MANY BEAUX.

IF by the term "prospects," as applied to a young lady, you mean the probabilities of her getting a husband, then she whose admirers may be called legion has infinitely poorer prospects than one whose friends of the opposite sex may be counted on the fingers of a single hand.

Now, it is true that everybody patronizes the mode and fashion that everybody else supports, for it is the easiest and most natural thing in the world to "follow the crowd." But this is not to say that a young man wants for a wife the girl who counts her beaux by the score and her conquests by the dozen.

It is true that every chicken in a brood will leave a good dinner, and all go in pursuit of the same object, if they see one of their number running away with a large-sized crumb, or after an imaginary worm. But it is not true that a young man will forsake the modest, gentle girl, whose society he can enjoy without

rivalry, to compete with a score of others for the company of a young lady whose smiles are free to all.

There is, indeed, a class of men who pay assiduous court to the latter. She generally possesses many attractions—this pet of society. She has a fine instrument, and plays tolerably. Possibly she sings. Invariably she dances. She is always surrounded by the gayest of the gay; and in consequence of all these advantages, whether she be pretty or plain, her drawing-room is a very agreeable place in which to spend an evening; or, as young gentlemen are wont to say, "It is extremely pleasant to submit one's self occasionally to be handsomely entertained; but I would not, upon any account, have it supposed that I am looking in that direction for a wife—by no means!"

Thus these gallants are wont to speak. And, as a rule, they are not marrying men. But when one of them would take to himself a wife, he goes east, or west, or north, or south—anywhere to find a girl unspoiled by society—one who has not in his presence played the agreeable to a score of others, and whom he strongly suspects any one of them could have had for the asking.

The worst thing for a girl—unless she wants to live and die an old maid—is to have too many beaux. She may be pretty, stylish, accomplished, gráacetul—anything you please, it matters little. The very fact that she has been the recipient of attention from more men than she would need to know in the course of a lifetime, places her on the level with a worn-out boot—desirable only to those who cannot get better.

If girls would but take the advice of their own sex as graciously as they take the attentions of the other, some, at least, would cut loose a few of their worthless acquaintances, and, in future, guard themselves against the addresses of too many beaux.



MY TREASURES.

A low-roofed, white-walled cottage,
Half hid among the trees,
And blooming flowers whose rich perfume
Loads every passing breeze;
This is my casket; here enshrined,
I've precious treasures rare;
No jewels in a monarch's crown,
Can with my gems compare.

Close by my side, on the sofa low,
 A manly form is reclining ;
 The soft breeze plays about his head
 On the crimson cushion lying ;
 The busy day in the dusty town,
 With toil and care has flown,
 And dear dark eyes look into mine,
 And fond hands clasp my own.

In yonder room, in a dainty crib
 Hung round with curtains wide,
 A dark-eyed boy and blue-eyed girl
 Are sleeping side by side.
 One silken tress of sunny hair
 O'er the white pillow strays,
 And on my boy's dark, curling locks
 Like a band of gold it lays.

My precious treasures ! Rich am I'
 My husband's love I own ;
 My children's kisses on my lips,
 My arms around them thrown.
 My love so deep, so fond and true
 For them can ne'er be spoken ;
 My God ! when e'er thou claim'st a gem,
 Oh ! take the band unbroken.



THE ALCHEMISTS.

THE alchemists—including the sects of the Rosicrucians of the middle ages, among whom are enrolled the names of many learned and talented men, philosophers of their day and generation, were credulous and enthusiastic searchers after some mystic power, some occult essence, which would arrest those changes, as ossifications, indurations and others taking place in the body, the effect of time, and ending in the cessation of all the final functions, and thus perpetuate youth, and augment our brief space of being to a life of ages—our little bubble of existence to a mountain wave in the boundless sea of eternity.

The medical art and science of the alchemists was mystical and visionary, in accordance with the darkness and superstition of their time. They studied, through the faint glimmerings of light just penetrating the vital sciences, and which did little more than make darkness visible, the secrets of human organism, that they might learn and successfully encounter the changes in it which disease and time produced.

They further sought the power to render themselves invisible, to raise visions of the absent, and in other modes marvellously to extend the human faculties ; and not, as they assumed, through any aid of magic which depends on the violation of nature, but through a knowledge of, and obedience to, her laws ; or through science, that searches into and teaches the lawful control of nature.

That in the further advance of chemical science we may learn to transmute other metals into gold, may not be deemed impossible. Lord Bacon, and after him Boyle and others, believed such transmutation to be within the limits of possibility ; and it has been said that even Newton did not decidedly oppose such belief himself. But then what could be the worth of gold could it be so readily procured ? Could we, through chemical art, convert other substances into what we now value of precious stones—charcoal, for example, into diamond—it is obvious that they would no longer be “precious” stones.

There were those among the alchemists, as Van Helmont and Paracelsus, who boasted that they had achieved the marvel of their research. Paracelsus claimed that he could render life immortal, and even the power through the chemical art of originating life, and yet died at about the age of forty-eight. And many others of the same sect, who vaunted their possession of the philosopher's stone and elixir of life, passed in beggar's rags to an early grave.

The alchemists discovered neither an elixir of life, nor the philosopher's stone, still their labors were far from being in vain, far from wanting in precious fruits. Our researches after the unattainable, will often lead to incidental discoveries of inestimable value ; to results of a magnitude beyond those which the accomplishment of the original aim would have afforded. Columbus, in seeking to discover a west ru passage to Asia, or India, as he terms it, made the far more important discovery of America. The man who dug over his field for a pot of money, though he found it not, yet found his labors rewarded by future harvests, worth more than would have been his expected treasure. So the alchemists, though not finding the object of their pursuit, were opening the way to inestimable treasures in the future field of science.

The alchemists, then, were but performing their predetermined and necessary roles in the great drama of creation. Their acts were steps in progress, tending ultimately, let us trust, to clearer and fuller developments of the mysteries of life, teaching us more

effectually to prevent or restore its deviations, and to extend its term. For it need not be told that the present science of chemistry, with all its wonderful revealments of nature's secrets and the practical application of nature's mysterious force, both in organic and inorganic creation, owes its origin to the labors of alchemists. Their immediate purposes were not accomplished, but out of their misdirected labors have grown results of incalculable value. And the work begun under the visions of the alchemists is still going forward; and marvels have been and are still being achieved through that science whose foundations they were unwittingly laying—marvels beyond the stretch even of their wildest dreams. Their labors, then, were not in vain; they were doubtless ordained in the progressive scheme of created things.



WHO ARE GENTLEMEN

IN our intercourse with society we are often surprised to notice what despicable and contracted sentiments are yet afloat in the world in respect to the characteristic marks of a true gentleman. There are thousands of individuals who aspire to the reputation of a gentleman, or who, perhaps, fancy themselves to be really such, yet whose highest, most comprehensive notions of the character, are confined to mere external accomplishments. There are many females, too, who seem not once to have a distant idea of such a person, unconnected with coxcombry of demeanor, and that polished, courtly exterior which is often assumed by heartless, abandoned libertines, to hide the foul rottenness of their characters and the baseness of their designs. Why else do we so frequently see individuals of the other sex who claim to possess the most spotless character, to be the conservators of fashion, and to give tone to society, receiving into their parties and caressing, nay, not hesitating to promenade in public, arm in arm with depraved and profligate wretches, as their honored associates—debauchees who are known to be dissolute, yes, odiously licentious in their habits, and this without a blush! Why do ladies of quality, instead of scorning even the approach of such wretches, and repelling their presence as an insult and affront to their sex, evince even a preference for their society over men of exemplary characters—apparently delighting in their attentions, if

they happen to be talented, rich and fashionable, though they may have been guilty of the deepest baseness to other women? Why, too, do the young of the gentler sex often manifest such an eagerness to draw around them the butterflies of ours, being of mere tinsel and foppery, to the exclusion of the meritorious and deserving, who seek companions for life, and not the glittering playthings of an hour! Why is it that men may practice with impunity vices which, in the other sex, will not be tolerated for a moment; or that abandoned libertines, addicted to the vilest species of profligacy, and worse than all, who do not pretend to disguise their evil habits, yet hold up their heads in society as *gentlemen*, while the female who is even *suspected* of the slightest deviation from the rules of chastity, is consigned to everlasting infamy and disgrace? The undeniable fact is, that the just old maxim of Pope, that "*worth makes the man*," has sunk into oblivion; new standards of character have been set up; and the fundamental qualities which enter into the modern fashionable idea of a gentleman, have less relation to innate honesty and worth, than to the length of one's purse, the texture of his cloth, and the scrupulous exactness of his grimaces and bows.

We believe that true gentlemen are confined to no walk or rank in life. The sturdy blacksmith, with his dingy garments, his open, honest countenance begrimed with smut, and his rough, hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war, has an immeasurably higher claim to that honorable name than the shallow-pated fop, who skips through college with kid gloves and a rattan, cultivates the graces before the glass and ladies, and takes his diploma with all the blushing honors thick on his vacant head. It is a false and contemptible notion that unless a man can boast a high descent, or roll majestically along in a coach emblazoned with his arms, his name should be stricken from the lists of gentlemen. Which class has, from time immemorial, conferred the brightest honors on the human race—the haughty aristocrat, who shrinks with strong convulsions from the touch of the honest poor man, and moves with a step that seems dainty of the soil it treads on, or the humble peasant who claims no merit but nobility of soul? Whence come the great lights of the intellectual firmament—the stars that form the bright galaxy whose beams dazzle the eye of every beholder? In the vast majority of instances they have emerged to eminence from the chill-

ing depths of obscurity, destitution and want. Whose voices are oftenest raised in successful vindication of human rights, and float over mountain and plain, over ocean and land, till they vibrate on the ear of the remotest dweller in Christendom. Who are they that

“Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And drag up drowned honor by the locks.”

The scions of noble blood? The worshippers of Bacchus and Venus, who fritter away the hours granted by Heaven for self-improvement in the study of the contemptible and puerile forms of fashion? No! They are men of low parentage, men who have buffeted the billows of fate without dependence save upon the mercy of God and their own energies—the gentlemen of nature who have trodden under foot the “painted lizards” of society, and worked out their own distinction with an ardor that could not be quenched, and a perseverance that considered nothing done while anything yet remained to be done.



THE THREE CRIMES.

An Eastern Tale.

HAMET ABDALLAH was an inhabitant of a grotto on one of the slopes of Mount Olympus. When he stood at the entrance of his humble dwelling, he could embrace, at one glance, all the territory originally possessed by Osman, the founder of the Ottoman Empire and, as he five times a day offered up his prayers to Allah, he invoked blessings upon the head of Solyman the Magnificent, the reigning Sultan in whose time he lived. Indeed, Abdallah was renowned for his sanctity; and the inhabitants of the vicinity of his dwelling treated him with the most marked respect.

He was not, however, entitled to this excessive veneration by his age, for he had scarcely attained his fortieth year when the incident of this tale took place. His venerable father, who was himself a dervise of great sanctity, and whose years amounted to fourscore, resided with him in the same grotto; and fortunate was deemed the individual who, on his way along the slopes of Olympus, was allowed to join the prayers of the two dervises, kneeling upon the ground

at the entrance of the cave, and turning their countenances toward the holy cities of Mecca and Medina.

Hamet Abdallah was one morning roving among the groves and woods which extended up the mountain far above his grotto, and pondering upon the passage in the Koran which he had been perusing but a short time previously, when his foot suddenly struck against something hard upon the ground. He looked downward, and saw an iron ring fastened to a small brass plate, which was let into a square of stonework, and seemed to cover a hollow place or well. Obeying a sudden impulse of curiosity, Hamet applied his hand to the ring, and pulled it with all his force. After many vain exertions, the brass plate yielded to his efforts, and he fell backward with the sudden shock.

Before he had time to arise and examine the aperture thus laid bare, a dense volume of smoke issued from the hole, and ascended in the air to the height of several thousand feet.

Hamet gazed with astonishment upon this strange apparition; but how much more was his wonder excited when he saw the smoke gradually become more and more palpable and shapely, and at length assume the form of an immense giant, with a long, flowing, white beard, and a tremendous pine tree in his right hand.

Hamet fell upon his knees, and was about to put up a prayer to Heaven, when the terrible apparition addressed him in a voice of thunder:

"Nay; mention not the name of the Deity, or I will cut thee into ten thousand pieces!"

"Who art thou?" demanded Hamet, rising from his suppliant posture.

"I am Kera, an evil Genie, whom a victorious power shut up in that accursed hole, where I have languished for two thousand years. It is an evil day for thee that brought thee hither."

"And wherefore, proud Genie?" demanded Hamet.

"Because I am about to kill thee, in order to avenge myself upon some one for this long captivity."

At these words Hamet trembled very much, and besought the Genie to spare his life. For a long time the Genie was inexorable, and ordered him to prepare for immediate death; but at length he suffered himself to be moved by the prayers and entreaties of the virtuous dervise.

"Hark ye," said the Genie, "I am willing to spare your life upon one condition."

"Name it," said Hamet, his heart leaping with joy.

"I will grant your request, I say," proceeded the

Genie, "on condition that you perpetrate some crime which may diminish your overweening pride of conscious virtue. Do not interrupt me, or I will kill you upon the spot, but listen. I give you your choice of three of the most heinous crimes which I can imagine. You shall either violate the law of the Prophet, and drink your fill of good wine, or you shall murder your venerable old father, or you shall curse the name of that Deity whom you worship. Choose between these three crimes."

Then Hamet was very sorrowful, and he endeavored to melt the heart of the evil Genie; but all his prayers and entreaties were unavailing. He accordingly went to reason within himself.

"If," said he, "I assassinate my father, no contrition can wipe away my crime; and moreover, the law will overtake me with its vengeance. If I curse the name of the great Allah, I may sigh in vain for future happiness in the gardens of Paradise. But if I become inebriate with the juice of the grape, I can expiate that fault by severe mortification, penitence, and renewed prayer."

Then turning his countenance upward toward the Genie, he said: "O, fountain of all evil! I have made my choice, since thou art determined upon this injury."

"Name the object of that choice," said the Genie.

"I will get drunk with wine, as the least of the crimes which you propose," answered the dervise.

"Be it so," cried the Genie; "this evening, after the hour of prayer, thou wilt find a jar of Cyprus wine upon thy table; when thy father has retired, fulfill thy promise then. But woe unto thee if thou deceivest me!"

The Genie gradually became less palpable as he spoke these words, and by the time the concluding menace issued from his lips, he had vanished altogether. Hamet retraced his steps toward the grotto with a sorrowful heart; but he would not confide his anticipated disgrace to the affectionate parent who welcomed his return.

The day passed rapidly away; and in the evening, Hamet and his sire knelt down as usual at the door of the grotto, with their faces toward the South, to raise their voices in prayer. When their vespers were concluded the old man embraced his son tenderly, and retired to the inner part of the grotto.

As soon as Hamet knew that his father slept, he lighted a lamp; and, as the Genie had told him, he saw a large measure of wine standing upon the table.

The unhappy dervise raised it to his lips, and drank deeply of the intoxicating draught. A glow of fire seemed to electrify his frame, and he laughed as he sat the vessel down upon the table. Again he drank, and he felt reckless and careless of the consequences. He drank the third time; and when he had emptied the measure, he ran out to the door of the grotto, and threw it down the slope of the mountain. Then, as he heard it bounding along, he laughed with indescribable mirth. As he turned to enter the grotto, he saw his father standing behind him.

"Lyn," said the old man, "the noise of revelry awoke me from my slumbers, and I rise to find my beloved Hamet drunken with wine! Alas! is this merely one of many night orgies? and have I now awakened to the dread truth of thine impiety for the first time? Alas! thou hast cast ashes upon the gray head of thy father."

Hamet could not brook this accusation, and the implied suspicion that he was accustomed to indulge in wine while his father slept. He felt suddenly indignant at the language of his sire, and cried: "Return to your couch, old dotard! Thou knowest not what thou sayest!"

And, as he uttered these words, he pushed his father violently into the grotto. The old man resisted, and again remonstrated with Hamet. The brain of the son was confused with liquor, and a sudden dread of exposure to the world entered his mind. With the rage of a demon he rushed upon his hoary-headed sire, and dashed him furiously against the stone walls of the grotto. The old man fell with his temple against a sharp flint—one groan emanated from his bosom—and his spirit fled forever.

Suddenly conscious of the horrid crime of which he had been guilty, Hamet tore his hair, beat his breast, and raved like a maniac. And in the midst of his ravings he lifted up his voice against the majesty of Heaven, and cursed the Deity whom he had so long and fervently worshipped.

At that instant a terrible din echoed round about—the thunder rolled, the tall trees shook with an earthquake—and, amidst the roar of conflicting elements, were heard shouts of infernal laughter. All hell seemed to rejoice at the fall of a good man, whom no other vice had ever tempted away from the paths of virtue until drunkenness presented itself. The rage of the storm increased—the trees were torn up by their roots—and fragments of the rocky parts of Olympus rolled down the hill with the fury of an

Alpine avalanche. Suddenly the Genie appeared before the wretched Hamet and exclaimed: "Fool! by choosing to commit the crime which seemed to thee least, thou hast committed the other two likewise! for there is more danger in the wine cup than in any other means of temptation presented by Satan to mankind."

And the last words of the Genie mingled with the redoubled howling of the storm, as Hamet was borne down the slope of the mountain by the falling masses, and dashed to pieces at the bottom.



THE MYSTERIOUS ROBBERIES.

SITTING alone in my office one dull, dark October afternoon, indulging in the luxury of a quiet smoke, the door opened in a timid, hesitating manner, and an old, wrinkled, gray-headed, gray-bearded man, poorly and shabbily dressed, shuffled in, and throwing the glance of what was still a keen, restless, suspicious black eye, over my person, said, in a subdued and what sounded like a somewhat humble tone, that he had called to see Mr. George Larkin.

"That is my name," returned I; "pray step forward and take a seat."

The old man seemed to hesitate a moment, eyed me sharply, glanced warily about the apartment, and observed, as he walked forward and sat down near me: "I hope we are alone, Mr. Larkin, for my business concerns only our two selves."

"But sometimes, I am told," he continued, hesitating, "these kind of places—I beg your pardon—I mean no offence to you—sometimes, I say, I am told, these places are contrived for secret listeners."

"But I have assured you, sir," I replied, rather coldly, "that we are alone here, and if you doubt my word, perhaps you had better carry your secret, whatever it is, away with you."

"Well, well," he replied, somewhat hastily, "never mind—I will take your word—I will trust you. And I have good authority for doing so, too," he added, partly soliloquizing, and partly addressing me. "You see, Mr. Larkin, as there is to be confidence between us, it is no more than fair to tell you that I have been to a magistrate, asking for a trusty and secret police agent, of superior cunning and intelligence, and that Mr. George Larkin was named as the individual on whom I could rely in every particular."

"I am much obliged to the magistrate, whoever he is, for his good opinion and recommendation," I answered with a slight bow. "And now, sir, if you are satisfied, I am prepared to hear your communication."

Again the old man hesitated, and eyed me keenly, and turned somewhat pale at the thought of what he was about to divulge; but at last, as if pressed by necessity, he seemed to put his scruples aside, and said:

"Mr. Larkin, I am an old man, as you see, and perhaps a rather eccentric one, as you see, and may discover. Old as I am, I am alone in the world, having neither wife nor child, and only some distant relations, who do not care for me nor I for them. Poor as I look, and as everybody believes me," (here he glanced his keen eye suspiciously around him, leaned forward, and whispered in my ear,) "I have gold—much gold—enough to—to—well, no matter?"

I looked at the old man as he paused, and I said, while debating in my own mind whether he was sane or a monomaniac: "Well, sir, what has this gold to do with me?"

"Let me confess to you," he pursued, "since I have resolved to trust you, what I have never told to mortal ear, that I love gold—adore gold—and that I am what the world, if it knew, would call a miser."

"Then you are to be pitied," said I.

He fastened upon me a strange, startled, searching look, as if he doubted the sincerity of my words, the statement of which was beyond his comprehension; it being impossible for him to understand how a miser—a man having actually heaps of gold—could be in any degree a subject of pity.

"Yes," he resumed, at length, "I never saw any human being that I liked as well as myself; but gold, silver money, the coin of the realm, of all realms, I like better."

"Well," returned I, now nearly convinced that the old man was not in his right mind, "I do not see what this has to do with me."

"Ay, ay, I'm coming to that, Mr. Larkin—I am coming to that. You see, being alone in the world, and loving nothing but my gold, I naturally live alone with my gold. Years ago—a great many years ago, you see—I bought an old tumble-down house, on the outskirts. Heavens! what a price I had to pay for it, too! two hundred pounds, Mr. Larkin—actually two hundred pounds, sir, for that house and bit of land, and all in hard gold, too! Well, as I was saying, I bought the house, and then went to work myself, and with my own hands, that I might not pay out any more money

and have anybody know my secret, I constructed a safe—a fire-proof—and then had an iron door made for it with a bank-lock that no one could open without the key and secret of him who had locked it. This done, I sold all the property which I had inherited, converted it into gold, put the gold into leather bags, (another expensive luxury,) and secretly deposited them in my safe. Since then I have dressed like a beggar and lived alone with my gold, the sight of which has given me hours of rapture, and the jingle of which has filled my ears with a delight which I cannot express. Well, sir, well, sir," continued the old man, fairly trembling at the thought, "I now come to the painful business which has brought me here. Ah, me—ah, me! I wonder it has not driven me mad! For years, Mr. Larkin—for years—for years, sir—I lived alone with my gold, and kept my own secret, and nobody found me out; but of late, sir, (Heaven be merciful!) I have been robbed—robbed, sir—of my gold, Mr. Larkin!"

"Then, I suppose, you are now a poor man," said I. "How was your house broken into? Give me the most minute particulars; for it is often by the merest trifles that we detectives are able to get the clue that leads to the greatest results."

"Ah! there it is, sir—is the mystery!" groaned the old man. "You are mistaken, Mr. Larkin, in supposing that I am literally a poor man, or that my house has been broken into at all, so far as I can discover. No, sir—no! The money has been taken—several times—a bag at a time—and yet nothing has been disturbed. My doors and windows, which I have always bolted, as well as locked, I have never found unbolted or unlocked, which must have been the case if any one had come in that way. And then my safe is always found just as I left it, and the key fastened to my body by its iron chain. The first bag of gold I missed (oh, Heaven, be merciful!) was about two months ago, and I could not believe it was till I had counted the remaining bags over and over, perhaps fifty times. Then I tried to believe I had taken it out myself, and mislaid it, and I spent two days searching the whole house—every nook and cranny—every likely and unlikely place. Well, sir, a week went along, and another bag was missing. Horrible mystery! Since that I have lost three more—the last one last night—and human nature can endure it no longer. Oh, sir! find out the thief, and restore to me my missing gold, and I will—will—worship you, sir?"

I smiled at the idea of getting a miser's worship in

return for my trouble of detecting a mysterious thief and restoring the owner a large amount of gold ; and I said, facetiously : " Unquestionably, what you offer is very valuable in your estimation ; but neither a miser's blessing nor curse will pass current for rent, food, or clothing. No, Mr. — a — "

" Brandish—Stephen Brandish."

" No, Mr. Brandish, if I undertake this business of detecting the thief, and getting back your money, or any portion of it, I must be paid in gold—gold, sir, gold—for I, too, like gold—though for what it will buy, and not to worship."

For a long time we could not agree upon terms ; but at last, having got the matter settled to my satisfaction, I entered with great zest into the penetration and unravelment of what was really a wonderful mystery. That night, after dark, I made my appearance at the miser's house ; and, being admitted, and the door secured, I began my inspection of the premises. I went up to the roof and down to the cellar, searching minutely all the walls, floors, and ceilings, for some place where a thief might enter or secrete himself. The house was an old crazy structure, sure enough ; but I found nothing to give me a clue to the mystery. The doors and windows were all bolted on the inside, and the bolts, I assured myself by close examination, were all sound and in good order. In the cellar was a well, from which the old man drew what water he used, and I satisfied myself there was nothing suspicious about that. Then I went round the walls, and tried every stone of any size, to see if it might be removed ; but all were fast and solid. At last I came to the money-safe, which was curiously built in the ground, with iron door upwards, like a trap-door, and which was effectually concealed by scattering dirt over it.

" I must see the inside of this !" said I ; " there may be an excavation underneath."

" Oh, sir," returned the old miser, trembling at the thought of exposing his riches, " you will not take the advantage of an old man. You will not betray me. You will promise this—you will swear to it."

I might have got offended at this question of my honesty from another ; but I took into consideration the peculiarities of the miser, and promised all he wished, even going so far as to take an oath of secrecy. At last, after much hesitation and demurring, he ventured to expose the interior of the safe to my gaze. It contained twenty-five heavy bags of gold, with a large amount of silver thrown in loosely ; but the bottom, sides, and all parts of it, save the iron door, were

composed of thick granite, perfectly cemented, and had never been disturbed since being put together.

My inspection of the house was now completed, but without gaining the slightest clue to the mystery of the robberies. I could discover no place where any one could have entered, and there was certainly no one now concealed in the house. I questioned the miser as to who had visited him; but he positively declared that, myself excepted, I was the only one he had permitted to cross his threshold since taking up his solitary abode there. I was at a stand—I knew not what to suggest. Had but one been missing—or had he only been robbed once—the matter would have seemed susceptible of some rational solution; but to be robbed several times, at irregular intervals, and the thief to be so forbearing as to take only a comparatively small portion at each time, and then withal leave no trace, save the loss, of his having been there, this it was that puzzled and perplexed me exceedingly. I finally went away, at a late hour, promising to give the matter my serious consideration, and the old man agreeing to communicate with me immediately on the occurrence of anything new.

Three days after, he again appeared in a half-distracted state, and declared that, during the night previous, he had been robbed of another bag of gold. Again I repaired to this house, and made another search, going from cellar to roof and from roof to cellar, examining everything, even to his old rotten straw bed, but only to end as wise as I began. I made him open his safe again, and saw with my own eyes that only twenty-four bags remained; and I knew from his appearance that the missing money was really lost, since it was not possible for any one to counterfeit such wretched grief and terror on his countenance as his language and manner expressed. The money was gone; but who was the thief; and by what mystery had he made his entrance and exit, and opened and closed the safe?

In a few days the miser was robbed again; and, in spite of all I could do, he continued to be robbed, at longer or shorter periods, for several months, until in fact only ten bags of gold remained, and by this time he was wasted almost to a skeleton through grief at his loss, and I had become so nervous and superstitious that I looked to see a ghost every time I visited the dwelling. What could it mean? I had spent days and nights in the house; had arranged matters so I could come and go as I pleased, at all hours, secretly and openly; and yet, though I had used this freedom,

and been an almost constant spy upon the premises, I had failed to detect the slightest clue to the thief. Surely, it could not be the work of human hands! and the thought of the supernatural made my blood run cold.

One night I retired to bed, terribly perplexed with this mystery; and after rolling and tossing about for a long time I fell asleep, and dreamed I was in the miser's house on the watch, and that I saw him get up, go to his safe, unlock it, take out a bag of gold, drop it in the well, re-lock his safe, and return to his b. d.

"That is it!" I cried, leaping out upon the floor. "I have it now! The wretched man is a sleep-walker, and has all along been robbing himself. Why have I not thought of this before?"

I dressed in haste, and set off, night though it was, to ascertain the truth of my new conjecture. I reached the gloomy house, went in, and found the miser was not in bed. I hurried down-stairs, and, by the light of my lantern, beheld him stretched out on the ground, near the well, with a bag of gold in his hand. I spoke to him, but he did not answer. I touched him, but he did not answer. I stooped down, took hold of his wrist, felt his pulse, and started up in horror.

He was dead! He had died in the act of robbing himself!

The mystery was solved; my dream had revealed the truth, and the missing bags of gold were all found at the bottom of the well. The whole was taken possession of by the authorities, and I received my just due for services rendered.



BEAUTY.

TAKE a pebble that lies in our path. To nine men out of ten it is a pebble and nothing more, but to the tenth man it is a world. As he gazes upon it his thoughts go back to primeval ages, when the stillness of death reigned throughout space, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters and was spoken into existence; he sees its component parts entering into the composition of the vast pyramids of Egypt, fitting Mausoleums of shrouded royalty, and relics of barbaric grandeur that will stand so long as time endures. Anon, he sees the rock in the wilderness, smitten by the hand of God's chosen deliverer, and the refreshing waters bringing solace and com-

fort to the travel-worn children of Israel. Following the chain of events, he sees the wise men traversing the rocky slopes and fertile plains of Judea, wending their way to Bethlehem, guided by the star that announces to them the Messiah is born. He sees the stately columns of Jerusalem, the gorgeous palaces of Rome, the magnificent statues of the old world, and all constructed from the same material as this little pebble.

Things are often beautiful to us by association. Who has not known and loved a Mary, name sacred in history and lovely in song? Pluck an apple blossom from the tree at your door—there are gayer flowers, but none dearer in memory. As you gaze upon its blushing beauty and inhale its fragrance, the long years of toil and sorrow flee away, and you are again a child at your mother's knee, and you hear the hum of the bee amidst the clover, and drink again cool draughts from the mossy old well, and hear the music of voices long since hushed in death.

There is no attribute of nature so refining and elevating in its tendencies as that of beauty. Not long since there was sent to one of our State prisons, a woman hardened in sin, and her soul blackened with a long catalogue of crime. All efforts to reform her were useless—she scoffed at the prayers of the chaplain, and jeered at the friendly words of advice from the matron. One day while sullenly staring through the prison gate, a little child came by with its hands full of flowers, and seeing her face, stopped, and reached through the gate a little daisy. The woman took it, and going into her cell laid it upon the grated window sill. She gazed upon it long and earnestly, gradually the hard lines of her face softened, the sullen frown melted away, and a tear rolled down her cheek. It was a little thing, and yet, who shall tell what secret spring it touched, and what visions of lost purity and childish innocence it called up.

We are too often unmindful of the wonderful mission of beauty or how much it lies in the power of each one of us to add to the happiness of others, through its influence. Have you a friend languishing on a bed of pain? Send him the fairest blossom in your garden—the rosiest apple from your tree. Is there one at your next door that society has frowned upon? Give her a cheerful word and pleasant smile, and your ministrations of beauty will be remembered by Him who does not forget even the “cup of cold water” offered in love.

Teach your little child to love and cherish all beautiful things. Tell him the same plastic hand moulded the lily's cup, that formed the round world from which it sprung.

Teach your daughters that the adornings of a pure and lovely spirit are more beautiful than diamonds of Golconda.

Train your sons to reverence virtue and truth, that their lives may be beautiful through their manliness and integrity..

Oh, this world is full of beauty! The air is loving with its spirit, and there is a peace within that maketh all things beautiful and earth to seem as an ever-sounding anthem of thanks for the mission of the holy messenger. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."



A DUEL OR A WEDDING.

I AM an ardent admirer of female beauty. I ought to have been an artist or a sculptor, but I am neither. I have thought some of running an ambrotype gallery—one of that kind, you know, where they run from town to town, stopping on a vacant lot or on the common for a week or two, to transfer the faces of the town's people to glass; but I gave up that idea at last, for the sole reason that I am not of a roving disposition. I want to settle in one spot, and the spot I did settle in was just at the corner of Crown and Morton streets in W—.

I was book-keeper for Brown & Co., wholesale dealers in hides and tallow. Henry Bowers, a young man of very lively disposition, and also an admirer of female beauty, was employed in the same office. We boarded and roomed together at the corner of Crown and Morton.

One night Henry and I attended one of the lyceum lectures. I think it was Mr. Beecher that delivered the lecture. But whether it was or not it does not matter, for I do not intend to speak of the lecturer, but of a certain young lady I saw there.

We occupied seats very near the stage—we came early. There were very few in the hall at the time, but the seat directly in front of us was filled with ladies. I believe there was one gentleman, though I did not take much notice of him.

We had hardly been in the hall five minutes before my attention was fixed upon one of the ladies upon

the front seat. She was a little to the right of me, but as she was talking very earnestly to the lady next to her, her face was turned towards us; and, susceptible as I am, I could not but be impressed with the beauty of it.

Bowers noticed her, too, and punched me in the ribs to attract my attention.

"A little out of the common order, eh, McDougal?" he whispered.

"Lovely, I think. Do you know her?"

And just then the organ music began to blow; and Bowers, who is also a lover of music, as well as of beauty, turned his attention to the organ, which, by the way, is always played an hour before the lecture commences, for you see the people of W—— have bought a great organ lately, and they can't let it rest whenever they have an opportunity to display its powers.

But I couldn't withdraw my gaze from the beautiful young lady before me. She had golden hair, and her bluest of blue eyes swam full of love and sweetness. Her nose was small and straight, and she had just the prettiest dimple among the blushes on either cheek. And then, such a mouth! what red, ripe lips! teeth of pearl, flashing between the roses. Her forehead was smooth and broad, and her neck, I saw, as the fur cape dropped low on her shoulders, was white as alabaster, and smooth as polished marble. Her form was trim and slight—not too tall, but just the opposite of short and dumpy. Really, she was a model for a painter. And if I had only been an artist, photographer, ambrotypist, or sign painter, I certainly should have transferred that beautiful face and form to canvass, paper, glass, or wood. As it was, when the lecture was concluded, which I am sorry to say I don't remember anything about, I went home leaning on the arm of Bowers, madly in love with—well, I didn't know whom.

A month passed away without my seeing anything of the beautiful stranger. But about that time I received an invitation to visit my friend Mrs. Segard in M——. She is a widow of forty, and is the mother of a certain Miss Segard, familiarly called Clara. I think that Mrs. Segard has tried to bring about a marriage between Clara and myself, and I believe I was not much opposed to the match. Clara was a good girl everybody said, a very pretty brunette, with flashing black eyes and hair, but her form was short, thick and slowdyish. I admire a handsome form quite as much as a handsome face. I might have married her—I

really think I should, but for a little affair which happened at U—, which I sat down to tell you about.

The morning I started for M—, Bowers accompanied me to the depot. While I was buying my ticket, I noticed another gentleman come into the waiting-room. My first thought was, that it was my shadow that I saw before me. He was about my height, had a light complexion like mine, and eyes of a grizzly gray, and one of them turned in, just like mine. He had a long, thick, snub nose, covered with freckles, an exact copy of mine; his mouth was large, and his front teeth filled just like mine. He wore a long, gray overcoat, which I am sure was manufactured at the Adriatic, and I am almost positive that it was made from the same piece as mine was. He had on a tall silk hat, tipped upon one side of his sandy locks, and so did I; and furthermore, he carried in his hand a small carpet bag, with a tag marked "J. McD." tied to the straps.

I looked at him, and he returned the compliment, and Bowers examined him at a distance with an opera glass. At last the stranger advanced across the room, bowed, and stopped directly in front of me.

"Friend," said he, with some hesitation, evidently bewildered, "did your mother ever have twins?"

"No; I never heard that she did," I replied with a smile.

"Well, mine never did that I heard of," and he put his hand upon my coat sleeve, and began to examine the cloth.

"I say, sir," continued the stranger, looking down to the carpet bag that I held, and examining the tag, "are you John McDolan, or am I?"

"My name is McDougal," I replied, smiling, as I heard a gentleman remark to his neighbor, "Twins of course. What a resemblance!"

"Well, Mr. McDougal, I hope you are an honest man, for you see, if you should happen to rob a bank, forge a note, pick a pocket, or cut somebody's juglar, I might have to suffer, perhaps swing for it."

"I can give good reference as to my character," I answered.

"Yes, that's very good. But Mr. McDougal, which way are you going?"

"Down. I have bought my ticket."

"Then I'm going up. I don't think we'd best travel together. There's the train starting now. Good-bye, Mr. McDougal; I wish you success, and for my sake don't spoil your character."

Mr. McDolan shook my hand and hurried away.

The train for U—— started five minutes after.

"Don't get married this time down," said Bowers, as he shook my hand at parting.

"No, never fear that just yet," I answered, closing the window.

To get to M——, which, by the way, is a rather out-of-the-way place, a small, one horse town, with one tavern, two churches and a poor-house. I had to leave the cars at U——, and then take a private conveyance to M——, five miles distant. I could have gone by the stage, but that only leaves U—— once a day, at five o'clock in the morning.

So when the cars stopped at U——, I took my carpet bag in my hand, and got out upon the platform.

There was quite a large number of people at the station, but I took no notice of any of them, except a tall, brawny man, in a brown overcoat and slouched hat, who started for me as soon as I stepped off the cars.

I stopped and looked at him. He frowned, and seemed to restrain himself from some violent action. A decidedly ugly-looking customer he was, in truth; but as he was a perfect stranger to me, I really couldn't tell what to make of him. Besides, he was backed by a short, red-faced, black-bearded, corpulent gentleman, who looked as fierce as a tiger.

I was about to move away, when the slouched hat, looking down at the tag of my carpet-bag, started, and coming forward, laid his hand heavily on my shoulder.

"You're a villain!"

"Sir?"

"I repeat it—you're a villain!"

"A miserable scamp!" said the corpulent gentleman, coming forward and scowling more fiercely than ever.

Now I felt that I was a match for the latter, but as to the other one, I didn't doubt but what he might work me up into shoe strings in less than three minutes. So, being a cautious man, I thought it best to keep my angry passions down.

"Will you explain yourselves, gentlemen?" I asked, trying to smile.

"Yes, I will," answered the big one, putting great stress on the "will."

"Certainly," growled the corpulent gentleman, with a grim smile.

"Come this way, you rascal," said the tall one, drawing me along with him.

His companion followed us out back of the station, where we were out of sight and hearing of the rest of U——.

"Now," said the tall gentleman, turning and confronting me, "I'll introduce myself. I am Captain Augustus Boynton. This gentleman is my father, John Boynton. Do you know us now?"

"Well, really," I replied, wondering in my own mind what the deuce was coming: "really, I don't know anything more about you than what you've just told."

"Hush!" 'Twas the captain; and he bent down and hissed in my ear, "I am Carrie Boynton's brother."

"And I am her father," growled John Boynton.

"Ah, really, I want to know!" I could not help smiling, the whole affair seemed so ludicrous. "Give my regards to Carrie."

"Ha! you laugh at us, do you, villain?" cried the captain. "Look 'ere," said he, lowering his voice to a horrid whisper. "Look at these."

I did look; for just then he drew from the pocket of his brown overcoat a handsome case, and opening it displayed a pair of splendid silver-mounted duelling pistols.

"Take your choice."

A cold tremor ran through my frame. Was I to be murdered? I tried to shout, but I could make no sound. The ludicrous affair was becoming decidedly serious. Must I fight a duel? I'd never fired a pistol in my life, but just once, and then I tried to kill a cat, but failed with the pistol, and had to dash her brains out against a stone wall.

"Choose quick," urged the captain.

"Sir," said I, in a tremulous voice, while the cold drops of perspiration stood out upon my brow, "there mu-must be so-me mis-take. I-I am not the man."

"Pshaw!" answered the captain, looking down at my carpet bag which I had dropped upon the ground. "You are John McDolan, of W——."

"No, sir; I am James McDougal," I replied with alacrity, for I now saw whom I was taken for.

"McDougal be hanged!" growled the captain. "To be sure I never saw you before, but I've seen your photograph a hundred times. You remember the one you gave to Carrie?"

"No, sir; I don't know Carrie. I'm no McDolan at all. I'm McDougal of W——. I'm book-keeper for Brown & Co., dealers in hides and tallow. My father was Norton McDougal, my mother was Mary McDougal, my grandfather was—

"Confound your grandfather! Either marry my sister, as you promised to do a month ago, or take one of these pistols and——"

"Oh! help!"

"Dry up, you whelp," and the captain clapped his great broad hand over my mouth.

"Choose quick, youngster," said the elder Boynton.

"I won't fight," I cried, throwing myself on the ground.

"Then marry my sister, or we'll drag you through the mill-pond."

It was useless for me to remonstrate. I could not convince the enraged father and son that I was not the villain McDolan. I dared not cry for help.

What should I do? Marry a woman whom I never saw before, whom I knew nothing about? I had little time to consider. Life was sweet to me, a ducking was disagreeable, and, as to a duel, I should have been a dead man at the first shot.

"Choose," said the captain, giving me a kick with his boot.

"I'll, I'll mar-marry her."

"All right. Get up."

And the captain smiled grimly as he returned the pistol to the case, the case to the pocket.

The elder Mr. Boynton went after the carriage; but before I had ceased to tremble he returned.

The captain helped me in; and then seated between the chivalric father and son, I rode away. There were plenty of people on the street; but I was warned not to shout, if I knew what was healthy for me.

We rode at a smart trot for about two miles I should think, and then the captain drew rein before a large two-story white house, that stood near the road, surrounded by a high white fence. There was a gravel walk up to the front door, and several large cherry trees stood in the front yard.

"Here we are," said the captain, getting down and motioning me to follow.

The door opened just as we reached it, and Venus, Hebe, Queen Victoria, and General Grant! who should fall into my arms but the identical young lady who had made such a strong impression upon my heart the night of the lecture in W——!

"Oh, John! I knew you would be true," she cried; and the captain snickered as he led the way into the parlor.

But once there, I succeeded in convincing Miss Boynton that I was not McDolan. Her father apologized, and so did the captain, and the upshot of all was that I consented to stop over night with them, and I am happy to state that I passed a very pleasant evening indeed.

I learned, too, that this John McDolan, for whom I had been taken, was a gentleman of wealth and leisure, with only one fault, and that was promising to marry every pretty woman that he became acquainted with.

Then I told my story, and both Mr. Boynton and the captain seemed pleased, and so did Carrie, especially when I offered to stand in McDolan's shoes.

And—well, my dear reader, I did about a month afterwards. We had a great wedding, and Clara Segard was one of the bridesmaids, and Henry Bowers was groomsman. And I am very well satisfied that McDolan took the up train instead of the down.



HONOR YOUR BUSINESS.

WE recommend the following paragraphs, from the London Economist, to all who have a vocation:

It is a good sign when a man is proud of his work or calling. Yet nothing is more common than to hear men finding fault constantly with their particular business, and deeming themselves unfortunate because fastened to it by the necessity of gaining a livelihood. In this spirit men fret, and laboriously destroy all the comfort in their work; or they change their business, and go on miserably, shifting from one thing to another, till the grave or the poorhouse gives them a fast grip,

But while a man occasionally fails in life, because he is not in the place fitted for his peculiar talent, it happens ten times oftener that failure results from neglect and even contempt of an honest business. A man should put his heart into every thing that he does. There is not a profession that does not have its peculiar cares and vexations. No man will escape annoyance by changing business. No mechanical business is altogether agreeable. Commerce in its endless varieties, is affected, like all other human pursuits, with trials, unwelcome duties, and spirit-tiring necessities. It is the very wantonness of folly for a man to search out the frets and burdens of his calling, and give his mind every day to a consideration of them. They belong to human life. They are inevitable. Brooding over them only gives them strength. On the other hand, a man has power given to him to shed beauty and pleasure upon the homeliest toil, if he be wise. Let a man adopt his business and identify it with his life, and cover it with pleasant associations; for God has given us imagination, not

alone to make us poets, but to enable men to beautify homely things. Heart varnish will cover up innumerable evils and defects. Look at the good things. Accept your lot as a man does a piece of rugged ground, and begins to get out the rocks and roots, to deepen and mellow the soil, to enrich and plant it. There is something in the most forbidding avocation, around which a man may twine pleasant fancies, out of which he may develop an honest pride.



"GARDENING FOR PROFIT."

BY ZIG.

THERE is a book which Mr. Greeley, or some other wise vegetable philosopher, says "shows how a young man may make a fortune without wandering away to Nevada or Montana for it." That was what we wanted. We wanted to make our fortune at our own door. So we sent for the valuable book called "Gardening for Profit." Now, the book called Gardening for Profit has nothing to do with *our* gardening for profit, be it understood. We thought we had all the science and art of gardening at our finger-ends. We only sent for Mr. Peter Henderson's book because it looked learned. Mr. Peter Henderson is hereby fully exonerated from any share in the result.

We had magnificent ideas of gardening in the abstract. Great minds in all ages and nations have turned their mighty genius towards market gardening, pursuing it in the moral entertainment way. Cicero had a market garden at Tusculum. Virgil wrote the Georgics in honor of life in the country. The giant Antæus drew his strength from his mother earth. And many members of the United States Congress, in our own times, are farmers when they are at home. So, you see, market-gardening is both illusrrious and honorable.

But we wanted something more than moral entertainment. We wanted to make our fortune without journeying to Nevada or Montana. To tell the truth, the sands of our pockets had nearly run out. It is a melancholy thought that a man's best trowsers are becoming shiny in the knees. It is sorrowfully suggestive when you take to inking the seams of your black kid gloves. Hence the reader will understand that we went into gardening for profit.

A light, sandy loam, well enriched, was the kind to

make gardening profitable, the book said. So we talked about guano, bone-dust, super-phosphates, and subsoiling, till the American Agriculturist would have gone crazy to hear us. We discussed lime for cabbages, and carbolic acid for cucumbers. We were deep in the mysteries of the striped yellow bug and the shiny black bug. Finally we planted some tomato seeds in a box. I am sorry to say the experiment was not successful. In point of fact, the rats ate our tomato seeds up the first night. They subsoiled the earth in our box completely. We thought it was a *ratty* performance on the whole.

After that we concluded that putting seeds in a box and covering them with earth, so that the poor rats would have to dig for them before eating them, was too hard on the rats. It was cruel to make the rats so much work. So we abandoned tomatoes. Then we turned our giant intellects in the direction of radishes. We were induced to cultivate radishes because we read that radishes produced more money to the acre than any other garden vegetable, besides being off the ground in time for a second crop of carrots or late cabbages. So we planted radishes. The books told us they would pay at the rate of \$600 to the acre. But we did not plant an acre; we planted a bed six feet square.

One evening George brought home two neat, yellowish-brown packages inscribed with letters and exclamation marks, as thus:

“Radishes—Long Scarlet!

Warranted Fresh and Genuine!”

We decided to plant them in cold frames, and have them far in advance of the market. Whereupon we sent for two boxes of glass, to fill the sashes for our cold frames. We had the sashes made and sent home. We had them painted to protect them from the weather. Then we carried them out to where our radish-bed was to be; and one windy afternoon, in the middle of March, George took off his coat, put his hand to the spade, and looked not back.

“Be sure you make the ground rich, George. To make gardening profitable, the soil must be thoroughly enriched,” said I, learnedly.

“Yes’m,” answered George.

“The soil must be well pulverized,” says George, after a bit.

I took on my shoulders the work of pulverizing the soil. I pulverized till near sundown. I combed the bed fore and aft with a fine-toothed rake, and threw out every stick as long as your finger, and every stone

as big as a lump of sugar. I met with an accident in my work of pulverizing the soil. I am unfortunate in one respect. If I aim to throw a small object in any given direction, the moment it leaves my fingers it invariably turns into a boomerang. It somehow becomes possessed of the strangest obliquity of direction, and when it does not come back and impinge upon my own unfortunate person, it is absolutely certain to go to exactly the opposite point from where I aimed it. I cannot understand this perverse peculiarity of sticks and stones at all.

Hence my accident. The brand new sashes for our cold frames, resplendent in the March sun, leaned against the fence at the north end of our radish bed. To make assurance doubly sure, I started out full of a brave intention to throw all the stones out on the south end. I began my work of making myself useful. Presently there was a crash—then a tinkle—then silence.

I glanced up, full of a dim foreboding of evil. A shining section of one of our magnificent new sashes had disappeared!

George smiled grimly.

"When you want to throw a stone on that south side again, let me know, so I can go and stand there, and not run the risk of having one of *my* lights put out," he said.

I was exasperated, and threw a stone *at* him. I need not add that it struck an innocent log, close to myself, and subsided.

We planted our radish seed, and bought a thermometer to test the temperature. We went out every day and dug up two or three radish seeds, and pinched them open to see if they were sprouting. One morning I took my usual tour, and came back full of great news to tell.

"They've sprouted!"

Something had sprouted, evidently, which we watered every day, and aired, according to directions. Finally, Madame went out to view our radishes. She looked at them a moment. We fancied we detected a faint smile on her visage. The smile deepened and broadened. In fact, Madame laughed aloud. Wasn't it all right? we inquired, anxiously.

"It's owing to what you want to raise," said Madame. "If you want a crop of black mustard, you'll have a fine one."

True enough; and our eagle had turned into a crow. Truth compels me to say that we had been carefully watering and tending a bed of weeds. In a day or

two more, however, George came in wearing a face of solemn triumph. This time *he* made the grand announcement—

“They’ve sprouted!”

I hurried out. A few, small, wrinkled, yellowish objects, each with a diminutive clod of dirt on its head, had made their appearance. The wrinkled, yellowish objects were radishes for sure. Madame said so. Then I went into the house and announced to the captain, sententiously;

“In three weeks we’ll have radishes for Sunday dinner!”

But I am obliged to record that soon another accident befell us. I verily believe that radish-bed was possessed. It must have been started the wrong time of the moon. I can account for our misfortunes in no other way.

Madame daily rejoiced in the ownership of two pigs. They were plump, saucy little fellows, were piggies, with bright, brisk eyes, and lively caudal extremities. Their innocent, piggish gambols were an object of admiration to George and myself, in common with the rest of the family. But we did not admire them quite so much afterwards. Admiration, be it known, depends on circumstances, and circumstances alter cases. One day we observed some tiny pig tracks on the sash which protected our precious radishes. If you will pardon the obvious inelegance of expression, I would say that we smelt a mice in these pig-tracks. We watched suspiciously, and behold! next day we caught piggies in the very act of taking a promenade across the glass top of our cold-frame. That was bad enough, and the captain vowed he would shut them up. But, like the man in the play, he only vowed it—he didn’t do it; and a worse fate still was in store for us. One fine day, it was quite warm, and we left the sash entirely off our vegetables. Presently the captain came in, looking serious.

“George,” said he, “I guess them blamed pigs have got into your radish-bed.”

Such was the simple story of our new misfortune. The “blamed pigs” had executed a Black Crook dance over every square inch, from centre to circumference of our radish-bed. The reader may fancy our feelings. Nevertheless, there was an alleviating circumstance. There is a tacit understanding between us two, that whenever any very outrageous evil comes upon us, as for instance the above, each of us will amiably endeavor to show the other how much each excels the other in respect to the divine virtue of

patience. Therefore, in the said case, George—though I saw how he wanted to swear—only remarked, mild as new milk:

“We can soon plant some more.”

“Yes, and we can soak them in warm water first, to make them come up sooner,” answered I, even milder than new milk.

We thought of Tamerlane’s spider which spun its thread a hundred and thirteen times, and felt encouraged. We bought some more “Long Scarlet—warranted Fresh and Genuine!” and soaked them in warm water.

“Smell it, George,” said I, “and see if they are good seed.”

George brought his nose within smelling range of the tea-cup containing our second fortune, and—withdraw it, sniffing considerably,

“It smells worse than an exploded humbug,” said he.

We planted our second instalment of radish seeds—planted them very carefully this time. But we had too many to fill our bed, and half of them were left.

“We mustn’t waste these,” said George, solemnly. “We must be economical now at first.”

A bright idea struck me.

“Why can’t we plant them out doors? The book says radishes may be sown in the open ground, this time of year.”

We concluded to plant them in the open ground. But it was late Saturday afternoon, and no open ground was ready for them. They would keep till Monday, Madame said, if they were buried in a cold place. I am gratified to be able to say that what happened next was brought about entirely by masculine wisdom. I wash my hands of that part of our misfortunes. George enveloped the remaining seeds in a stout, cotton cloth, called, in kitchen parlance, a *rag*, and then, like a wise philosopher, buried them in the hot-bed.

Monday we forgot all about them. Tuesday we recollected them. George prepared a proper place of reception, and then went to unearth our radish-seed. He was a long while about it. When he returned, he looked as if he had seen something unusual. In his hand he carried the most singular-looking ball. Imagine a porcupine, a hedge-hog, an irate pussy, anything, in short, which is rolled up round and stands out all all over in bristles.

“Where is the radish-seed?” I asked.

He held up the singular-looking ball.

"I see you have discovered a natural curiosity, but why didn't you bring the radish-seed?"

George lapsed into slang.

"I tell you them's um," said he.

And it was. In their determination not to be cheated out of sprouting, the stubborn germs had forced their way clear through cotton, cloth and all, and now stood out in a mass of bristling bayonets, defying time and tide.

"I don't see what made 'em act so," said George. "I buried them down deep in a corner of the hot-bed."

"In the *hot-bed!*" I broke out in wrath. "Didn't you have any more gumption than to put seeds in a hot-bed to keep them from sprouting?"

"I don't think I did," he answered, very meekly.

"A goose would have known better than that—I'd have known better myself," said I, consolingly.

Our radish-bed in the open ground was done for, of course, but meantime we took comfort that our radishes in the cold frame were growing so beautifully. They came up duly, yellow and wrinkled, with the little clod of dirt on their heads, at first, then they unfolded and grew greener every day. The pigs were shut up now, and not a cloud appeared to mar the fair sky of our prospects. Madame came out to see them, after they had begun to wear a handsome plume of green leaves. She looked doubtful.

"I'm afraid you've made the ground too rich, and your radishes 'll grow spindling," she said.

"But the book said the soil must be thoroughly enriched," I ventured to say, rather timidly.

"Well, maybe they'll do," she answered. "But I'm afraid they won't come to much."

A week or two more passed. Our radishes had the strangest faculty of flourishing like a green bay-tree at the top, and dwindling away to nothing at the root, somehow. And one morning George said:

"I guess your radishes are going to be all top and no tail."

My radishes indeed!

The book stated that the radishes would be ready to eat in four or five weeks. It was six weeks yesterday since we planted ours. At the present writing, each radish exhibits a luxuriant crown of bright green leaves, held down to the ground by an elongated, diminutive red string. That is the present aspect of affairs. Occasionally the captain looks mildly over his spectacles at me and says:

"Are you going to let us have some radishes for dinner to-day?"

Mark Twain says somewhere that if cabbages were eleven dollars a head, Mr. Greeley's farming would pay. George and I have made a computation that if radishes were worth fifty cents a top, ours would bring us in enough to pay for our two boxes of glass.



THE LUUR.

I was travelling late one summer evening through one of the most lonely and picturesque valleys of the western coast of Norway. It was impassable for all save the sure-footed mountain-pony of that country, so that I preferred often to trudge a few miles on foot, my luggage, rods, &c., being strapped on the pony's back. It was one of those delicious evenings that are to be found, I think, only in northern latitudes; for though it was close on midnight, the sun still shone on the tops of the mountains that hemmed in either side of the narrow valley, while below was quite light enough to read the smallest print with ease. My guide and pony were about a couple of hundred yards in front of me, for I loitered behind every now and then to admire the grandeur of the scene, or to watch the ever-shifting light on a distant glacier, which looked more like a sea of opal than anything else to which I can compare it. Indeed, every yard I advanced, there was something fresh to wonder at. Now it was a torrent falling perpendicularly downward from the heights above, and losing itself long ere it reached the bottom in masses of feathery spray, affording a wondrous display of aquatic fireworks; now it was a grand waterfall, leaping and dashing down the field side in impetuous haste to reach the river, that fretted and chafed alone like an angry serpent at the bottom of the valley. And yet, with all the din and noise of the roaring flood, there was a deathly oppressive stillness. Not a breath of wind stirred, not a sound of animal life was heard, save here and there the tinkling of a distant cow-bell, the whirring of a goatsucker on the wing, or the splash of a salmon in the river below.

All at once, however, I was startled by hearing a loud though melodious sound far above my head among the rocks. It reminded me more of the Alpine horn than anything I had ever heard.

"What is that?" I inquired, as I hastened on to catch up to my guide.

"It is a *luur*!" was the reply. A *luur*, I must inform my readers, is a long horn made of birchen bark,

which the peasants use to collect their cattle. It struck me at the time as being strange for people to be out at that time of night so late with their cattle; but my attention was soon diverted to other objects, and I daresay I dismissed the strangeness of the incident from my thoughts with the reflection that nothing could in truth be strange in a country where day and night were one.

Before long, I arrived at the farm-house where I was expected, and where I intended staying a few weeks salmon fishing. Late though it was, my host was waiting to receive me. He was a middle-aged man, with long flaxen hair flowing down to his shoulders, and was dressed in full national costume. He greeted me in true Norwegian style, and after expressing his fears that I must be weary, led the way into the house, where an ample supper was laid out for me. I had an introduction to him from a friend of his in Christiania, who promised me some excellent fishing, if I would consent to put up with a rough life for a few weeks.

Ingebræt—such was the name in which my host rejoiced—was a tall, broad-built man. His features were finely chiselled; in fact he was a person who could not fail to attract attention wherever he might be. He was a widower, but his only daughter, Ingeleiv, lived at home with him, and managed his domestic affairs for him. These two, with some half-dozen farm-servants and their families, who lived in huts close by the farm-house, formed the whole population to be found for a distance of several miles. Ingeliev was a true specimen of a Norwegian mountain beauty; tall in figure, like her father, with the same auburn hair, and blue melting eyes, she presented a picture that an artist would have loved to paint.

"Twas beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

There was a something, too, about her that attracted my attention; perhaps it was her bearing approaching almost to stateliness, that struck me. At all events, she seemed immeasurably superior to what a Norwegian farmer's daughter usually is.

But before retiring to bed, my host informed me, to my surprise, that he was a lineal descendant of the great Harald Haarfager ("fair-haired.") His family, he said with an air of conscious dignity, had never mingled with any who were not of royal blood. He was the last of his race, and before he died he hoped to see his daughter married to a cousin of his, who lived I forget where.

How strange it all seemed to me! There, amid the fastness of the mountains, to meet with a man who could trace his descent from kings whose names have left a stamp on the pages of history. Turning these things over and over in my mind, I soon fell into a peaceful slumber. How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by hearing the same plaintive sound of the luur on the mountain side opposite. I sprang out of bed, and throwing the window open, distinctly heard a voice calling or rather singing in a melodious key: "How is —?" And here followed a word I could not catch; and then another voice at a long distance off took up the strain, and made some reply in the same harmonious key. I listened to hear it repeated, but all was still; so again seeking my couch, I resumed my dream about monstrous salmon and countless herds of reindeer.

Next morning I was soon down; and as Ingeliev was laying out breakfast for me in the large kitchen, her father came in from seeing after his farm, and made earnest and polite inquiries about the way in which I had passed the night.

"Famously!" I answered; "but some of your people were early astir, for I could hear two voices on yonder mountains as if after the cows;" and putting my hands to my mouth I imitated as well as I could the sound I had heard.

"Strange!" he answered; "for I have no cattle on the mountain this summer. Did you hear it, Inga?" turning to his daughter.

But Inga's averted face, which was the color of scarlet, plainly showed me that she did know something more about it than her father knew. So thinking it might be a lover, and that they were obliged to adopt this method of courting, or of "luring" each other, I quickly turned the subject and spoke of other things. From that day, however, Ingeliev avoided me, and thus deprived me of any opportunity of finding out the mystery of the luur.

I will not fatigue my reader by dwelling on the sport I had with the salmon, nor yet on the excursions I made after reindeer in company with my host, who was a clever hunter and capital shot; suffice it to say, I thoroughly enjoyed myself. But alas! it was time for me to think of leaving; and I was the more sorry, because I could see that Inga was evidently unhappy, and wore about her pretty and formerly cheerful face an air which betokened great mental suffering.

It was late in the evening when I bade my kind friends adieu, for I wished again to traverse that mountain valley by night. My *skyts-boy*, (they call them all boys in Norway, whether they be old men, or even of the opposite gender,) or post-boy, was an intelligent youth of two or three and twenty years. We soon became great friends, and in less than half an hour he had communicated the history of his life to me. "He had been educated as a schoolmaster," he said, "but was now only a laboring servant on an adjacent farm."

"Everybody seems to fall instead of rise in these parts," I thought to myself, when he had concluded his tale. Our road lay up a steep rocky path. Carl—such was the lad's name—was leading the pony in front by the bridle, while I as usual was sauntering behind to catch a last long look of the lovely scene, when again I was aroused from my reverie by seeing him place his hands to his mouth, and directing his voice towards the mountains, send forth a plaintive sound. In a few seconds I heard it hrown back from the rocks, and should doubtless have thought it was but the echo, had not the waving of a woman's garment two hundred feet above my head attracted my eye.

"I will find out this mystery before I go," I said aloud, for, indeed, so engrossed had I been with fishing and shooting, that it had quite escaped my memory. "Carl," I said, "what is that?"

He seemed quite taken aback at the suddenness of the question, but laughed it off by saying he was only calling for amusement.

"But, I tell you, some one answered you up yonder; and see, she is waving her hand towards us. I will go and see; do you wait below."

And in a few moments I had clambered up the hill-side to where I had fancied I had seen the woman standing. She was no longer visible; but I observed a low hut built of leafy boughs, a few paces off, nearly hidden behind a rocky ledge.

Carl now caught me up, and tried to dissuade me from entering; but the despair depicted on his face only made me the more resolved to carry out my determination, so, with pushing him back, I opened the door and entered the hut.

A strange sight met my eye. On the middle of the floor was a little cradle, in which a rosy-checked baby lay sleeping, while kneeling down by its side, as if keeping guard over her child's slumber, was its mother. She raised her head on my approach, and I saw, to my

astonishment, that it was none other than the pretty daughter of my host. "Ingeleiv!" I said, "you here!" as the whole mystery now lay open before me.

"Oh, tell him, Carl!" she answered, bowing her head down, as if afraid to look me in the face—"tell him! I know he is a kind man, and may help us!"

Thus solicited, Carl narrated to me the following touching tale:

They had been brought up together, he said, from childhood, and what wonder if they became all in all to each other. He knew he was not worthy of her, and that Ingebræt would never give his daughter to him—a common farming-man. But he would make himself worthy of her; and so he studied hard at his books, and, with the help of the good pastor, had hoped to be able to take a post as schoolmaster (an office held in great respect among the peasantry.) But it was all in vain; he had no royal blood in his veins; and neither prayers nor entreaties could move the stern old man from his purpose of wedding his daughter to one of the same family with herself. "Then," said Carl, "I was miserable, and thought I had better leave the world as quickly as I could, for there was nothing in it worth living for now. But she came to me, just as I was about to—" and his voice failed as he came to this part of his story, "and promised to share weal or woe with me, and in a weak moment I consented. And now—now—she is made as wretched as myself; and I—I alone am her destroyer."

Words would fail me were I to attempt to describe the scene that followed the conclusion of his simple but touching tale; indeed, I was so moved myself at the distress of the two young people, that it is best to draw a veil over it.

"But where has the child been all this while?" I inquired.

"Here, sir!" answered Carl. "I built this hut, and Ingeleiv and I take it in turns, as we can, to be with it."

"And how far is this from your father's house?" I inquired of Ingeleiv.

"About three miles; but Carl has twice that distance to go;" and the tears rolled fast down her cheek.

"You see, sir," added Carl, "as yet during the summer we have been able to manage; but now that the days are becoming shorter and shorter, and winter is coming on, God above only knows what will be the end of it." And here Carl followed Ingeleiv's example, and cried like a child.

"Well, cheer up, my friends; I'll do what I can to help you; but you must agree to act according to my

directions. Let us wait till to-morrow, however ; it is too late to think of doing anything at this late hour." So, spreading my rug down on the ground, and making a pillow of my knapsack, and lighting that unfailing source of consolation, a good cigar, I lay down and smoked, thought over the best plan to be adopted to make things smooth, and then fell asleep.

Next morning, we all set out for Ingeleiv's house. I need not say how surprised my old friend was to see me return so quickly.

"What! you couldn't leave the salmon then!" he said.

Meanwhile, Carl had taken the child, and loitered a little behind on the road, while Ingeleiv slipped into the house unobserved.

"Yes," I said, entering the house ; and then after a few commonplace remarks, I led the conversation to a topic on which the old man never wearied of hearing himself or others talk—namely, the old kings of Norway. But I was determined not to humor him to his full bent this time ; for when he got on his favorite hobbyhorse, it was difficult to stop him ; so I turned the conversation to hard-hearted parents and ill-assorted marriages, and told him about Philip of Spain, D'Aguesseau, and others ; and then, when I saw I had made some impression—for the old man received any historical fact, especially when it related to the great of the earth, with implicit confidence—and had excited his curiosity, I concocted a little history exactly similar in all respects to that of Ingeleiv and Carl ; and when I had concluded, I took down two books from the book-shelf, which gave evident signs of having been well studied.

"Here, Ingebræt," I said, taking up one—it was his favorite book—the History of the Kings of Norway—"here is a book which tells you all about the lives and deaths of royalty ; but here is a book" (it was the Bible) "which teaches us that in God's sight, who is King of all kings, we all are equal. Humility, forgiveness, and love, are the lessons it teaches us." And then running out of the room, and fetching back the infant in a trice, I laid it in his arms, saying : "And there is your daughter's child, Ingebræt, and it prays through me that you will not repulse your own blood from you ; remember, too, that the blood of old Harald Haarfager is flowing in its veins."

It was a strange way of breaking news, dear reader, you may perhaps say ; and you are quite right. But still I think it was the most effective way I could have adopted. That last touch about the child being of royal

descent was, I have ever since thought, the most masterly and diplomatic thing I ever did in my life. A death-like paleness came over the old man's face. I felt it was a critical moment, and I did not keep silence. Never, I am sure, did I talk so fast, beg, pray, or entreat so hard as I did then. At last he began to relent; for at first he was all for driving his daughter out from home and hearth. Not that he would have done it, I am sure, for he loved her dearly. But by degrees, when the first shock was over, and when Inga had thrown herself down on the floor, and had embraced his knees, begging for mercy for herself and helpless babe, the rigid muscles of his face began to quiver, and he burst into tears.

"Nothing like a good cry," I thought to myself, as I hurried out to fetch in Carl; "it does man and woman good when practiced in moderation."

Carl was not slow to follow Inga's example; and at last, when I fairly saw the baby still in the old man's arms, while Inga and Carl were at his feet, I thought the tableau did not require the addition of myself, so I retreated and had a pipe over it. How fragrant that pipe of tobacco tasted! for had I not made peace—had I not brought joy to two sorrowing hearts?

Going away next day, or the next, or the next to that, was quite out of the question. I was obliged to complete what I had begun; so I spent my time till the wedding-day, fishing and shooting, and otherwise amusing myself, happy in the consciousness that I had at last really done a good thing in my life.

I was Carl's best man! What a wedding-dinner we had!—and what speeches! Of course my health was drunk; and if only Carl had not dwelt too much on my extraordinary virtues, I should have said he had made a most *apropos* speech for a bridegroom.

I often go to see my old Norwegian friends and to fish. The old man has gone to his fathers; but Carl and Inga, and a whole tribe of olive-branches, look for my coming regularly when the salmon begin to run up the river.



"HOME, SWEET HOME."

IN Sir Philip Sidney's "Defence of Poesy," the noble author says: "I never heard of the old song of Percy and Douglass, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet." Some other writer had

said: "Let me write the songs of a people, and I care not who makes their laws."

We are inclined to think that of all the contributions which the genius of poetry has made to the literature of the world, songs are destined to achieve the widest and enduring fame. The reason for this is found in the fact that they appeal not so much to the intellectual as to the emotional nature, and touch the simple, untutored instincts of the heart rather than the more highly cultivated faculties of the brain. A true song is nothing but our common humanity, with its hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, loves and ambitions, moulded into verse and set to music. Such a song—and none others are worthy the name—translates itself at once into all languages, and is understood by the people of every race, clime, and condition. Springing, as it does, from the depths of that universal sympathy which gathers about us like God's own sunshine, and links the great family of mankind into a brotherhood of feeling, no education, no particular refinement is needed to comprehend and enjoy it. To the large majority of persons, perhaps, the works of Homer and Virgil, Dante and Milton, Shakespeare and Byron, are sealed volumes. They have heard of these giants in the realm of letters, they bow before the shadow of their mighty presence, the glory of their splendid names, but they have never talked with them face to face, and they know them only by reputation. The *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, the *Inferno* and *Paradise Lost*, *Macbeth* and *Childe Harold*, are for the cultivated few—not for the uncultivated many. They will exist as long as there is a literature in Christendom; but books might be blotted from the earth to-morrow, and the very memory of them annihilated, yet the songs of the people would still live, and lend to rugged barbarism and brutal ignorance the graceful charm of that better era which had passed away. Gibbon says, in speaking of Henry Fielding, whose lineage was identical with that of the House of Hapsburg: "The descendants of Charles the Fifth may despise their brethren of England, but the romance of Tom Jones, that exquisite picture of human manners, will out-live the palace of the Escorial, and the Imperial Eagle of the House of Austria."

If this be true of a novel, is it not infinitely more true of any melody which the world has learned by heart? The time may arrive when the characters of that famous fiction shall have faded into oblivion, but "Auld Lang Syne" and "Home, Sweet Home" will last as long as the eternal hills.

America, as yet, has produced no song writer. No one has done for her what Burns did for Scotland, Moore for Ireland, and Beranger for France. Not even the popular enthusiasm, which shook the nation to its centre during the late civil war, could give birth at the North to any finer inspiration than "John Brown's soul," and "Rally 'round the Flag, Boys." The South, indeed, was a little more fortunate, for in "Maryland, my Maryland," we recognize a spark of the same divine fire which flashes forth in the "Marseillaise," and "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." The country, therefore, owes no ordinary debt of gratitude to John Howard Paine, who, if he did not write enough to entitle him to a recognized place among the authors of this class, has at least given us one song which is already beyond the reach of chance or change—a household word, sacred and secure. If fame is to be estimated by wide-spread popularity, we had rather be the author of "Home, Sweet Home," than all the verses of all the poets our land has known from its earliest age to the present hour. There is little in the ballad when we subject it to critical analysis, and yet this very simplicity is the precious gem which has snatched it from forgetfulness, and blended the familiar lines with the holiest association of the fire-side. How curious that this humble daisy, this "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" should grow and blossom into fair renown, when so many monarchs of the forest lie prone in the dust, unnoticed and unknown!

The more important facts of Payne's life require but brief mention. He was born in New York, June 9th, 1792, and at an early age manifested decided literary and dramatic talent. When only thirteen years of age, he conducted a small periodical called the *Thespian Mirror*, which attracted the attention of a gentleman named Seaman, who generously offered to defray the expenses of his education at Union College.

Pecuniary difficulties, which involved his father, forced him to leave this institution before the completion of his studies, and, in order to support his impoverished family, Payne went upon the stage, making his debut at the Park Theatre, New York, February 24, 1809, in the character of "Young Norval." His success was so unmistakable, that he continued his new profession, performing in the principal Eastern cities, and in 1813 went to England, where he received a cordial welcome, and became a great popular favorite. He remained abroad for nearly twenty years, leading a Bohemian life and figuring alternately as

an actor, playwright, and manager, gaining some reputation, but little money.

"Home, Sweet Home" was penned in a garret of the Palais Royal, Paris, when poor Payne was so utterly destitute and friendless that he knew not where the next day's dinner was coming from.

It appeared originally in a diminutive opera called "Clari, the Maid of Milan." The opera is seldom seen or heard of now, but the song grows nearer and dearer to us as the years roll away, for "it is not of an age, but for all time." More than once the unfortunate author, walking the lonely streets of London or Paris, amid the storm and darkness, hungry, houseless, and penniless, saw the cheerful light gleaming through the windows of happy homes, and heard the music of his own song drifting out upon the gloomy night to mock the wandering heart with visions of comfort and of joy, whose blessed reality was forever denied to him. "Home, Sweet Home" was written by a homeless man.

In 1832, Payne returned to this country, and, after pursuing literary avocations with indifferent success for a few years, was finally appointed Consul at Tunis, where he died June 5th, 1852. One passage in his ill-starred career tinges it with a hue of melancholy romance, and perhaps explains the secret of his restless erratic character.

Maria Mayo, afterwards Mrs. General Scott, was a queenly beauty in her youthful days; whose charms of person and of mind made her the acknowledged belle of that venerable State whose soil had been no less prolific of fascinating women than of gallant men. The legend prevails in Richmond that Payne met Miss Mayo, and fell madly in love with her. The homage of a poet could hardly be other than flattering even to one whose shrine was worshipped by scores of richer devotees, and possibly he mistook the smiles she gave him for the evidence of reciprocated passion; but be this as it may, the same old story was enacted. He staked his happiness, his peace, on woman's love, and—lost.

Thenceforth life had no attractions for him, and he sought an exile on the barren shores of Africa as a welcome relief from the bitter disappointment which had crushed out hope and ambition here. The sands of the desert have long since covered the grave of Howard Payne, and the place where, "after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well," is unknown; but "Home, Sweet Home" is a monument which will carry his

name and fame to remotest posterity, and stand firm when effigies of marble and of bronze shall sink into indistinguishable decay.



POPULAR PROVERBS.

THE Dean of Chester recently delivered in that city an amusing lecture on the above subject, of which an English paper gives the following abstract:

He said he might compare proverbs to bottles containing the otto of roses, sometimes very odd and grotesque in appearance, but containing much fragrance in a little space, and would keep fresh a very long time. Complete proverbial sentences were of two kinds—either exhortive, such as “Make hay while the sun shines,” “Think of ease but work on,” “Pardon others but not thyself,” “Pull down thy hat on the windy side,” or the Spanish one of “Dine with thy aunt but not every day;” or indicative, such as these:—“Half a loaf is better than no bread,” “Where the hedge is lowest most people go over,” or, as poor Richard says, “Silks and satins put out the kitchen fire,” “Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn no other.” “Look not a gift horse in the mouth,” might be thought to have come from Yorkshire, but it was found in mediæval history, and he had found it among American proverbs. “One butcher is not afraid of a thousand sheep,” is a proverb current now in Alexandria, and was uttered by the founder of that city. “The gray mare is the better horse,” was said at the time that a number of gray horses were sent to England from Flanders. The saying, “Robbing Peter to pay Paul,” arose from the bishopric of St. Peter’s, Westminster, being transferred to that of St. Paul’s, Ludgate Hill. There was a good saying of Archbishop Whately’s, “Don’t shiver for last year’s snow.” What an applicable saying this was for those who were making themselves miserable over troubles that were past. He found this saying in a letter of a quaker lady, “Some people seem to be starched before they are washed.”

The international relationship of proverbs was next alluded to. In Friesland they say “Don’t sell your herrings before you catch them;” we say, “Don’t buy a pig in a poke,” whilst in the tropics the saying takes the form of “No man buys yams whilst they are yet in the ground.” There was a common saying, “A child that has been scalded fears cold water.”

We have often given point to our advice by saying, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," whilst in the districts on the banks of the Nile, where cranes are abundant, the people say, "A thousand birds in the air are not equal to one sparrow in the fist." We have a beautiful saying, "Every oak was once an acorn;" and there was the same truth and poetry in the African form, "The great calabash tree had a seed for its mother." We were so accustomed to repeat that solemn sentence from the prayer book, and it had become so proverbial, that sometimes we thought it was in the Bible—namely, "In the midst of life we are in death." How thoroughly Asiatic was this:—"Death is a black camel that kneels at every man's gate." Among the ancient Hebrew sayings the following are proverbs expressive of sagacity:—"First build your house, and then think of your furniture;" "A man envies every other man except his son and his pupil;" "You may see that the man is a collier by the black walls of his house;" "At the doors of taverns friends are plentiful; at the doors of prisons they are all gone;" "By the road of By-and-by one arrives at the town of Never."

The proverbs of Africa, Egypt, and the Guinea coast partook largely of the physical aspect and moral characteristics of the country. We say in England of a lucky person, "He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth." On the banks of the Nile they say, "Throw him into the river and he will come up with a fish in his mouth." As to the propriety of not despising little things, "A small date-stone is large enough to prop up a large water-jar." Scotland was peculiarly rich in proverbs, and many of them were marked by a dry, caustic, sagacious humor. Now that he had come near the Welsh border, he found the principality was rich in proverbs; for instance, "If thou wouldst have praise, die;" "By the side of sickness health becomes sweet;" "He is not altogether bad who maketh another better;" "No man is good unless others are made better by him;" "If every fool wore a crown, we should all be kings." Ireland appeared to him to be poor in proverbs. It was rather odd that it should be so, when two Archbishops of Dublin had done more to create an interest for proverbs than any other men of our time. He met with one characteristic saying, namely:—"Don't throw out your dirty water until you have got in your clane." The lecturer then gave the following specimens of American proverbs:—"You had a rough row to hoe to-day;" "When a fellow gets to going down

bill, it does seem as though everything had been greased for the occasion ;" "Some men are like blind mules, always wanting to kick, only never know where." Another characteristic of some of these sayings was a very amusing degree of self-confidence:—"Some people say that ignorance is bliss ; it may be so, but I haven't tried it."

With regard to Cheshire, he must be allowed to say a few words. There was one, perhaps, that might be applied to himself if he attempted to quote Cheshire proverbs—namely, that he should be speaking to as much purpose "as a goose slurring upon ice." There was one proverb in this city which was a local version of another common proverb—"When the daughter is stolen, close the Peppergate." This was an illusion to an ancient mayor, who was probably well known to all in the room. There was another saying—"He is as idle as Loudon's dog, and that leaned against the wall to walk." In the Fen country they had a saying, which they applied to a man with no taste for music:—"He is like Mat Davies' bull, that tossed the fiddler into the tree." The French have a saying, "It is a sorry house in which the cock is silent and the hen crows." A common saying in Lancashire was, "The peas are higher than the pea sticks," which meant that when men rose higher than those who helped them to rise, they did not know which way to turn. There was no place more prolific than a blacksmith's shop in sententious sayings. For instance, "Some men are born hammers, and others are born anvils." "If the hammer strikes hard the anvil lasts the longest;" and this saying came true of some men. "Once he was a hammer, now he is an anvil." "It doesn't follow that because your face is black that therefore you are a smith." "The sword has forgotten the smith that forged it." Familiar allusions were made to the cat's paw. It was the monkey that made use of the cat's paw for taking the chestnuts out of the fire. "Dress a monkey in silk, and she is a monkey still." "The higher a monkey climbs, the more he shows his tail," etc.



HELEN'S GOOD WORK.

"DEAD to the waist."

She heard the doctor whisper the words to his fair young companion, and a violent flush passed over her face as she lifted her head from the cushioned back of

her chair, and replied to some caressing remark of her father, who had just come in to take a look at his darling, ere going off to the fields, whose golden wheat was to be gathered into the garner upon that bright August morning.

Her small fingers closed spasmodically around the farmer's rugged hand.

"What is it, Nina, my pet?" he said, dropping on his knees beside her, and smoothing back the dark hair from her forehead. "Don't you want father to go to work this morning?"

He spoke to her as to a child, she replying with all of a child's pettishness.

"I don't want anything! I am only tired and sick."

"Hush! hush! my darling," said the father, soothingly, as the girl began to sob in that sudden and violent manner, peculiar to those of impassioned temperament. "What will the lady think of you?"

Following his question, came a voice whose sweetness suggested the divine gift of song, and whose words were full of tenderness.

"Let her weep, it will do her good. Poor child! poor little one!"

And the speaker, a young and lovely woman, left her place by the physician's side, and advanced toward the invalid.

"Nina," said Farmer Adamson, "do you not speak to this lady? Dr. Thorne has told you her name, has he not?"

"Our little girl was in one of her wayward moods when Miss Gervaise and myself came in, a few minutes since," said the doctor. "She would not look at nor speak to me."

"Why do you bring people to see me—to pity me. You know how I hate to be stared at—to be pitied."

Heedless of the ungracious words, Helen Gervaise bent from her tall height and laid her hand upon the girl's forehead.

"Child," she said, "I did not come to stare at you, nor to pity you. I came to be your friend. Will you not let me, Nina?"

"Why do you call me child?" and the black eyes turned stubbornly away from the lady's tender beautiful gaze. "I am no child. I am twenty years old; and—" and the voice sank into a sobbing wail, "sometimes it seems to me that I am years older than that. The months and years are so dreary. O, my God! How much longer am I to live!"

The father turned and passed quickly from the

room, but Helen Gervaise caught a glimpse of tears upon his furrowed cheeks, and his face wore the stern pallor of intense anguish.

Nor had the man's emotion escaped Dr. Thorne.

"Nina," he said, angrily, "you are breaking your father's heart."

"Am I?" she said, smiling—but oh! such a smile! its ghastliness sent a shudder through Helen's frame.

"You, too, suffer terribly," she murmured, sitting down beside the paralytic. "I pity you from the depths of my soul!"

The words were inadvertent. Nina Adamson's laugh, mocking and scornful, rang through the room.

"Ha! so you did come to pity me, after all. Well, well, go home again, lady. I don't want your pity, nor any one's. Look! there are some women who would scarcely pity me for this!" and, uncoiling her hair, its heavy masses fell around her like a mantle, sweeping over the arms of her chair, and down until it rested upon the floor in shining, splendid darkness.

"You think it beautiful," she said, noting the lady's looks of wonderment, for this superb chevelure was indeed calculated to awake surprise. "I used to think it beautiful, too; used to be proud of it, and of my white skin, and black eyes—but I don't care now. I hate everything—I hate everybody—I hate Him who made me this way!"

"God help us!" ejaculated Dr. Thorne. "It's awful to hear such a young being utter blasphemy." Then he whispered to Miss Gervaise:

"Come away, Helen. When these moods come upon her, her language, at times, is fearful."

"Are you telling her how wicked I am?" cried the girl, her nostrils dilating fiercely. "Oh! how good, how pious you would be, sitting here, year after year, with half of you dead as a stone—if you couldn't read—if you couldn't write—if you hated to sew and knit—if you had no mother—if you had no brothers or sisters—if your father had to work like a slave for you—if—"

Helen Gervaise motioned the physician away, as Nina, exhausted and again weeping, hid her face in her hands.

He went out, saying: "I will call for you in an hour."

Then, with her gentle womanly soul shining through her eyes, she spoke to the weeping girl.

"Nina, I will be your sister. Look at me, child; do you not think you could learn to love me?"

It was hard to resist the dulcet sweetness of the

voice. Nina's hand dropped upon her lap, and lifting her dark eyes, she took a long survey of the face bending near her.

"You are very beautiful," she said, after some moments, "and you look as if you were good—are you?"

Helen laughed a little at the naive question. What a curious blending of child and woman is here, she thought, then she said:

"Am I good? Not very, Nina, although I try to be so."

"I am wicked; you can't think how wicked.—Every one but father hates me!"

"No, no, Nina, you must not say that."

"But I *will* say it, and it is the truth. I don't care much, though—I don't love any one but my father. I think I could love you, but I won't let myself."

"And why, Nina?"

"Because, after a while, when you found out how cross and wicked I am, you would despise me, and then I should be wretched enough."

"I will never despise you, my child, and it rests with you to say whether we shall not become the most famous friends in the world. Listen to me, Nina. I am going to remain in the village until next July. Dr. Thorne is my brother-in-law; it is at his house that I am staying. He was speaking of you this morning to my sister, and I becoming interested in your case, asked him to bring me to see you—"

"And are you glad or sorry that you came?"

"Very, very glad. I mean to come and see you every day while I am here—that is, if you would like me to."

"Yes, I should like it; but you will get tired soon. Ah! you haven't told me your name yet."

"Helen—Helen Gervaise."

"It is a proud and pretty name—Miss Gervaise—"

"Call me Helen."

"Helen—would—would you mind if you kissed me?"

The lady's caress met the full crimson lips uplifted to her, and just at that moment Dr. Thorne appeared. She turned to him gaily.

"You see we are friends already. There! don't look so sad, Miss Nina," as the girl's eyes grew moist, and her lips pouted, as her new-found friend rose to depart. "I will come again to-morrow, and stay with you for a couple of hours."

"Shall I call Margaret, Nina?" asked Dr. Thorne, kindly.

This was the one woman servant of the Adamson household—maid of all work, as well as attendant upon the invalid.

"No," was the return, very gently given. "I don't want anything, thank you."

So the two left her, she waving her little white hand as they looked back toward her, after gaining the lane which led from the farm-house into the public road.

"She interests me more than any one I have ever met," said Helen Gervaise. "Tell me her history, David."

"I was present at her birth," said the doctor. "Her mother died a few weeks afterwards. I know not from whom Nina inherited her beauty, for this mother, although a good, honest soul, was eminently ill-formed and featured, and the father, too, as you have seen, is rugged and homely; but Nina, from babyhood, had that dark, rich loveliness which few behold without admiration and pity, and such beauty as hers, coupled with her misfortune, must needs excite more of the latter than of the former feeling. She was a wild little one, this Nina—a thorough imp of mischief, in her childhood. To school she could never be induced to go after her eighth year, she having at that period received a severe punishment, for some mad prank, from the master of the village seminary. Her father had not the slightest control over her, although her affection for him was boundless. What she says of herself is true—she can neither read nor write. Up to her fourteenth year she lived the life of a young savage, roaming the fields and woods, climbing the tallest trees, swimming the creeks, riding without rein or saddle her father's horses, shooting birds and rabbits with her little cross-bow, fishing for whole long summer days, dealing death and destruction to tadpoles, lizards and frogs—in fact, doing everything that mischief or fancy suggested, and doing nothing that was proper and little-girlish. This was Nina.

"You will remember that six years ago, wife and myself paid a visit of a month's duration to your father's. It was during our absence that the girl was stricken with paralysis. Never shall I forget how she looked when first I saw her after the affliction had come upon her. Her face was like marble, her lips set and rigid, and her eyes covered with a heavy film, such as the eyes of the blind often wear. Her father was with her; he had her in his arms. He was weeping aloud. It appeared that that day the eminen

practitioner, Dr. L——, whom Mr. Adamson had summoned from the city, had pronounced the paralysis a complete and hopeless one. Without a word or sound Nina had heard this verdict pronounced, and when I saw her, an hour afterward, her father informed me, with streaming eyes, that she had not spoken, scarcely moved, since.

"I saw at once that this unnatural strain upon the tension of the nerves would be injurious to the child, and that a free and passionate outburst of grief was of immediate necessity.

"*'Nina,'* said I, and my voice faltered at the seeming cruelty of the words, *'you will never need your cross-bow or fishing-rod again—suppose you give them to my little Harry.'*

"The effect I had intended was produced. Great, scalding tears gushed from her eyes, and weeping unrestrainedly, she cried out:

"*'O, God! kill me! kill me! I can't live in this way!'*

"My words had conjured up the remembrance of the free, wild life so dear to her, lost forever now. The little humming-bird's wing was broken, nor was she ever again to sip the sweets of the forest flowers."

Dr. Thorne paused. His home was just in sight, and two of his rosy children bounded from the door-steps and ran towards him, and soon one of them was in his arms, and the other pulling impatiently at her aunt's dress. But Helen had no word or smile for her little niece, and the child, pouting at such unusual neglect, turned her attention to her father.

Helen was in a thoughtful, almost sad, mood, and as she passed into the house, she inwardly resolved that, during her visit, she would devote as much time as possible to the young creature whose beauty had so charmed, whose misfortune had so pained her.

A new era had opened in the life of Nina Adamson, and in finding a friend and sister, she had also found a teacher of mind and heart.

It was given to Helen to open the fountains of knowledge to this wayward child, and to see a naturally brilliant intellect rapidly expanding under her gentle teachings; but, while cultivating her mind, the darkened and rebellious soul claimed more earnest and prayerful effort. Herself a Christian in all save outward profession, she strove to arouse in Nina a love and reverence for Him whom the girl had hitherto only murmured against as the author of her misery. This was at first a hard task. Nina had no innate yearning after the Divine, and, beyond the simple be-

lief in the existence of a Deity, scarcely any knowledge of religion. Three times in her life she had been to church, so she told Helen, and each time her father had bribed her by the promise of a gift.

"You see," she added, "I am almost a heathen, and it was never any use for the minister to come and see me, for I'd pay no attention to anything he'd say. And once I stopped him in the middle of a prayer by laughing, and telling him that I didn't believe in a Heaven or the other place. So, after a while, he gave up coming, and then poor father used to read the Bible to me on Sundays, but I always went to sleep, it was so dull."

One less truly pious, less persevering in nature than Helen Gervase, would have despaired of ever leading this wanderer back to the Shepherd's fold; but through much patience and prayer was this good work finally accomplished, and Nina, with subdued and gentle spirit, worshipped humbly at the shrine from which she had hitherto turned rebelliously away. A Christian, in the full acceptation of the term, she did not become. There were times when the old habits of querulousness and ill-temper returned, but these backslidings were always followed by a repentance so passionate and sincere, that Helen would smilingly compare them to the purifying storms of summer.

The months passed away, and at last came the one which was to terminate the young teacher's lengthy visit. Nina's spirit began to flag perceptibly, and, when dawned the last day—the sorrowful day of parting—she had scarcely any words with which to reply to Helen's farewell—a still and profound grief had taken possession of her. Passively she received the caresses of her friend, and as passively returned them.

"I will write to you often, Nina; and you will not neglect to answer my letters?"

"No."

"You will keep up your regular study hours, the same as if I were with you?"

"Yes, Helen."

"And, Nina dear, you will not forget your evening and morning prayers—will not forget to ask God's help, whenever you feel the need of it?"

"I will not forget anything that you have said, Helen."

* * * * *

A few months after Miss Gervase left the village of L—, a raging epidemic swept away a third of its inhabitants; nor did the surrounding farm-land

escape the general infection. Foremost among those outside the pale of the village, who numbered among the attacked, were Farmer Adamson and his daughter Nina.

Far away, in her city home, Helen read the notices of their subsequent deaths.

"Better thus," she said, quelling her sorrow. "The father could not have lived without his darling, and it was her wish to die young.

So speaking, she thought of this passage in one of Nina's letters; nor was she self-righteous in rejoicing in the belief that she had been the main instrument of the girl's salvation:

"Somehow, Helen, I don't think I shall live very long. I never pray to God to let me die, *now*, as I used to; but if I thought it were His will that I should die young, it would not make me sad, but very, very happy. You, dear friend, have taught me that, sinner as I am, yet, through penitence and prayer, I may hope for a place in His kingdom—a crown of the spotless lilies of Peace."



CATHARINE.

"ALL alone now in the cold world!" And as Catharine Black uttered these desolate words in a disconsolate, heart-stricken tone, she turned sadly away from the bed upon which reposed the cold and lifeless remains of her gentle benefactress, with a dreary, intense aching at the heart.

A slender, queenly girl was Catharine Black—with eyes that had a wild and pleading look in their beautiful depths, and hair whose rich brown had an indescribable glimmer of gold as she stood there by the window, with the genial morning sun shining brilliantly in upon her, illuminating those waving braids which were thrown carelessly back from her forehead, and confined in a silken net.

For years she, an orphan, had been the *protege* of this noble woman, who was lying there so cold and silent in death; and now, at the age of eighteen, she was suddenly bereft of her more than mother, and thrown again, penniless and alone, upon the heartless world. Bitter thought! as it crowded itself upon the young girl's mind, a heavy sigh escaped from her pallid lips, but as yet not a single tear came to dim the bright lustre of her eye, or give relief to the sorrowing heart.

"O my God, the trial is too great; the burden is far heavier than I can bear!" and the slender form bent low over the lifeless woman, with agony written in every lineament of her marble face, to take one long, last look at the kind face before they should place her in the coffin, never more to be seen by mortal eye until the lid should be burst asunder at the Judgment seat, when they should meet face to face, never again to part.

The long, lingering look was taken at last; the lifeless form was laid gently in the coffin; then the lid was screwed down that shut the white face forever from mortal sight. Silently, tearlessly, Catharine witnessed the last tribute paid to the dead body; passively she allowed them to array her in her mourning habiliments; and then everything passed as in a dream. She remembered no more until she stood by the newly-made grave, saw the coffin lowered to its last resting place, heard the minister repeat in a low, solemn tone the words, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," &c., and then, for the first time in her life, she fainted entirely away. When she awoke to consciousness, the kind, pitying face she had heretofore been accustomed to behold bending solicitously over her in time of sickness or trouble, was now no longer visible, and Catharine knew that henceforth she must tread life's thorny path alone, with no tender, guiding hand held lovingly out to help her, and she began to realize for the first time how utterly friendless and desolate she was.

Her benefactress, Mrs. Gray, had died very suddenly and unexpectedly; and, leaving no will, the whole of her vast possessions, without the slightest reserve whatever, went into the hands of her only relative, her sister, Mrs. Ardell—an exceedingly vain and arrogant woman, who arrived ere long, with her retinue of well-trained attendants, instantly installing herself as mistress of the elegant mansion, and treating her sister's *protege* so coldly, and uttering so many insinuating remarks in her presence about dependents in general, that Catharine's proud spirit could brook it no longer, and she immediately had an advertisement inserted in the "Times," for the purpose of obtaining a situation, either as a governess or sewing girl, in some private family; and oh! none but those who have been placed in just such a trying situation as Catharine was can imagine how anxiously and impatiently she waited for the day to arrive that would bring her an answer to her advertisement.

One morning, about a month after her benefactress'

death, Catharine was sitting in her room, busying herself with some embroidery which she held in her hand, when a rap at the door aroused her from the painful reverie that she had fallen into, and banished all her sad thoughts far away. Hastily rising, she laid her work upon the table and opened the door.

"There's a lady in the sitting-room, waiting to see you, miss," black Ellen, the servant girl, who stood there, said respectfully, at the same time handing Catharine a card.

"A lady—and to see me! who can it be?" Catharine murmured. And then remembering the advertisement she had inserted in the paper, she glanced at the card and saw engraved thereon, "Mrs. Richard Lawrence."

"Very well, Ellen; tell the lady I will be down presently," said she to the girl, who still lingered at the door.

Entering her room, Catharine donned a white apron over her simple black dress, then smoothing back the waving bands of hair, she went down stairs. But when her hand came in contact with the sitting-room door, she drew it back, trembling slightly; for it was very galling to this young girl to know that she, who for the past eight years had been bred in luxury, would now have to earn her daily bread; but mentally styling herself a coward, and smothering her false pride, she entered.

A lady, over whom five and twenty years had scarcely flown—white and fair as a lily—stood in the centre of the room, one white hand resting carelessly against a marble shaft, the other grasping a photographic album, at which she appeared to be gazing intently when Catharine entered. Indeed, so absorbed was the lady in its contents, that she saw not at first the fair young girl who came into the room, and stood with one tiny slippered foot impatiently tapping the carpeted floor, and so Catharine had time to observe her closely. She disliked her at once; why, she could not tell. It was not so much the cold, fierce glitter of the brilliant blue eye, as it was the stern, repellant look around the beautiful mouth. Involuntarily she started forward, when, in so doing, her robe coming in contact with the lady's, caused her to shrink back, dropping the album with a slight shriek; and then, not waiting to pick it up, she said hastily:

"You are Miss Black, are you not?"

"I am," Catharine answered, rather haughtily, for she recognized at once something antagonistic with the fair lady of the "golden curls and listless manner."

"And I am Mrs. Lawrence, as you are no doubt already aware," and the lady glanced at the card which Catharine still held in her hand.

A cold bow from Catharine, and the lady continued: "I saw by the advertisement which you inserted in the paper, that you were both ready and willing to accept a situation either as governess or sewing girl in some private family."

Another bow, if possible colder and haughtier still than the first, and again the lady proceeded:

"Now, Miss Black, I do not want you for a governess, for I have already procured the services of a lady whom I consider in every way competent to instruct my little daughter, Julia; and if I wanted one"—here the lady's cold, brilliant blue eye was fastened with a keen, penetrating glance upon Catharine's queenly form—"I should never engage your services, Miss Black, for you are both too striking and graceful altogether to come into daily contact with my very handsome and talented brother, Arthur Lynne."

Catharine drew her superb form up to its queenliest height, and was about to ask of the lady, defiantly, what she meant, when she, with an imperious wave of her snowy, jewelled hand, motioned her to be still.

"I know very well what you were about to say. But it is not your beauty that I fear, for that alone would never attract my brother; but by your bearing I am well assured that you are a lady of accomplishments, and—"

"I pray you come to the point, and tell me what all this tends to," here indignantly broke in Catharine.

"Yes, yes, Miss Black, I am coming to the point instantly if you will only curb your rebellious temper. I am in need of a sewing girl, and I came here this morning for the purpose of offering you the situation. Will you accept it?"

"Never!"

And Catharine's foot came firmly down upon the floor, while an indignant rush of crimson swept over the pale cheeks, and mounted even to her high, fair brow. Then the remembrance of that selfish, arrogant woman upon whom she was so entirely dependent caused Catharine to reconsider her decision a moment, and turning to the lady, who was gracefully waiting the *denouement*, she said, in a tone that slightly quivered with its intensity, spite of herself:

"I accept the situation, madam."

"You do? I am very glad to hear it. I should like

to have you enter upon your services as sewing-girl in the morning. Can you be ready, Miss Black?"

"I can, Mrs. Lawrence."

"Very well, I shall expect you."

The lady gathered up her silken robes as if ready for departure; but perceiving the album still lying upon the floor, she stooped down, picked it up, and turning the leaves until she came to the likeness of a tall, rather majestic-looking man, she handed it to Catharine, saying carelessly:

"Are you acquainted with the original, Miss Black?"

"No, I'm not," Catharine answered, rather coldly.

"You, perhaps, have heard of him?"

"I have, madam. He was an intimate friend of the late Mrs. Gray, who esteemed him very highly; and his name is, I believe, Sir Roger Markham. Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes! that is to say I'm very slightly acquainted with him. His residence is only a mile distant from my own home, and I see him very often, although for the past year or two he has been travelling in distant lands; but he has now returned, and I sincerely trust that he will render his stay here permanent."

Looking at the lady's face as she again glanced at the picture Catharine was surprised to see it overcast with a tender light, and she was convinced that it meant more than the words "mere friendship" would signify.

For a moment or so longer the lady continued to look at the photograph, and then with a graceful courtesy, which was acknowledged by a cold nod from Catharine, she took her departure. But ever and anon, as she slowly descended the marble steps, she vowed that she would yet break the will of that haughty girl, and that she should rue the day that she ever entered her family as a sewing-girl. Ah! she had little read Catharine aright, if she deemed it possible that she could be in the least "put down."

Catharine watched the fluttering robe of the lady until it had vanished from her sight, and then, with a bitter smile on her face, she went immediately to the parlor, and up to the sofa whereon reclined a faded, rather showily-dressed woman of perhaps five and forty years of age, saying coldly:

"I have accepted the situation of a sewing-girl in the family of Mrs. Lawrence."

"Have you?" Mrs. Ardell glanced up as she asked the question, and there was a vein of surprise just visible in her tone; then she went on hurriedly: "I

am very glad, Miss Black, to know that you possess such an independent spirit. But remember, Catharine, you are welcome to remain here as long as you wish."

"I haven't the least doubt of it, madam," Catharine answered, so bitterly that the lady bit her lip angrily; but, knowing of old how useless it was to wage words with the girl, she remained silent, while Catharine swept haughtily from the room.

Going immediately to her own splendidly furnished apartment, Catharine gathered together her effects, and after passing a very lonely afternoon and night, she found herself the next morning, about ten o'clock, domiciled as seamstress in the house of Mrs. Lawrence.

Oh, those intensely dreary and painful days which followed! Treated at times almost insultingly by Mrs. Lawrence, and tormented half to death by her hateful daughter, Julia, it is no wonder that Catharine would fain have lain down by the side of the green grave beneath the weeping willow, where reposed the beloved remains of her idolized benefactress.

She had been at Mrs. Lawrence's about two weeks, when one morning, tired of remaining forever in the house, she took her work and seated herself beneath the dark, intricate branches of a towering oak, upon the topmost bough of which a robin was pouring forth its daily matin of praise. For a few moments the young girl sat listening to the beautiful warbler, and then her thoughts reverted to the past. Aroused from her reverie at length by hearing footsteps in the distance, she glanced up, and as she did so, beheld Mrs. Lawrence emerging from behind the bright green shrubbery that dotted the edge of the walk on either hand, and by her side, of tall, commanding figure, was a gentleman whom Catharine instinctively recognized as Sir Roger Markham.

They were walking leisurely along, the gentleman every now and then looking admiringly down upon his fair companion, who, by the way, was looking very lovely in her fluttering robe of white, with ribbons of blue knotting back her fair hair, which fell in clustering ringlets over neck and shoulders. Never had she appeared more charming; and even Catharine, who perfectly detested her employer, could not but acknowledge that she was very pretty. But a moment after she averted her head, as that lady looked up coquettishly in the gentleman's face, presenting him at the same time with a rosebud which she had gathered from one of the surrounding bushes; and then they came still nearer to where she was sitting.

Catharine partly arose as if she would have entered

the house ; but, after a moment's hesitation, she seated herself again, and was seemingly intent upon her sewing, when an exclamation from Sir Roger caused her to look up and see what had befallen him. She saw him stooping down to pick up the rosebud that had fallen to his feet. As he arose his eyes fell upon the queenly form of the seamstress, and he stood for a moment irresolute, looking first at her and then at Mrs. Lawrence, who stood beating the ground impatiently with her foot, while a dark shadow swept athwart her childish face. She knew that Sir Roger was bent on having an introduction to her fair seamstress, and she did not care to have him become acquainted with so very talented and graceful a girl as Catharine ; but, aware of how much he had always dwelt upon a name and place in society, she stepped up to Catharine with a bland smile, saying pleasantly :

"Catharine, dear, permit me. Sir Roger Markham, allow me to make you acquainted with *my sewing girl*, Miss Black!"

Sir Roger bowed profoundly ; but Catharine did not raise her head in the least, although for a single instant an angry rush of crimson mantled her fair cheeks, and her eyes flashed ominously ; the next, every particle of color had receded, leaving a face cold and marble-like in its rigidity ; then slowly raising her soft dark eyes she let them rest for a moment coldly, haughtily, upon the gentleman's face, then dropped them again upon her work, and went grimly on with her sewing.

Mrs. Lawrence bit her lip angrily, and then asked in an impertinent tone :

"Did you hear what I said, Miss Black?"

"I did, madam."

"Why, then, have you not acknowledged the introduction?"

"Because, madam"—and Catharine's eyes grew darker than midnight as she replied to the lady's question—"I do not care to form the acquaintance of Sir Roger Markham."

Mrs. Lawrence forgot for the moment to be ladylike, and her voice rose an octave higher than usual ; but what she would have said or done cannot be told, for at that moment little Julia, who had been standing on the piazza leaning against a marble column, lost her footing and fell heavily to the ground, her cries of pain brought her mother instantly to her side.

Catharine laughed a low, malicious little laugh as Mrs. Lawrence entered the house, bearing her screaming struggling little daughter in her arms. Sir Roger

looked up, and was about turning away in disgust, when, for the first time noticing the young girl's remarkable beauty, he held out his hand, saying pleasantly:

"I sincerely trust, Miss Black, that for the sake of Mrs. Gray we may still become friends."

Catharine did not take the hand held out to her so kindly, but in a tone in which both tenderness and bitterness were mingled, said:

"For the sake of dear Mrs. Gray I would be willing to do anything. I would even try and forgive Mrs. Lawrence that intended insult."

"And which I should certainly not pronounce a very difficult matter—the forgiving of so fair and lovely a lady as Mrs. Lawrence."

Catharine made no reply; she could scarcely repress the cry of anger that rose to her white lips.

Mrs. Lawrence now came out upon the piazza, leading the little girl by the hand; and as she stood there for a moment with the sun shining brilliantly down upon her face of dazzling whiteness, she looked very lovely; and Sir Roger viewed her with admiring eyes.

"Only look, Miss Black; isn't she lovely? Do you know I don't think I ever saw a lady before so lovely both in character and person as Mrs. Lawrence. Did you?"

"I can scarcely tell, sir. I so perfectly detest the lady in question, that if called upon to give my candid opinion I am afraid it would scarcely coincide with that given by you."

"Ah, indeed!" Sir Roger looked at her curiously. He was beginning to take a decided interest in piquing that young girl, and watching her dark eyes flash until her whole face seemed to be lighted up. After watching her a moment or so, he said:

"You certainly are very truthful, Miss Black, but I'm afraid scarcely any one would agree with you in your opinion formed of Mrs. Lawrence."

"Probably not, sir. I was not aware I had been setting myself up as a criterion for other people to go by!" And Catharine began to hastily gather up her work.

Sir Roger did not heed her; he was looking vacantly on the ground.

"By the way, Miss Black," he said, glancing suddenly up at Catharine, "are you aware that Mrs. Lawrence is expecting her brother home ere long? I think she told me he would be here this week. Beware of him, for he is very handsome."

Catharine arose insolently beautiful.

"I do not care, sir, about discussing Mrs. Lawrence's family matters further with a mere stranger! you'll pray excuse me. Besides, sir, I'd have you understand that I am perfectly capable of attending to my own affairs. You will please remember that in future." And with a slight, haughty inclination of her queenly head, Catharine sailed imperiously past him and entered the house.

Sir Roger gazed after her retreating form with a look in which astonishment and admiration were strangely blended. For the first time in his life he had been treated coldly, nay, almost scornfully, by a young girl, and she—he repeated the words over to himself bitterly—"nothing but a seamstress."

"By Jove!" he muttered; "can it be that this young girl is nothing but a seamstress? she who outrivals in person all the titled court beauties I have ever been presented to? It seems incredible. Heavens! how majestically she swept past me; and what a look of superb scorn there was on her face when she vowed that she was 'able to take care of her own affairs.' Well, I'm determined to see more of her in the future." And with this thought uppermost in his mind, he was turning slowly away, when a hand was laid tenderly on his arm, and a low, soft voice said:

"Come, come, Sir Roger, do not stand there any longer meditating upon Miss Black. A very beautiful and high-bred girl, I admit, but, nevertheless, her rebellious temper will certainly be her ruin. But come—don't ponder any longer upon my *seamstress*, but let me show you my bed of scarlet verbenas." And Mrs. Lawrence led the way to a bed beautifully laid out, and filled with a profusion of scarlet flowers.

Meanwhile, Catharine had entered her room, and taking her sewing seated herself by the window; but her thoughts were not upon the work before her. Oh, no. A great hatred was surging up in her heart against Mrs. Lawrence and Sir Roger.

"How dare she offer me that insult!" she thought. "And how dare he tell me to beware of Arthur Lynne? Because I am a penniless orphan, and a seamstress, am I thus to be offered insult upon insult? And forgetting herself in her excitement, Catharine arose, and with flushed cheeks and clinched hands paced the floor to and fro like some beautiful mad animal.

Growing calmer at last, she seated herself again and went on with her sewing. And there she sat hour after hour, until the sun sank at last beneath a sea of golden splendor behind the western hills. Then, and not till then, did she lay aside her work.

When Catharine arose the next morning, after having passed a night of restlessness, she had a vague feeling of consciousness of having been haunted in her dreams the night before by a proud, handsome face, the lips wreathed in a sarcastic smile; and she knew that that face and smile belonged to none other than Sir Roger Markham.

Heartily hating herself for thinking of him in the least, Catharine hastily arrayed herself in her plainest calico dress; then throwing a gingham sunbonnet over her head—which partially if not wholly concealed her beautiful face—cast another glance in the glass at her hasty toilet, preparatory to taking her morning walk, which was her daily custom before commencing the tedious sewing of the day.

It was with a feeling of pleasure that she found herself seated at last on a mossy bank, beneath whose shadow a small stream of clear, glistening water glided merrily along, and which after many a bend and crook, emptied itself at length in a subterraneous passage, where it was entirely lost to view. A great lover of nature, Catharine sat for some time drinking in the wild beauty of the scenery about her; finally she began to amuse herself by throwing pebbles into the brook, laughing merrily as the water dashed up in its silvery spray, and fell in glistening drops down upon her dress. Growing tired of this sport at last, for want of something else to do, she bent down over the water and began to gaze at the beautiful face reflected therein; and so absorbed was she in watching the play of her own countenance that she heard not the heavy footstep behind her, neither was she conscious of another's presence until a pleasant "Good-morning, Miss Black," fell upon her ears.

She turned hastily around, but perceiving who the intruder was, regained her composure almost instantly; and returning the brief salutation coldly, turned her head again and began her old occupation—that of gazing on her own face in the water.

Not heeding the studied coldness of the young girl's manner, Sir Roger threw himself down by her side, trying to catch a glance at the averted face, which was rendered utterly impossible by that odious sunbonnet. After repeated ineffectual attempts to look beneath her bonnet, he said,—

"You seem to be sitting in a sort of trance, Miss Black, gazing at the reflection of your own face. Do you consider yourself so very beautiful?"

Catharine turned her head now. Oh, the ineffable scorn that wreathed her beautiful lips and flashed from her dark eyes as she angrily exclaimed,—

"It is certainly none of your business, sir, and I must say that I consider you insufferably impertinent; but"—and the slender form was lifted proudly—"to answer your question truthfully, I *do* consider myself Mrs. Lawrence's superior in beauty as well as in every other respect."

Catharine knew—or at least imagined—that Sir Roger had formed the idea that she was an exceedingly vain and frivolous girl, and she wished to confirm him in his not very exalted opinion of her; but perceiving the amused smile with which he regarded her, she felt assured that he had seen through the ruse, and rising angrily she was about to depart, when with a slight motion of the hand Sir Roger detained her.

"No, no, Miss Black, I beg of you not to go. You came here, no doubt, for the same purpose as myself—that of enjoying the beautiful scenery; therefore, I pray you, be seated; and, as my society is so very distasteful to your majesty, I will relieve you of my hated presence." And Sir Roger was striding away when, by this time somewhat ashamed of the hasty exhibition of temper with which she had favored him, Catharine detained him, saying,—

"I beg your pardon, Sir Roger, you'll do no such thing. Pray remain; and, as it is getting late, I must return to the house and begin my sewing."

But Sir Roger would not hear to this.

"Unless you consent to stay too, Miss Black, much as I should prefer to remain here and enjoy this beautiful scenery, I cannot, well knowing that I have driven you away."

Catharine hesitated a moment, then seated herself upon the mossy bank again; while Sir Roger, nothing loth, threw himself down by her side, beginning in his own gay, sprightly way to converse, until Catharine became fairly charmed, and joined heartily with him in the conversation. Possessing rare, brilliant conversational powers, she exerted herself to be agreeable; and so well did she succeed that her companion could scarcely bring himself to believe that this beautiful, fascinating girl, who conversed so charmingly, was the same cold, scornful one of the day before. How could she sit there so quietly, so self-possessed, with that detestible sunbonnet crowning her head? For the first time in his life Sir Roger confessed that he had met with a young girl perfectly natural, and who cared neither for his rank nor his fortune.

The conversation turning to watering places presently, Sir Roger said,—

"By the way, Miss Black, Mrs. Lawrence is intending, I believe, as soon as her brother arrives, to make up a party for the purpose of visiting Niagara, and from thence I think she intends to go to Sharon—a place rendered very famous lately by the medicinal virtues of its waters, and of late years quite a resort for fashionable people. Were you ever at either of the places?"

A scarcely perceptible smile played around Catharine's lips, as she replied,—

"Oh, yes, to the former place many times; but to the latter, never; although I have always had a great desire to visit Sharon. Had Mrs. Gray lived we were to have spent a month there this summer."

As Catharine's thoughts flew back to her benefactress' death the tears gathered in her eyes, making her look inexpressibly lovely.

Not appearing to notice the maiden's embarrassment, for she had turned her head—Sir Roger went on,—

"I have never been at Sharon, either, and for that reason I purpose going there myself, this summer. I have heard the scenery around Sharon described as being perfectly beautiful."

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Catharine, warming up with the subject. "Colonel Leighton, a friend of mine, in describing Sharon to me, stated that it was a very pleasant village situated in a lovely valley, on either side of which towered aloft gigantic hills, and rendered grandly beautiful by the wild and picturesque scenery for which the place is noted. Oh! I should like to go to Sharon."

But Sir Roger did not heed the latter part of the sentence. All his thoughts dwelt with a fearful intensity upon the name just uttered by Catharine—Colonel Leighton. He remembered him to be the handsomest, most fascinating man he had ever met, besides possessing an immense fortune. Surely he was the man of all others to whom he should think a girl like Catharine would surrender her heart captive. But perhaps he might have been mistaken in the name; and turning to Catharine he said,—

"Did I understand you to say Colonel Leighton?"

"You did, sir."

Catharine looked up wonderingly.

"A tall, eminently handsome man, with very light complexion, and a fortune so vast as to give one the idea of its being almost fabulous?"

"The same, sir. Are you acquainted with him?"

"I have met him, but do not know him," was the

reply, uttered somewhat coldly; for Sir Roger, although he knew not for what reason, was very jealous of this handsome colonel.

Catharine would have liked to question him concerning her friend, but thinking the questions might annoy him, she adroitly turned the conversation. At last, seeing how far the sun was in the heavens, she arose, saying she must surely go now. Sir Roger accompanied her to the house, and then with a low bow he left her, thinking to himself that this girl with her wondrous beauty and many accomplishments would be a prize even for a king; and wondering if she were not already won by that "devil of a colonel!"

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, dear! here it is nine o'clock, and at half-past one I have to start, and my dress not finished yet! When will you have it done?" And Mrs. Lawrence turned abruptly round to Catharine, who was sitting quietly by the window, busying herself with trimming elaborately and fashionably the costly robe which lay upon her lap.

"I have just finished it, madam," Catharine answered lightly, handing Mrs. Lawrence the dress; and while she examined it closely, she went on complainingly—

"It does seem as if everything went wrong with me this morning. Only think! Arthur and Miss Greyson not arrived yet, and no signs of their coming; and now, to cap the climax, Sir Roger must needs send word that it is utterly impossible for him to join my party for a week or so yet. But, I declare, I shall not be kept home for that—I will go!" And Mrs. Lawrence's mouth took on a decided pout, and her pretty face became terribly elongated as she enumerated her many troubles.

At last, after great patience exhibited on Catharine's part, Mrs. Lawrence was got ready, and the whole household felt not a little relieved as that extremely lively and very petulant little lady took her departure in the daily stage: and quiet reigned supreme once more.

For some time after Mrs. Lawrence's exodus, Catharine diligently applied herself to her sewing; and then growing intensely weary from over-exertion, she laid aside her work and descended to the parlor, followed—although she knew it not—by little Julia, who crept stealthily behind her, ensconcing herself beneath the heavy curtains that shaded the windows, just as

Catharine—not able to withstand the temptation—seated herself by the piano and began to play. And as her white hands swept over the ivory keys, bringing forth low and solemn music, reminding her so painfully of her benefactress' death, a feeling of loneliness, of such utter desolation, came over her, that, bowing her head upon her hands, she wept.

After a few moments given up to the painful past, Catharine proceeded to play. Low and sad it seemed at first, then, gaining power, her voice surged through the lofty apartment like a shout of triumph, anon falling lower and lower, until it almost resembled a wail in its deep and solemn sadness; and causing the young man who had alighted from the stage only a moment ago, to hold his very breath and listen as that magnificent voice once more wafted softly upon the breeze.

Who could it be? In vain he asked the question, as tired and dusty he wended his way up the gravelled walk that led to his sister's beautiful mansion; finally surmising it to be the wealthy Miss Grayson, of whom he had often heard his sister speak as "a splendid girl, Arthur; in fact, the only woman that I would ever be willing for you to call by the name of wife." And these words rose vividly to his remembrance on that bright, lovely June morning, as he stood, preparatory to mounting the marble steps, brushing off an imaginary speck of dust that had settled on his coat collar; and then, without waiting to ring the bell, he opened the door and went in, and there he stood, transfixed at the beautiful sight which met his view.

The parlor doors were thrown open, and Arthur Lynne could distinctly see a fair, lovely girl upon whom his eye was instantly rivetted. Surely, he thought, such a bright, beautiful being he had never seen before. And, truly, nothing could present a more striking picture than Catharine, as she sat there with her queenly form draped in black, and a single cluster of scarlet geraniums attached to the white ruffle at her throat.

Wholly unconscious of the admiring brown eyes rivetted upon her from the doorway, or the scrutinizing black ones cast upon her from behind the curtain, Catharine played on and on, never heeding in the least little Julia, who, growing weary of watching the fair songstress, crept stealthily, noiselessly across the carpeted floor, until, coming directly behind Catharine, she inflicted a sharp, savage pinch upon her arm. The player started hastily up, a slight scream issuing from her lips; but perceiving who the offender was, with-

out a moment's hesitation raised her white hand aloft, bringing it down with all the force she was capable of on the child's shoulder.

In falling, little Julia's head hit against the edge of a chair, cutting a slight gash above the temple, from which the blood instantly welled forth, staining with its dark, crimson drops the white purity of her dress. In an instant the fierce, passionate look which shone so brightly only a moment before in Catharine's eyes had fled, and with a face ghastly, deathly pale she bent over the prostrate form, trying to bring back some life into those still, cold limbs; but all her efforts seemed in vain.

"O my God, what have I done!" she wailed with passionate earnestness. And falling down upon her knees, with clasped hands she raised her tearful eyes aloft, beseeching Him whose guardian eye watches so carefully over us all, to bring little Julia back to life, and not make her guilty of that most heinous of crimes, murder!

"Oh Heaven, have mercy—have mercy!"

A slight motion on her part caused the comb which confined her hair to become loosened, and it fell in all its rich, glittering beauty unbound about her. Like some rare, beautiful picture of a saintly priestess of old, or some fair Madonna, looked stately Catharine as she knelt there in the middle of the room over little Julia, with the sun falling in glorious waves of light down upon her bowed head, until "golden lights, like fiery shadows" seemed to dart through her hair, as it fell in rich, glistening tresses of brown over and adown her queenly form, covering her as with a veil.

Arthur Lynne still stood rivetted to the spot where he first beheld Catharine. Three separate times had he started forward with the intention of assuring Catharine that his niece lay in a swoon from which she would eventually recover, but each time there was something in that bright, bewildering face, framed in tresses of brown, that rendered him utterly incapable of moving. But now, witnessing the evident distress exhibited by the maiden, he stepped softly in, and going close up to Catharine, who was wholly unconscious of his presence, he said:

"I pray you, pardon me, lady, for intruding upon you in so unceremonious a manner, but I interrupted you for the purpose of assuring you that my niece is only in a swoon, from which she will soon recover. Do you not see that she has only fainted?"

Catharine looked beseechingly up, never wondering

in the least how this handsome young man came to be there so suddenly; and all her thoughts were concentrated with a world of intensity upon the child before her, and with clasped hands she wailed out imporingly:

"O, sir, are you sure that she will live?" And with deep thankfulness she listened to the low-toned reply:

"Certainly. I answered you truthfully when I told you that my niece had only fainted. See, she is even now recovering." And Mrs. Lawrence's handsome brother knelt over the unconscious form of his niece as he spoke, wiping away the crimson drops from the pale brow.

Catharine was about to pour out her thanks for this blessed assurance, when the rustling of the drapery near the bow window attracted her attention, and glancing up, she saw the tall, princely form of Sir Roger emerging slowly forth. With her stately form drawn proudly erect, she scornfully confronted him.

"You certainly must have had an exceedingly interesting time, Sir Roger, peering at me from behind the curtain, witnessing my every movement. I scarcely thought a gentleman in your station of life would condescend to commit so mean an act as that of an eavesdropper."

A world of intense, bitter scorn dwelt in every syllable of the young girl's haughty tone; but Sir Roger's face never varied in the least from its usual cold impassiveness, as he answered, in the most sarcastic manner imaginable:

"Yes, queenly Catharine, believe me when I say that never before in my whole life was I so intensely interested. But you wrong me with your insinuating remarks. Did you imagine for a moment, Miss Black, that I could intentionally stoop to become a listener? Never, girl, never! Listen," he went on, ironically, "while I attempt to explain to you my annoying presence here this morning. I came here with no other purpose than that of calling upon your royal self; but being informed that you were otherwise engaged, I awaited your appearance in the library; and being obliged to remain some length of time, I was just going off into a sort of reverie, when I was suddenly awakened by the sound of your magnificent voice. I trust my explanation is wholly satisfactory." And Sir Rodger looked at Catharine as he spoke.

Catharine knew that he had spoken the truth, and

yet, she could not so easily forgive him for witnessing that very unladylike act of hers ; and somewhat tartly she informed him that she didn't doubt his veracity in the least, but henceforth it would be more agreeable to her if he would immediately make his presence known.

With a bow that was almost ironical in its proud humility, Sir Roger assured Miss Black that he would do so in future, adding :

"However, had I done so this afternoon, I should never have been a witness to those pretty theatrical ways of yours, so well befitting a tragedy queen, and which you certainly displayed with almost marvellous skill and effect."

Catharine's face, which had been very pale before, now flushed with a burning heat, and with rage in her mein, and fire flashing from her eye, she turned upon him.

"How dare you, I say, assert that which you know to be false?" And she glared at him fiercely. "A tragedy queen, indeed!"

But Sir Roger's tone was as calm and cold even as usual, as he said in answer to her question :

"I scarcely think, Miss Black, that anything I have asserted in regard to yourself is false. Surely you were never in earnest when you inflicted that heavy blow on the shoulder of yonder fallen child?" And Sir Roger motioned to little Julia as he spoke.

"Yes, indeed," chimed in Catharine, angrily, "I was never more in earnest in my life ; and had it been the daughter of her majesty, the Queen of England, instead of Mrs. Lawrence's child, I should have done no different ; and yet—"

She broke off abruptly, for, her glance falling accidentally upon little Julia, she saw unmistakable signs of returning life ; and turning to Arthur, who was listening amazedly to the sarcastic cutting exhibited on both sides, she said :

"You will extremely oblige me, sir, if you will carry little Julia out into the open air. I am certain she'll recover more quickly."

"Certainly."

Arthur lifted the slight form of his niece in his arms as he spoke, and proceeded to carry her out of the room, followed by Catharine and Sir Roger ; the latter feeling his bitter pangs of jealousy increasing tenfold as he remarked the grateful, admiring looks cast upon the slender youth by Catharine, who went directly ahead of him, her hair streaming about her by the wind.

Arthur had no sooner deposited the form of little Julia upon the lawn, underneath a noble old elm, when the attention of the party was attracted by the stage stopping in front of the gate; and great was their astonishment upon beholding Mrs. Lawrence alight, followed instantly by a sparkling, dashing brunette, whose very stylish appearance exactly tallied with Mrs. Lawrence's minute description, given a few days ago to Catharine, of her most intimate friend, Miss Grayson, the heiress.

With a single wave of her white, unjewelled hand, Catharine gathered together the shimmering tresses of burnished gold, and bound them in a knot behind, just as Sir Roger went forth to meet Mrs. Lawrence, who, in answer to the gentleman's look of amazement, said:

"You, doubtless, are greatly surprised upon seeing me return the same day; but, fortunately, meeting Miss Grayson at the depot, and being informed that my brother had also arrived, I made up my mind to postpone my visit to Niagara this summer, and only visit Sharon. But pray, what is the matter?" she asked, noticing for the first time the group under the elm.

As briefly as possible, Sir Roger explained to Mrs. Lawrence that a slight accident had befallen her daughter.

"Nothing serious, however," he hastened to add, as he saw the terror exhibited on Mrs. Lawrence's countenance. And he led the way to the unwonted sight under the elm.

For a moment Mrs. Lawrence surveyed the scene, her blue eye taking in everything at once; then turning to Catharine, she said:

"May I ask the cause of all this disturbance, Miss Black?"

But before Catharine could utter a syllable in reply, Julia, who had now recovered, cried out:

"Mamma! mamma! that naughty Miss Black struck me; see how she hurt me!" And little Julia motioned to the gash in her forehead.

Mrs. Lawrence turned beligerently upon Catharine.

"Is this true?" she asked.

"It is, madam. Your daughter insulted me, and I took that means of chastising her."

Mrs. Lawrence grew white with anger; but she remained silent, for she saw the admiration visible in the heiress' face for Catharine, who never appeared to better advantage than she did now, with her majestic figure draped in black, and her golden-brown hair wound like a coronal around her small, well-shaped head.

That evening, when they were all seated in the brilliantly-lighted drawing-room (Sir Roger included), Mrs. Lawrence made known to them her plans for the summer. Their destination was to be Sharon Springs, and after some deliberation, she had come to the conclusion to take Catharine with her. She was certainly very deft in trimming and adorning her dresses; besides, she had a certain style of arranging her yellow tresses almost equal to that of a Parisian hair-dresser. And noticing the coldness existing between her and Sir Roger, and thinking that Arthur must become enamored of Miss Greyson because she so desired it, she now made known her intention to Catharine, marveling how she would receive it.

For a moment Catharine remained quiet; then with heightened color she said quietly:

"I will go only upon one condition."

"And that condition, Miss Black?" queried Mrs. Lawrence.

"Simply this: Although I'm not at all ashamed to have it known that I work for a living, yet—"

She blushed, hesitated, whilst Mrs. Lawrence finished the question to her own satisfaction.

"You shall eat at the same table, and be treated in every respect as one of the family, she said."

And thus that question was settled between them.

CHAPTER III.

"PALATINE BRIDGE!" shouted the conductor. The cars stopped for a moment; a party of gentlemen and ladies alighted from the densely crowded car, and in another instant the engine, like a "fire-throated serpent," was rushing rapidly away.

It was an intensely close and sultry day in July, and it was with a feeling of indescribable pleasure that Mrs. Lawrence found herself and party seated at last in a lumbering old coach, jogging slowly along in the direction of Sharon. The scenery along the road was both varied and beautiful, and many an ejaculation of pleasure burst rapturously from Catharine's lips, as every now and then they passed some deep, dark glade, shaded by the waving boughs of cedar and hemlock trees; but the rest of the party remained silent.

Oh, how fearfully hot the day seemed! The sun poured down with its fervid rays of heat, and shone brilliantly in the dilapidated coach, until Mrs. Lawrence's patience was well nigh exhausted; and, after

repeated joltings from one side of the seat to the other, she vehemently declared that if this were going to Sharon she certainly never desired to go again! And after this tirade somewhat harshly given, the worthy lady lapsed again into silence. Suddenly the stillness was broken by Miss Grayson, who asked of Mrs. Lawrence, rather abruptly, the name of the hotel at which she engaged rooms.

"The Eldredge House," was Mrs. Lawrence's answer, spoken rather sullenly, for she felt in no mood for talking just then.

"The Eldredge House! And why not the Pavilion?" quoth the heiress.

"Simply because I preferred the Eldredge House. The Pavilion, although unmistakably a very fashionable hotel, and one of the first-class houses, too, is by no means *the* first. Now, to my mind, the Eldredge House is far more aristocratic; and certainly all of the *elite* of New York and Boston as a general thing stop there. Now, Miss Grayson, are you convinced?"

"Ay, verily," smilingly admitted the dashing heiress.

When Mrs. Lawrence's stock of patience was wholly exhausted, and that of the others nearly so, our party found their journey of nine long, weary miles at an end at last, and the coach drew slowly up in front of the Eldredge Hotel, or what was formerly known as the Brown House; a large, gloomy looking building of ugly structure, standing a little back from the road, and wholly surrounded by a profusion of beautiful maples of nearly half a century's growth. The hotel looked very shady and pleasant to our tired and heated travellers, after their long and dreary ride over the rough roads. It was just after the fashionable dinner hour, and the piazza was thronged with gay and fashionable people from nearly every part of the globe. Dashing gentlemen and gorgeously-attired ladies were promenading arm in arm upon the piazza, while the older people, and those more staid in habits, were seated here and there in groups, conversing in low tones upon the sundry topics of the day.

Two gentlemen stood a little apart from the crowd of pleasure-seekers, as the coach drew slowly up in front of the hotel.

"Only look, Leighton," exclaimed Lord L——, the older and plainer man of the two; "just cast your eyes in the direction of those people now issuing from the stage! Certainly the most distinguished and aristocratic looking party I have seen yet at the Springs. I wonder who they are? There is certainly an unusu-

takable air about them, indicative of wealth and refinement. By Jove! Colonel, just look at that lady! Did you ever in your life see a more beautiful and queenly girl than that?" he cried, as Catharine swept past them, looking colder and statelier than ever in comparison with her two rather showily dressed companions, in her neatly fitting travelling dress and tastily trimmed hat.

But Col. Leighton did not answer. He was slowly following along in the direction of the party that had just passed them.

"Strange," he murmured, "but I'm convinced that it could be no other than that fascinating and most bewitchingly beautiful of all beings—Miss Black! But how came she here? and who is that fierce, brigandish looking man in attendance upon her with the look and air of a very prince?"

His musings were here cut short by arriving at the reception-room, which our party had just entered, and in another moment he was bending low over Catharine's small, neatly gloved hand, murmuring in low, glad tones his pleasure at meeting Miss Black at Sharon.

Sir Roger and Arthur looked with bitter jealousy on this handsome colonel, scarcely acknowledging the introduction given them by Catharine and standing a little aloof from the rest, when the hall boy entered, signifying his readiness to conduct them to their rooms.

When our party entered the brilliantly lighted parlors that evening their entrance was greeted with universal admiration. There was to be a grand hop that night, and many, nay, nearly all the ladies were looking as well as art and fashion could make them; but our three ladies outshone them all. Mrs. Lawrence was very prettily and tastily attired in a robe of blue satin, while Miss Grayson shone resplendent in a lemon-colored silk, relieved by trimmings of Spanish lace. But upon Catharine every eye was instantly rivetted. Never in her life, perhaps, had she appeared to better advantage than she did this evening. A dress of pure white fell in soft, fleecy folds about her stately form; her golden-brown hair was brushed carelessly back from her white forehead in accordance with the prevailing style, and gathered in a luxuriant knot behind by a single curiously wrought ornament—the only one she possessed, and which had been given her by Mrs. Gray. Murmurs of low, half-suppressed admiration greeted her on every side, and she became instantly the "cynosure of all eyes." And yet the unanimous verdict pronounced by all who gazed upon

that coldly beautiful face and truly majestic figure was: "Utterly cold and unimpressible as marble." Ah! Sir Roger and Arthur might have told them differently. They had seen her when the patrician calm of that exquisitely perfect face was flushed to a burning heat, and her heart filled with a volcano of passion, rendering her for the time being utterly oblivious to everything passing around her; but to-night she could not have been colder had she been ice itself.

They were no sooner seated than Colonel Leighton joined them, instantly claiming Catharine's hand for the set that was just forming; and Sir Roger had the very delightful pleasure of seeing Catharine led away by the handsomest and wealthiest man in the room. Gnashing his teeth and muttering invectives against this fascinating colonel, who was everywhere conspicuous for his splendid figure and immense riches, Sir Roger steeled his heart against Catharine, devoting himself assiduously the remainder of the evening to pretty Mrs. Lawrence, while Arthur paid every attention imaginable to his witty and dashing partner, the heiress.

During the evening, as Colonel Leighton and Catharine were standing a little apart from the rest, the former said—

"I scarcely imagined when I started for Sharon a week ago, that I should have the delightful pleasure of meeting Miss Black here. How did you leave Mrs. Gray, and why is she not also at Sharon?"

"Leave Mrs. Gray! Is it possible you are not aware of that noble lady's decease, Colonel Leighton?" asked Catharine.

"Mrs. Gray deceased! Can it be possible? Pray forgive me, Miss Black, for reminding you so suddenly and painfully of that saintly woman's death. I am very sorry." And his fine eyes rested sadly upon Catharine, and the sad look on his face was an index of the deep pity he felt for her being bereft of her dearest friend.

In a low, sad tone, only audible to the listener's ear, Catharine gave a brief account of Mrs. Gray's last moments. She wished also to make him acquainted with the great change in her prospects since her benefactress' death, but she refrained from so doing, thinking the place and scene before her not suitable for an explanation; and ere long the cloud dispersed from her brow and she was again going with Colonel Leighton through the mazes of the dance.

Not once during the evening had Sir Roger addressed her, and Catharine felt slightly indignant,

and not a little troubled at the many attentions he was paying Mrs. Lawrence; for although she would not confess it even to herself, he was becoming very dear to her; but smothering the unutterable thought in her bosom, she became colder and more irreproachable whenever she came in contact with him.

Sir Roger left the ball-room that night with the firm conviction that Catharine loved the colonel, and he now became his inveterate enemy.

Oh, how swiftly and pleasantly passed the days at Sharon. Never had there been such an extreme rush and crowd at the Springs before. The number of titled personages was unlimited; and belles, gay, witty and beautiful, but none so much sought after and admired as *la belle Catharine*. But among the many aspirants for her hand none were received so kindly and deferentially as Colonel Leighton, who was every day becoming more and more entangled in the "meshes of an unrequited affection."

One hot, sultry afternoon, Catharine took it into her head to wander off alone; and so, unaccompanied by any of her retinue of admirers, she set out for a long walk in the direction of the ravine. Arriving there ere long, an irresistible desire came into her mind to gain the height of the lofty hill that towered hundreds of feet above her; and without giving a single thought to her white dress she began to ascend the slippery bank, clinging once and a while to some shrub that would rear its bushy head above her, as every now and then a huge stone would dislodge itself, and go rolling with fearful velocity past her down the hill. The sun shone hotly down upon her, but she heeded it not, and with hands torn and bleeding, and dress hanging in tatters about her, she gained the top and sat down to rest.

Looking down, finally, like a conqueror, from her dizzy height, Catharine beheld, to her intense consternation and anger, Sir Roger. Yes, it could be no other. Surely he must have followed her from the hotel, for, even as she looked, she saw him mounting the bank she had just ascended. Her first attempt was to fly; but knowing that to be an utter impossibility in her present state of weariness, she sat still and waited.

In a very short time Sir Roger had gained her side. There was a fierce, burning look in his splendid eyes that she had never seen there before, and she began to tremble, knowing instinctively what was coming; while Sir Roger gazed on her in admiration. She was very lovely, with her loosely streaming hair and

slightly flushed cheeks, despite the white dress which hung in rents about her.

For a moment Sir Roger stood perfectly still, the unquenchable light in his luminous orbs growing brighter and brighter; and then, in a voice husky with suppressed passion, he poured forth his love.

Catharine heard him through, cold and still as a marble statue, not a single syllable escaping her; then she turned upon him a face splendidly calm and passionless, and—refused him!

And yet she loved this man; loved him as only such natures as hers are capable of loving. But like many another vain girl, the uncontrollable thought entered her head that it would be a great triumph to reject so very popular a man as Sir Roger, which she did accordingly.

Sir Roger staggered back, his brow dark and lowering, while his eyes were terrible in their fiery splendor as he gazed fiercely upon her. Grasping her arm with an iron grasp he cried out passionately—

“You shall be mine—I swear it; and not all the powers of earth shall prevent me from making you my wife! Think you, proud girl, that the slight affection that *puppy* of a colonel feels for you is one thousandth part of the deep, passionate love I bear you? O Catharine, Catharine!”

He glared upon her as if he would fain have infused into his own being the whole of her beautiful image.

Catharine covered her face with her hands, a painful scream issuing from her now bloodless lips. The grasp on her arm was tightening each moment, while the awful, intolerable splendor of his deep, dark eyes dazzled her—confounded her—and filled her with the strangest alarm possible. With almost superhuman energy she wrenched herself free from his merciless grasp, and sped like lightning down the hill, glancing back once to see Sir Roger standing there like a column, frozen, petrified to the spot. Swiftly, trembling, Catharine sped through the street, never remarking the strange looks cast by the village people at her ghastly face, dishevelled hair and tattered robe, but striving with a desperate energy to reach the hotel before her strength should leave her. At last, when her very heart seemed to fail her, she reached her haven.

She remained quietly in her room the remainder of the day. That evening she had to go through the painful process of refusing Colonel Leighton and Arthur Lynne.

The next morning everybody in the hotel was thunderstruck upon hearing that Sir Roger Markham was thought to be dangerously sick. It seemed that a hall boy entering his room that morning, carrying his daily pitcher of sulphur water, had rushed down to the office with the startling information that there was "a raving man up stairs at No 80," and a doctor was instantly sent for.

A celebrated physician, resident at Sharon, soon came, who pronounced it one of the worst cases of brain fever, brought on by fierce mental excitement. As he was leaving his patient's room he heard his name uttered softly, and looking around he saw a pale, wondrously beautiful girl, of queenly bearing, and brown dishevelled hair, whose golden brightness crowned like a "circle of flame" her regal head. For a moment the doctor stood speechless in admiration at the vision of loveliness, then he roused himself to hear this queenly maiden asking beseechingly—

"O doctor! is there not the least ray of hope to be entertained for his recovery?"

"Most assuredly there is, my young lady," the doctor answered warmly, for he saw the look of sorrow visible on the young girl's face: the only thing requisite to aid his recovery is good and tender nursing."

"And he shall have it," she replied firmly. "I am his betrothed wife."

And good and tender nursing he did have. Day after day and night after night Catharine watched by his bedside, until one morning he awoke to find the cobwebs cleared from his brain—awoke to find that Mrs. Lawrence's queenly seamstress would become his wife.

Mrs. Lawrence, knowing that Sir Roger was now lost to her forever, and knowing also that Catharine would inevitably become his wife, treated her seamstress with exceeding kindness; while Arthur, knowing that Catharine was irrevocably lost to him, now transferred his affections to Miss Grayson, who was in no way unwilling to take up with Miss Black's discarded lover.

In October, when the whole earth was made resplendent by the gayly colored leaves of autumn, Mrs. Lawrence's seamstress became the wife of Sir Roger Markham, while the dashing heiress changed her name from Grayson to Lynne.

Every summer regularly Sir Roger and his beautiful, queenly wife spend a month or two at Sharon, and he never regrets the day that he married Mrs.

Lawrence's seamstress. Colonel Leighton is still single, and will probably remain so all his lifetime, as it will be impossible for him ever to find another Catharine equal to his first love. Catharine's greatest sorrow is that he is unhappy.



ADVENTURE WITH THE WOLVES.

DURING the year 1850, I made a visit to my uncle, who was living on his farm in central Minnesota, and while there the following adventure befell me.

As will be remembered by many of the old pioneers of Minnesota, the winter of 1850 was severe and protracted; heavy falls of snow, followed invariably by gusts of the cutting northwest wind, weather-bound most of the wild game; indeed all, excepting the suspicious wolf and coyote, which were compelled to leave their mountain haunts to obtain something for subsistence.

At night they would swarm from the dark recesses and mountain gorges to the open prairie, over which they would roam in packs, ranging from ten to a hundred to a pack, incessantly giving free vent to their mournful wail, horrible howls and snapping barks.

One day, near noon, I left the cabin in the hopes of killing a turkey, whose tracks my uncle had discovered, three or four miles back, while chopping wood.

It may seem strange to the reader that I should be so foolish as to go to hunt a single wild turkey, when I was in a region literally running over with game of far more value, but the truth was, as I have stated before, the cold weather compelled them to remain in their dens, or resort to retreats of a more salubrious nature; and not a single deer, buffalo, or bear was seen in the neighborhood of our cabin from one week's end to the other.

The day was bright, sunshiny, and extremely cold, the air crisp and biting, while the excessive labor of tramping through a foot of snow was all that kept my blood warm, and stimulated my rash expedition. On I travelled until I arrived at a spot where, by the axe of my uncle, a huge oak had been levelled; great broad chips strewed the snow in every direction, making it apparent that he was an expert with the axe. Jumping on the log, I executed a series of jigs to dispel the numbness which had been gradually taking possession of my limbs.

Being somewhat rejuvenated by this judicious operation, I again pushed off in the snow, and shortly came on the track of that confounded wild turkey. The trail I followed for a considerable distance, then stopping, I uttered an imitation of the gobbler's note, and had the great satisfaction of receiving an answer.

From the peculiar gobble, I was confident that it was a male, and examining the condition of my rifle, I cautiously moved toward the dense thicket of hazel a short way off, from which the sound arose. Gaining the bush, I kneeled, and repeated the cry of the wild turkey, which was instantly answered by the proud bird, which emerged from the thicker brush, and came strutting toward me, with his fine neck raised, and the brilliant feathers flashing in the glaring sun.

With numb and almost frozen hands I carefully raised my rifle, and, after a deliberate aim, fired. The turkey flopped his wings, or wing, for one fell broken by his side, and with a shrill gobble, darted off through the woods; but its crop was too empty to escape by running, and I soon overtook him. Annoyed at the walk he had given me, I dealt him a whack across his head that settled his earthly accounts in a twinkling.

By this time the sun had reached the western horizon, warning me that it was time to think of home; so, shouldering my game, I started to return.

Night settled over the forest before I had travelled two miles; but the bright, round moon that rolled up from the east rendered it almost as bright as mid-day.

On I pushed, whistling some quaint old tune, and contemplating the comfort I would enjoy when I once more reached the cabin. While thus reflecting, I was brought to a dead halt so suddenly that I dropped my turkey. With a palpitating heart I listened to a sound that chilled my very blood. The sound was again wafted to my startled ears on the still night air, and if ever the howl of a wolf sounded unearthly this did. A prolonged wail, ending with a sharp, savage, triumphant bark or yelp greeted me, and knowing too well that they had scented the turkey's blood, I abandoned it without scruple, and commenced a hurried flight through the snow-clad wilderness. To redouble my fright, a huge night owl flapped his wings near my head, uttering his evil omen with startling distinctness.

It was not long before the very woods seemed ringing with horrible yells, howls, and barks.

As I hurried on I heard the wolves snarling over

the dead turkey, and on looking back, I detected the black mass of shaggy bodies rising and falling as they galloped through the snow after me. I had given up all hope of escaping a horrible death, for it was impossible to ascend a tree, as my hands were almost paralyzed with the cold. I was about dropping from exhaustion, when I saw an old hollow and rotten log. The hole was large enough to admit my body by a little squeezing, and you may believe I was safely ensconced in that tree in the wink of your eye.

All night I lay in the log, almost frozen to death, with a pack of half-famished wolves howling at the entrance. When day dawned they sneaked away, and as the sun rose, there was not a wolf within miles. Crawling from that beloved log, I made a short trip home, and over a good tumbler of apple-jack, related my adventure to the folks, who were preparing to go in search of me.



SHEET LIGHTNING.

THE frequency of this phenomenon, and the beauty of the display on several recent occasions, induces us to quote the following description of the meteor by C. B. Thompson:

“There is an electric phenomenon of peculiar character, termed sheet or summer lightning (*eclairs de chaleur*) unaccompanied by thunder, or too distant to be heard. When it appears, the whole sky, but particularly the horizon, is suddenly illuminated by a flickering flash. Matteucci supposes that it is produced either during evaporation, or evolved (according to Pouillet’s theory) in the process of vegetation, or generated by chemical action in the great laboratory of nature, the earth, and accumulated in the lower strata of the air, in consequence of the ground being then an imperfect conductor. Arago and Kamtz have adopted a very different view of the nature of these lightnings, considering them as reflections of distant thunder-storms; and the author has often observed thunder-storms preceded and followed by this phenomenon. We have seen the cumulostratus cloud in the horizon start into view during the play of summer lightning. Saussure informs us that he observed sheet lightnings in the direction of Geneva, from the Hospice du Grimal, on the 10-11th of July, 1783, while at the same time a terrific thunder-storm raged at Geneva.

Howard mentions that from the neighborhood of Tottenham, near London, on July 31st, 1813, he saw the sheet lightning toward the southeast, while the sky was spangled with stars, not a cloud floating in the air; at the same time a thunder-storm raged at Hastings, and in France from Calais to Dunkirk. Arago instances the following illustration in support of his opinion, that the phenomenon is reflected lightning: In 1803, when observations were being made for determining longitude, Monsieur de Zach, on the Brocken, used a few ounces of gunpowder as a signal, the flash of which was visible from the Klenlemburg, sixty leagues off, though these mountains are invisible from each other."



FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL flowers! wherever ye bloom,
With your soft-tinted leaves, and your fragrant per-
fume;
Whether in Spring ye come forth from the ground;
Or when Autumn scatters her dead leaves around:
Whether in cottage or palace ye dwell,
Beautiful flowers! I love ye well.

Behold a young girl in her mirthful play,
Laughing the hours of childhood away;
The light winds are waving her sunny hair,
And her voice sounds sweet in the silent air,
While her fair hands are twining from Summer
bowers,
Wild blooming wreaths of the beautiful flowers.

The scene is now changed, for years have flown;
That gay laughing girl to a woman has grown;
And the lover is there, who fain would tell
The secret their eyes have revealed too well!
But flowers he plants in her snowy breast,
And their eloquent leaves have his love confest.

'Tis a bridal morn, and loudly swells
A merry peal from the old church bells;
The white rob'd bride is smiling now,
'Neath a budding wreath from the orange bough.
And bright-eyed maidens before her strew
Beautiful flowers of every hue.

There's a voice of sorrow—for time hath fled—
 A wife and a mother lies cold and dead ;
 They've laid her to sleep in her endless rest,
 With a young babe clasped to her marble breast ;
 And flowers are there, with their perfum'd breath,
 Decking the bud and the blossom in death.

In the green church-yard is a lonely spot,
 Where the joyous sunshine enters not ;
 Deep in the gloom of the cypress shade,
 There is her home in the cold earth made ;
 And over still the sweet flow'rets bloom—
 They were near her in life, and forsake not her tomb.

Beautiful flowers, ye seem to be :
 Link'd in the fond ties of memory !
 Companions ye were to our childhood's day—
 Companions ye are to our lifeless clay ;
 And barren and dearer were this world of ours,
 Lacking the smile of the beautiful flowers.



THE FAMILY.

WHEN we consider how carelessly the foundations for the family superstructure are laid, the wonder is, not that ruin ensues, but that it is not more general than it is now found to be. Two persons from two already established families separate themselves to establish a third, whose taste, habits, and dispositions are little known to each other, and may prove totally dissimilar and at variance.

In every well-regulated household there must be a supreme head or umpire—one to whom all may appeal, and whose decisions must be final ; from whom there is no appeal ; a wise, loving, judicious centre, who is to be looked up to as counsellor, friend, judge. Where authority is divided conflicts will arise, dissensions will exist, and these will mar the harmony of the family, disarrange its domestic economy, and eventually endanger the happiness and well-being of the inmates.

Who shall be the head of the household ? St. Paul decided the question nearly two thousand years ago, by asserting that "man is head of the woman," and she ought to be subject to her husband, etc. I know the masculine arrogance of the Jew denied the equality of woman, and accepted her in the aspect of sex mostly as Paganism did entirely. The Jews excluded women

then, as now, from the main body of the tabernacle in worship, and yet in the earlier and better ages she had been recognized in the nation both as judge and prophetess.

My opinion is this: that the man is the rightful, proper head of the family; that the wife, children, and servants must and ought to yield not only respect but obedience to him as the head and ruler of the household; in his place there he should be king and priest, he should rule and worship in the altar-place of home.

The second is loyalty.

This involves perfect confidence and candor in the various members. Where the great law of the household is love, this need not be enjoined; where each member is bound by the spirit of genuine good will, loyalty or fidelity, each to each, is comparatively easy; it assumes the aspect of an instinct, rather than of moral obligation; but where, as is too often the case, discordant elements are introduced, this sentiment of loyalty, or a high sense of honor, must take its place.

The four walls inclosing a household should be regarded as sacred now as the olden time, when the hearthstone was sacred to the genial, peace-loving Hestia, and the Penates were worshipped in the penetralia of every dwelling. Here was set up the domestic altar, distinct from all outward and external observances, and regarded by the family alone.

The head—husband and father—ought to hold not only a protective and provident care over the family, but a beneficent authority also; as a general rule it is supposed to supply all its material wants; his toil, his talents, his purse, hold the household together, and give it dignity in the eyes of the world; therefore he should magnify his office and make it honorable; he should be right royal in his demeanor, exempt from *shams* at home and abroad, true and manful, that his example be a safe model for the younger members of the household; and, in turn, the family should cheerfully uphold his authority, for whatever enlances his dignity is reflected upon the family.

A woman should not marry till of an age to know and appreciate the importance of the step she is about to take; but once married, she must not only make the best of her "bargain," be it good or bad, but she must also bear in mind that she has positive and solemn duties to perform.

A woman's part is generally a subordinate one. Her marriage contract involves the condition of obedience

as well as chastity ; it rests with the wife to preserve order, cheerfulness, and frugality, in the household. She is to see that what the husband provides is not wastefully squandered ; she is to look well to the ways of her household, and not eat the bread of idleness.

Further than this, let the husband's faults be what they may, his good name is in part in her keeping, and she and her children must sink or rise to his level. The woman who proclaims the errors of her husband is the meanest of all traitors.

I know of nothing more base than for a woman to take the name of a man, eat his bread and mother his children, and then go about to abuse and vilify him. She is like an unclean bird, which has crept over near to the precincts of chaste love and divine purity.

The husband is obliged to brunt the world with its manifold trials and temptations ; to meet the sharp encounter of men in the competition for wealth, fame, and position. He has much to annoy and distress him, hidden wisely from her eyes, it may be ; for I know of nothing more contemptible and imbecile than the whining complaints with which some men come into the family circle and cover it over like a wet blanket. He has much to exasperate him, also, and woe to the man who, after this hard contest with the outer world, comes home to a moody and discordant household — a selfish, idle-minded, or discontented wife!

A wife is not without authority in the family ; she must be obeyed in all household matters ; the husband will uphold her authority and sustain her in exacting obedience from her children and dependents.

If she would have individual respect, she must have a wise discretion that may be relied upon ; a self-poise and equanimity, at once firm and gentle ; and an unflinching, reliable integrity, above suspicion or reproach.

We sometimes hear quite estimable women appealing to their husbands to insist upon the obedience of children or dependents. This is a great mistake and the cause of much domestic disquiet, and indicates not only pettishness, but imbecility on the part of the wife. Her children should obey from spontaneous love and deference. It is all over with her when she is obliged to say to them : "I will tell your father if you do not obey me."

Such a woman is either weak or wicked ; either is bad enough in a family

A GOOD WIFE.

A GOOD WIFE makes the poorest and most desolate home a paradise, and moulds the most negligent and indifferent husband into a tender and thoughtful companion. The influence of woman—quiet, imperceptible, and all persuasive—is irresistible when directed by woman's instinctive tact and affection. The clamorers for woman's rights rarely attain their object; while the meek and yielding can bind manhood with chains of roses, more potent than chains of steel. The first inquiry of a woman after marriage should be—"How shall I continue the love I have inspired? How shall I preserve the heart I have won?" Endeavor to make your husband's habitation alluring to him. Let it be to him a sanctuary, to which his heart may always turn from the calamities of life. Make it a repose from his cares—a shelter from the world—a home not for his person only, but for his heart. He may meet with pleasure in other houses, but let him find happiness in his own. Should he be dejected, soothe him; should he be silent and thoughtful, do not heedlessly disturb him; should he be studious, favor him with all practicable facilities; or should he be peevish, make allowance for human nature, and by your sweetness, gentleness, and good humor, urge him continually to think, though he may not own it—"This woman is indeed a comfort to me; I cannot but love her, and requite such gentleness and affection as they deserve."

Invariably adorn yourself with delicacy and modesty. These, to a man of refinement, are attractions the most highly captivating, while their opposites never fail to inspire disgust. Let the delicacy and modesty of the bride be always, in a great degree, supported by the wife. If it be possible, let your husband suppose you think him a good husband, and it will be a strong stimulus to his being so. As long as he thinks he possesses the reputation, he will take some pains to deserve it; but when he has once lost the name, he will be apt to abandon the reality. Cultivate and exhibit, with the greatest care and constancy, cheerfulness and good humor. They give beauty to the finest face, and impart a charm where charms are not. Or, on the contrary, a gloomy, dissatisfied manner is chilling and repulsive to his feelings. He will

be very apt to seek elsewhere for those smiles and that cheerfulness which he finds not in his own house.

In the article of dress, study your husband's tastes. The opinions of others on this subject are of very little consequence if he approves. Particularly shun what the world calls, in ridicule, "curtain lectures." When you shut your door at night endeavor to shut out, the same moment, all discord and contention, and look upon your chamber as a secret retreat from the vexations of the world—a shelter sacred to peace and affection. How indecorous, offensive and sinful it is for a woman to exercise authority over her husband, and to say—"I will not have it so; it shall be as I like." But we trust the number of those who adopt this unbecoming and disgraceful manner is so small as to render it unnecessary for us to enlarge on the subject.

Be careful never to join in a jest and laugh at your husband. Conceal his faults, and speak only of his merits. Shun every approach to extravagance. The want of economy has involved millions in misery. Be neat, tidy, orderly, methodical. Rise early, breakfast early, have a place for everything, and everything in its place. Few things please a man more than seeing his wife notable and clever in the management of her household. A knowledge of cookery, as well as every other branch in housekeeping, is indispensable in a woman; and a wife should always endeavor to support with applause the character of the lady and the housewife. Let the home be your empire—your world. Let it be the scene of your wishes, your thoughts, your plans, your exertions. Let it be the stage on which, in the varied character of mother, of wife, and mistress, you strive to shine. In its sober, quiet scenes, let your heart cast its anchor; let your feelings and pursuits all be centered. Leave to your husband the task of distinguishing himself by his valor or his talents. Do you seek for fame at home, and let your applause be that of your servants, your children, your husband, your God. That fame is noblest which the true, loving, and affectionate wife secures from among the inmates of the family circle.



THE TALE OF A TRAVELLER.

"You see," said my great-grandfather, who had gathered a crowd of friends around him at the grocery store in Darby, one evening; "You see, I was once

a sailor before the mast, on a small vessel, which was cruising about in the South Atlantic Ocean.

She was a very small vessel, and so frail that I was afraid most all the time that she would go to pieces with all on board, but she didn't. It happened one day that I was sent aloft to nail some kind of a block on the top of the mainmast, and as we had no hatchet, I took an axe. I hit the mast three or four pretty stiff knocks, when all of a sudden I thought I felt her go down with a jerk. But she looked all right, and I thought it couldn't possibly be. So I came down and said nothing about it.

Three or four days afterwards the mate says to the captain:

"Cap. it's queer we don't sight land by this time."

"Very queer," says the captain.

"And what's funny about it is, that for several days my instruments have made us out to be in precisely the same latitude and longitude."

"Maybe something's the matter with the sun."

"Or perhaps the parallels of latitude have shifted."

"Or maybe you've made a mistake in your figures."

"I didn't think of that," says the mate.

So they took another observation, and found that they were in the same old place. Everybody was frightened, and it was not until after a close examination that it was at last ascertained that I had actually driven the mainmast down through the bottom of the ship into the mud, where it had stuck fast, and there the old tub had been spinning round and round, like a weathercock on a pole, all this time, without anybody knowing it.

To say that the captain was mad don't describe his condition. He roared around so about it that I got frightened, and hid myself in an old cask in the hold. There I laid all day, when it was decided to heave part of the cargo overboard so as to lighten ship, and the cask I was in was headed up, and me afraid to budge, and the whole concern heaved into the sea.

I was in that barrel about four days. It was a little crowded, to be sure, and it would roll some, but on the whole I was comfortable. One day I felt myself tossed on shore, and then I was so certain of saving my life, that I just turned over and took a first-class nap.

I was waked by something tickling my face. At first I thought it was a mosquito, but then I remembered that no mosquito could possibly have got into that barrel anyhow. I brushed at it again, and caught it. It was a straw. I gave it a jerk. Something

knocked against the barrel outside, and I heard the word—

“Tuyful!”

Then another straw was inserted, and I pulled that harder yet. Something struck the barrel again, and I heard this exclamation:

“Der Teyfel!”

Then another straw was put in, and I caught hold of it, and saw that it came through the bung-hole, and there was a man outside trying to suck something or other through that straw, and every time I gave her a jerk it jammed his old nose flat against the staves. So I gave her one more pull, and then, kicking the head out of the cask, I got out, and said to this fellow:

“Look a here; what in the deuce are you trying to do, anyhow?”

“*Nein*,” says he, shaking his head.

“What are you fooling around here for, say?”

“*Nein*,” says he.

“That makes eighteen,” says I.

“*Nein*,” says he.

“Twenty-seven,” says I. “Go on; I’ll add it up for you. I’m a lightning calculator, I am.”

“*Nein*.”

“Thirty-six, I said. “You appear to be a regular original old first nine. What club do you belong to, anyway?”

“*Nein*,” says he, still shaking his head.

“Forty-fi—” Just then it flashed across my mind that he was a Dutchman.

“Beer,” says I, to try him.

I had touched a sympathetic chord in his nature.

“Oh, yaw, yaw!” says he. “Ha! ha! das ist goot! Oh, yaw!” and we rushed into each others’ arms and wept.

I felt that I had found a friend.

I sincerely wished he had been my long lost brother, with the regular thing in strawberry marks on his arm, only I never had a brother, and he was never long lost, and never had anything on his arm.

But this German was a good fellow. He lived in Dutch Guiana, and had a wife and three pretty daughters, who were so precisely alike that I never could tell one from the other. I fell in love with one of them, I never could tell which, so I courted them all three, just as they happened to come.

One day they all came in together. I tried to be sweet on the one I thought was the right girl, and the other two got so mad that I was afraid they’d burst some blood-vessel or other. Then all three of them

said I had promised to marry them, and all three of them repeated the fond words I had whispered to them, and accused me of treachery.

It looked rough for me. There was entirely too much Love's chidings for comfort. I then offered to marry them all three, and take them to Salt Lake; or to cut myself in three pieces; or to drown myself with them, and perish in four watery graves.

Respectfully, but firmly declined.

Then they all went out. After a bit one came in and said:

"Abijah, dear, let us elope together, and leave these horrid women, and go to some sunny clime, where we can be happy in the fulness of each other's love."

"I will think it over, my angel," said I.

She passed out. Then one of them came in again.

"Abijah, dear, let us fly together, and leave these horrid women, and go to some sunny clime, where we can be happy in the fulness of each other's love."

"I say I will think it over, my angel."

And she disappeared. But she seemed anxious, so in she comes again.

"Abijah, dear, let us fly together, and leave these horrid women, and go to some sunny clime, where we can be happy in the fulness of each other's love."

"Look here, now, you've said that three times, and that's enough. My mind fully grasps the idea. I say I'll think it over."

"Why, I never said it before," says she

"The mischief you didn't," said I.

"Upon my sacred word and honor; I'll cross my breast to it."

I saw it all. They had all three tackled me with the same proposition. It was clear that I must fly. I made up my mind to take the very first boat that left Dutch Guiana for anywhere.

I left the house and hadn't gone more than a square when I saw the parent of the three girls in pursuit. We both ran. He carried his boomerang with him. He fired it at me. I dodged, and the boomerang flew back and brained him on the spot, and there were precisely three more beautiful orphans in Dutch Guiana than there were when I came.

I shipped on board an American vessel, and we got along well enough till a series of storms set in, and we were blown out of our course. The ship then sprang a leak, and foundered with all on board but me, who clung to the spar, and was washed on shore after a ride of three days o'er the dark waters of the deep blue sea.

I didn't know where I was ; probably in some strange land or other, I looked around. There was a hut about a mile off. I made for it. It contained one man.

"He is another blasted foreigner," said I to myself; "there is no use of trying to talk to him."

I wanted something to eat, so I opened my mouth wide, and pointed into it, and said:

"Aw—aw—aw—aw."

The man was evidently surprised. He appeared to think I had swallowed something or other; so he caught me by the jaws, and held them apart while he looked down my throat.

He seemed so disappointed that he didn't say anything.

"Aw—aw—aw—ough!" I grunted, still pointing in my mouth.

It seemed to occur to him that I had the toothache, for he went out and got a monkey-wrench, a pair of pincers, and a cross-cut saw.

"Um—um—um—um—um—um!" said I, in despair, rubbing my stomach.

His face lit up with the idea that I had the cramp colic, and he commenced exerting himself to spread a mustard-plaster. I shook my head, and rubbed my stomach, and grunted:

"Ow—ow—ow—ow."

At last he thought he had it—I must be poisoned; so he tried to improvise a stomach-pump out of two eel-skins and a syringe.

"Aw—aw—aw—aw!" groaned I, in despair, pointing to my mouth, and drawing a line down to my abdomen.

The thought suggested itself to him that I wanted him to rip me up, so he got out a butcher-knife and began sharpening it on his boot.

He was the most accommodating man I ever saw, that fellow.

Then, as a last resort, I began to clip my teeth together as if I were chewing something. He instantly jumped to the conclusion that I had been bitten by a dog and had hydrophobia. So he first took a bucket of water out of the room, and then began to feel my leg.

"Oh, pshaw!" said I, forgetting myself, "I want something to eat."

"Well, why in the thunder didn't you say so, then?" said he. "What are you standing there gibbering like some darned jackass for?"

"Why, I thought you couldn't understand English; I thought you were a foreigner" said I.

"And I took you for a wandering member of the deaf and dumb asylum."

"Deaf and dumb asylum!" said I; "of what place?"

"Why, of New Jersey, of course."

"Is this New Jersey, then?" I asked.

"You can just bet it is. Listen! there's the whistle of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company." I sat down and cried like a baby, when I remembered the number of times I had dead-headed on that very line in days of yore—days, I may say, that were now mingled with the irrevocable past.

"Take a clam," said the man, rousing me from my reverie.

I took a clam, I took a "snifter," I took all the eatables and drinkables in the place, and then I walked to the depot and came home, just on the very day, you recollect, my wife was going to be married to another man, and I wish I had staid away and let him.

And that is all.



MATURE SIRENS.

NOTHING is more incomprehensible to girls than the love and admiration sometimes given to middle-aged women. They cannot understand it; and nothing but experience will make them understand it. In their eyes a woman is out of the pale of personal affection altogether, when she has once lost that shining gloss of youth, that exquisite freshness of skin and suppleness of limb, which to them, in the insolent plenitude of their unfaded beauty, constitute the chief claims to admiration of their sex. And yet, they cannot conceal from themselves that the belle of eighteen is often deserted for the woman of forty, and that the patent witchery of their own youth and prettiness goes for nothing against the mysterious charms of a mature siren. What can they say to such an anomaly? There is no good in going about the world disdainfully wondering how on earth a man could ever have taken up with such an antiquated creature—suggestively asking their male friends what could he see in a woman of her age, old enough to be their mother? There the fact stands, and facts are stubborn things. The eligible suitor who has been coveted by more than one golden-haired girl, has married a woman twenty years her senior, and the middle-aged siren has actually carried off the

prize which nymphs in their teens have frantically desired to win. What is the secret? How is it done? The world, even of silly girls, has got past any belief in spells and talismans, such as Charlemagne's mistress wore, and yet the man's fascination seems to them quite as miraculous and almost as unholy as if it had been brought about by the black art. But if they had any analytical power, they would understand the *diablerie* of the mature sirens clearly enough, for it is not so difficult to understand when one puts one's mind to it.

In the first place, a woman of ripe age has a knowledge of the world, and a certain suavity of manner and moral flexibility, wholly wanting to the young. Young girls are, for the most part, all angels - harsh in their judgments, stiff in their prejudices, and narrow in their sympathies. They are full of combativeness and self-assertion, if they are of one kind of young people, or they are stupid and shy if they belong to another kind. They are talkative with nothing to say, and positive with nothing well and truly known; or they are monosyllabic dummies, who stammer out Yes and No at random, and whose brains become hopelessly confused at the first sentence a stranger utters. They are generally without pity; their want of experience making them hard toward sorrows which they scarcely understand, and, let us charitably hope, to a certain extent, ignorant of the pain they inflict. That famous article in the Times on the cruelty of young girls, *apropos* of Constance Kent's confession, though absurdly exaggerated, had in it the core of truth which gives the sting to such papers which makes them stick, and which is the real cause of the outcry they create. Girls are cruel; there is no question about it. If more passive than active, they are simply indifferent to the sufferings of others; if of a more active temperament, they find a positive pleasure in giving pain. A girl will say the most cruel things to her dearest friend, and then laugh at her because she cries. Even her own mother she will hurt and humiliate if she can; while as for any unfortunate aspirant not approved of, were he as tough-skinned as a rhinoceros, she would find means to make him wince. But all this acerbity is toned down in the mature woman. Experience has enlarged her sympathies, and knowledge of suffering has softened her heart to the sufferings of others. Her lessons of life, too, have taught her tact; and tact is one of the most valuable lessons that a man or woman can learn. She sees at a glance where are the weak points and sore

places in her companion, and she avoids them; or, if she passes over them it is with a hand so soft and tender, a touch so inexpressibly soothing, that she calms instead of irritating.

A girl would have come down upon the weak places heavily, and would have torn the bandages off the sore ones, jesting at scars because she herself had never felt a wound, and deriding the sybaritism of diachylon because ignorant of the anguish it conceals. Then the mature siren is thoughtful for others. Girls are self-asserting and aggressive. Life is so strong in them, and the instinct which prompts them to try their strength with all comers, and to get the best of everything everywhere, is so irrepressible, that they are often disagreeable because of their instinctive selfishness, and the craving, natural to the young, of taking all and giving back nothing. But the mature siren knows better than this. She knows that social success depends entirely on what each of us can throw into the common fund of society; that the surest way to be considered ourselves is to be considerate for others; that sympathy begets liking; and self-suppression leads to exaltation; and that if we want to gain love, we must first show how well we can give it. Her tact then, and her sympathy, her moral flexibility and quick comprehension of character, her readiness to give herself to others, are some of the reasons, among others, why the society of a cultivated, agreeable woman of certain age is sought by those men to whom women are more than mere mistresses or toys. Besides, she is a good conversationalist. She has no pretensions to any special or deep learning—for, if pedantic, she is spoiled as a siren at any age—but she knows a little about most things; at all events, she knows enough to make her a pleasant companion, and able to keep up the ball when thrown. And men like to talk to intelligent women. They do not like to be taught or corrected by them, but they like that quick, sympathetic intellect which follows them readily, and that amount of knowledge which makes a comfortable cushion for their own. And a mature siren who knows what she is about would never do more than this, even if she could.

Though the mature siren rests her claims to admiration on more than mere personal charms, and appeals to something beyond the senses, yet she is personable and well preserved, and, in a favorable light, looks nearly as young as ever. So the men say who knew her when she was twenty; who loved her then, and have gone on loving her, with a difference, despite

the twenty years that lie between this and then. Girls, indeed, despise her charms because she is no longer young; and yet she may be even more beautiful than youth. She knows all the little niceties of dress, and without going into the vulgar trickeries of paint and dyes—which would make her hideous—is up to the best arts of the toilet by which every minor beauty is given its fullest value. For part of the art and mystery of sirenhood is an accurate perception of times and conditions, and a careful avoidance of that suicidal mistake of which *la femme passee* is so often guilty—namely, setting herself in confessed rivalry with the young by trying to look like them, and so losing the good of what she has retained, and showing the ravages of time by the contrast. The mature siren is wiser than this. She knows exactly what she has and what she can do, and before all things, avoids whatever seems too youthful for her years; and this is one reason why she is always beautiful, because always in harmony. Besides she has very many good points—many positive charms still left. Her figure is still good—not slim and slender, certainly, but round and soft, and with that slower, riper, lazier grace, which is something quite different from the antelope-like elasticity of youth, and in its own way as lovely.

If her hair has lost its maiden luxuriance, she makes up with crafty arrangements of lace, which are almost as picturesque as the fashionable wisp of hay-like ends tumbling half way to the waist. She has still her white and shapely hands, with their pink, filbert-like nail; still her pleasant smile and square small teeth; her eyes are bright yet, and if the upper muscles are a little shrunk, the consequent apparent enlargement of the orbit only makes them more expressive; her lips are not yet withered, her skin is not wrinkled. Undeniably, when well-dressed and in a favorable light, the mature siren is as beautiful in her own way as the girlish belle; and the world knows it and acknowledges it.

That mature sirens can be passionately admired even when very mature, history gives us more than one example; and the first name that naturally occurs to one's mind as the type of this is that of the too famous Ninon de l'Enclos. And Ninon, if a trifle mythical, was yet a fact and an example. But not going quite to Ninon's age, we often see women of forty and upwards who are personally charming, and whom men love with as much warmth and tenderness as if they were in the heyday of life—women who

count their admirers by dozens, and who end by making a superb marriage, and having quite an Indian summer of romance and happiness. The young laugh at this idea of the Indian summer for a bride of forty-five; but it is true; for neither romance nor happiness, neither love nor mental youth, is a matter of years; and after all we are only as old as we feel, and certainly no older than we look. All women do not harden by time, nor wither, nor yet corrupt. Some merely ripen and mellow, and get enriched by the passage of years, retaining the most delicate womanliness—we had almost said girlishness—into quiet old age, and blushing under their grey hairs, while they shrink from anything coarse or vulgar or impure as sensitively as when they were girls. The woman of forty is the French term for the opening of the great gulf beyond which love cannot pass; but human history disproves this date, and shows that the heart can remain fresh and the person lovely long after—the mature siren can be adored by her own contemporaries when the rising generation regard her as nothing better than a chimney-corner fixture. Mr. Trollope has recognized the claims of the mature siren in his “Orley Farm” and “Miss Mackenzie;” and no one can deny the intense naturalness of the characters and the interest of the stories.

Another point with the mature woman is that she is not jealous nor exacting. She knows the world, and takes what comes with the philosophy that springs from knowledge. If she is of an enjoying nature—and she cannot be a siren else—she accepts such good as floats to the top without looking too deep into the cup and speculating on the time when she shall have drained it to the dregs. Men feel safe with her. If they have entered on a tender friendship with her, they know that there will be no scene, no tears, no upbraidings, when an inexorable fate comes in to end their pleasant little drama, with the inevitable wife as the scene-shifter. The mature siren knows so well that fate and the wife must break in between her and her friend, that she is resigned from the first to what is foredoomed, and so accepts her bitter portion, when it comes, with dignity and in silence. Where younger women would fall into hysterics and make a scene, perhaps go about the world taking their revenge in slander, the middle-aged woman holds out a friendly hand, and takes the back seat gallantly, never showing by word or look that she has felt her disposition. She becomes the best friend of the new household; and, if any one is jealous, ten to one it is the

husband that is jealous of her love for his wife ; or perhaps it is the wife herself, who cannot see what her husband can find to admire so much in Mrs. A., and who pouts at his extraordinary predilection for her, though of course she would scorn to be jealous—as, indeed, she has no cause. For even a mature siren, however delightful she may be, is not likely to come before a young wife in the heart of a young husband. Though the French paint the love of a woman of forty as pathetic, because slightly ridiculous and certainly hopeless, yet they arrange the theory of their social life, so that a youth is generally supposed to make his first love to a married woman many years his elder, and a mature siren finds her last love in a youth. We have not come to this yet in England, either in theory or practice ; and it is to be hoped that we never shall come to it.

Mature sirens are all very well for men of their own age, and it is pleasant to see them still loved and admired, and to recognize in them the claims of women to something higher than mere personal passion ; but the case would be very different if they became ghoulish seducers of the young, and kept up the habit of love by entangling boyish hearts and blighting youthful lives. As they are now, they form a charming element in society, and are of infinite use to the world. They are the ripe fruit in the garden where else everything would be green and immature—the last days of the golden summer just before the chills of autumn come on ; they contain in themselves the advantages of two distinct epochs, and while possessing as much personal charms as youth, possess also the gains which come by experience and maturity. They keep things together as the young alone could not do ; and no gathering of friends is perfect which has not one or two mature sirens to give the tone to the rest, and prevent excesses. They soften the asperities of high-handed boys and girls, which else would be too biting ; and they set people at ease, and make them in good humor with themselves, by the courtesy with which they listen to them, and the patience with which they bear with them. Even the very girls who hate them fiercely as rivals, love them passing well as half maternal, half sisterly companions ; and the first person to whom they would carry their sorrows would be a mature siren, quite capable on her own part of having caused them. It would be hard, indeed, if the loss of youth did not bring with it some compensations ; but the mature siren suffers less from that loss than any other kind of woman. Indeed, she seems to

have a private elixir of her own which is not quite drained dry when she dies, beloved and regretted at three-score years and ten; leaving behind her one or two old friends who were once her ardent lovers, and who still cherish her memory as that of the finest and most fascinating woman they ever knew—something which the present generation is utterly incapable of repeating.



ADVENTURE WITH A COBRA.

A CORRESPONDENT gives the following account of an adventure with a cobra di capello, which occurred to a gentleman who was reposing under a tamarind tree alone after a day of shooting:

I was aroused by the furious baying of my dogs; on turning round, I beheld a snake, of the cobra di capello species, directing its course to a point that would approximate very close upon my position. In an instant I was upon my feet. The instant the reptile became aware of my presence, in nautical phraseology, it boldly brought to, with expanded hood, eyes sparkling, neck beautifully arched, the head raised nearly two feet from the ground, and oscillating from side to side in a manner indicative of a resentful foe. I siezed a bamboo, left by one of the bearers, and hurled it at my opponent's head. I was fortunate enough to hit it beneath the eye. The reptile immediately fell from its imposing attitude, and lay apparently lifeless. Without a moment's reflection I seized it a little below the head, hauled it beneath the shelter of the tree, and very coolly sat down to examine the mouth for the poisoned fangs of which naturalists speak so much. While in the act of forcing the mouth open with a stalk, I felt the head gliding through my hand, and, to my utter astonishment, became aware that I now had to contend against the most deadly of reptiles in its full strength and vigor. Indeed, I was in a moment convinced of it, for, as I tightened my hold of the throat, its body became wreathed round my neck and arm. I had raised myself from a sitting posture to one knee; my right arm, to enable me to exert my strength, was extended. In such an attitude I must have appeared horrified enough to represent a deity in the Hindoo mythology, such as we often see rudely emblazoned on the portals of their native temples. It now became a matter of self-defence. To re-

tain my hold, it required my utmost strength to prevent the escape of the head, as my neck became a purchase for the animal to pull upon. If the reader is aware of the universal dread in which the cobra di capello is held throughout India, and the almost instant death which invariably follows its bite, he will, in some degree, be able to imagine what my feelings were at that moment. A shudder, a faint kind of disgusting sickness pervaded my whole frame, as I felt the cold, clammy fold of the reptile's body tightening round my neck. To attempt any delineation of my sensations would be absurd and futile; let it suffice, they were most horrible. I had now almost resolved to resign my hold. Had I done so, this tale would never have been written, as no doubt the head would have been brought to the extreme circumvolution to inflict the deadly wound. Even in the agony of such a moment, I could picture to myself the fierce glowing of the eyes, and the intimidating expansion of the hood ere it fastened its venomous and fatal hold upon my face or neck. To hold it much longer would be impossible. Immediately beneath my grasp there was an inward working and creeping of the skin, which seemed to be assisted by the very firmness with which I held it; my hand was gloved. Finding, in defiance of all my efforts, that my hand was each instant forced closer to my face, I was anxiously considering how to act in this horrible dilemma, when an idea struck me that, was it in my power to transfix the mouth with some sharp instrument, it would prevent the reptile from using its fangs, should it escape my hold of it. My gun lay at my feet; the ramrod appeared the very thing required, which, with some difficulty, I succeeded in drawing out, having only one hand disengaged. My right arm was now trembling from over-exertion, my hold becoming less firm, when I happily succeeded in passing the rod through the lower jaw up to its centre. It was not without considerable hesitation that I suddenly let go my hold of the throat, and seized the rod in both hands, at the same time bringing them over my head with a sudden jerk, disengaging the fold from my neck, which had latterly become almost tight enough to produce strangulation. There was then little difficulty in freeing my right arm, and ultimately throwing the reptile from me to the earth, where it continued to twist and writhe itself into a thousand contortions of rage and agony. To run to a neighboring stream to lave my neck, hands, and face in its cooling waters, was my first act after dispatching my formidable enemy.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S HAREM.

A FEW steps up Maine street from our hotel, a turn to the right, and we see the prophet's harem. The grounds occupied by Brigham are inclosed by a high wall, laid in cement. An eagle with spreading wings, clutching a beehive in his talons, is mounted over the gateway—emblematic of Brigham and the church. The main entrance faces the south. The grounds are well laid out, and there is an abundance of apple, pear, and peach trees. Grape-vines climb the walls and hang on trellises.

At the southwest corner of the grounds is the tithing office, where the tenth part of all that is produced in the territory passes into Brigham's hands. In rear of the tithing office are extensive sheds, where the saints find shelter while paying their tithing. Here also are several small buildings where Brigham's servants live—those employed about the premises.

A few steps east of the tithing office is a three-storied building, standing end to the road, large enough and long enough for a factory boarding-house. It has a steep, shingled roof, with ten gabled windows on each side. On the balcony over the door is a crouching lion.

This is the harem. A covered passage leads from the ground-floor to another building east, in which is the general business office of Brigham Young, and from which telegraph wires run to every hamlet in the territory. Another passage leads to the private office of Brigham—back of which is his private bedroom, where his concubines wait upon him—Amelia to-day, Emeline to-morrow, Lucy the day after.

Brigham's lawfully wedded wife was Mary Ann Angell—a native of New York—the mother of five children—Joseph, or "Joe," as he is called at Salt Lake, Brigham A., John, Alice, and Luna. She married the prophet while he was a young man, before he was a prophet, and with him accepted the revelations of Joseph Smith. She lives in a large stone building in the rear of the harem. Brigham does not often visit her now. The number of concubines in the harem is not known to the Gentile world. One report makes the number seventy, another gives only thirty. It is probable that the larger number includes those who are sealed to Brigham for eternity and not for time.

His first concubine is Lucy Decker. She is the lawful wife of Isaac Seely, mother of two children; but

Brigham could make her a queen in heaven, and so, bidding good-bye to Isaac, she became first concubine, and has added eight children to the prophet's household.

Her younger sister, Clara Decker, also aspired to be a heavenly queen, and became his second concubine, and is the mother of four children.

Miss Twiss has sandy hair, round features, blue eyes, low forehead, freckled face—but as she has no children, is not of much account in the eyes of the prophet. She looks after his clothes, sews buttons on his shirts, and acts the part of a housewife.

Emeline Free, as described by Mrs. Waite, wife of one of the United State Judges of the Territory, is the "light of the harem," tall, graceful, mild violet eyes, fair hair, inclined to curl. She was a lively young lady, and Brigham fell in love with her. Her father and mother were opposed to polygamy, but Emeline had ambitious projects, accepted his proposal, and became the favorite of the harem. The favor shown her brought on a row. The other concubines carried the jealousy to such a pitch that the prophet had a private passage constructed from his bedroom to Emeline's room, so that his visits to her and hers to him could be made without observation. She has contributed greatly to his glory in the future world, by presenting him with eight children in this.

Mrs. Augusta Cobb was formerly a Bostonian, became converted to Mormonism eighteen years ago, left her home, and accepted a position in the harem.

Mrs. Smith, a devout Mormon, wished to be sealed to Brigham for eternity, but the prophet did not care to make her a heavenly queen. He sealed her to Joseph Smith for eternity, and to himself for time.

One "poor unfortunate," Clara Chase, became a maniac, and has gone to where the wicked cease from troubling.

Amelia Folsom, a native of Portsmouth, N. H., is the mistress of the harem. She entered it on the 29th of January, 1863. She is about nineteen, and the prophet sixty-three. She has things pretty much her own way—a private box at the theatre, carriage of her own, silks, satins, a piano, parlor elegantly furnished. If the prophet slights her, she pays him in his own coin.

Such is an outline of this saintly household—thirty women or more, and seventy or eighty children. Unless human nature is vastly different in Utah from what it is in other places, there must be many family jars. The outward appearance is of a peaceable and orderly

community, but if there is a fraction of truth in common report, it is one of the saddest communities in the world.



THE PHYSICIAN'S LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

AMONG the many refugees whom America welcomed to her shores during the Reign of Terror, came one Rene Davoust, an individual of noble lineage and birth, though of but humble fortunes.

All that the guillotine had spared to this man of kith or kin was a little daughter—a frail and lovely child of six years, who bore the name of the hapless Marie Antoinette—woman of sorrows unutterable, of fortitude sublime.

Fair as the distinguished namesake, whose blonde beauty had oft-time moved her childish soul to delighted admiration, the little refugee bore yet upon her face the memory of the awful sorrow she had known—the bloody death of her young mother, whom, as the daughter of the marquis, (a nobleman, infamous to the people,) no influence, no prayers, no intercession could save.

Truly might the bereaved child have been compared to a lovely flower, whose parent stem some rude storm had snapped asunder, and, as the thus severed blossom, transplanted to a foreign soil, droops and fades away from the bloom of life toward the decay of death, so this little one found no health or joyousness in the land upon whose fair, free shores fate had cast her unhappy parent: but, with eyes always mournful with the sorrow of the past, and face pallid and serene as that with which her young mother went forth to the guillotine, the child seemed meekly bending her head to the keen sickle of the reaper, Death—grim tyrant, who, of all mankind, best loveth the young, the pure, the fair. Yet, even as the flower transplanted may, nurtured by the gardener's tender and skilful hand, bloom forth once more in all its former loveliness, so it was decreed that, at a time when Rene Davoust had desparingly resigned himself to the thought of his beloved child's dissolution, she was to find in one, of whom we will now speak, the healer of the subtle decline of her body, and the reviver of the

spirits which the companionship of her stern, sorrowful father, equally with the remembrance of the death of her mother, had served so fearfully and unnaturally to depress.

Norman Hope was one of those men who, endowed by nature with rare gifts of mind and person, seem ever doomed to be the scorn of fortune, wandering outside the pale of her golden, enchanted realms, hand in hand with that poverty whose chilly fingers, clutching the heart of genius, have so often stilled its splendid throbbing into silence.

At thirty years of age, with a profound and erudite knowledge of the art of healing in its many branches, particularly of that which treats of pulmonary decay, (the insidious foe gnawing at the vitals of Davoust's child)—with that ardent enthusiasm for his profession which is one of the essential characteristics of the true physician—with a hand strong and skilful to sever the useless limb from the tortured body, soft and tender to clasp the pulse of agony, and smooth the aching, burning brow—with a heart gentle as a woman's, yet full of the nobility and strength of manhood—Norman Hope was poor, friendless, and without any immediate prospect of ever being otherwise.

His practice, in the great city in which he dwelt, was among its unfortunate starvelings; these gave him their prayers, their blessings, but seldom a fee; nor could the young physician find it in his heart to press his claims where hunger sat at the board, and cold shivered at the hearth-stone.

By what chance Davoust came to place his child under this man's care, at a period when celebrated practitioners had pronounced her death verdict, is unknown; but certain it is that, ere the first month of his attendance upon her passed away, the pallor of the grave forsook her face, while the premonitory brightness of returning health began to creep into her sorrowful, slumbrous eyes.

Then it was that all the innate brightness and vivacity of Norman Hope's nature was brought into play. This child, whose life he was to save, needed, little less than draught and potion, the companionship of a healthy, joyous spirit, and such was his, despite his threadbare clothes, and the low state of his finances.

Davoust's profound melancholy never left him, and communicating itself, as it did, to the little girl, Norman deemed it best for a while to banish him almost entirely from her presence.

A nurse was procured—a lively, good-natured Hibernian, who, although at first sorely perplexed by

the foreign speech of her patient, (who was equally perplexed by the loud brogue of her attendant), came at length to comprehend the "haythenish languidge," and to be able to respond in a manner, ludicrous, it is true, but still not unintelligible.

Norman spent three or four hours of each day with the child, and, during these hours, the services of the nurse were dispensed with. Then were heard such sounds of childish merriment as, reaching Davoust's ears, aroused him from the contemplation of his sorrows to thanksgiving for the restoration of his daughter. Norman, always talking, walking, or romping with the child, would never allow her for a moment to babble of *pauvre mere*. Having been made acquainted by Davoust with this melancholy part of the child's history, it was his study to banish it as much as possible from her memory; nor did he fail so to do, for, though it was not probable that Marie would ever forget the mournful fate of her mother, she at least ceased to dwell upon its remembrance with the old morbid, despairing grief.

Thoroughly conversant with the French language, it now became one of his pleasures to instruct the child in his own; and who shall say that his heart did not swell with prophetic joy when she first lisped in his native tongue, "Marie loves you."

In six months the necessity for his professional visits had ceased, but still some part of each day found him with the young being whom he had rescued from death, and between whom and himself had been formed a bond of love never afterward to be broken.

Davoust was too deeply grateful to the saviour of his child to look coldly upon this affection; for, indeed, aside from any sense of gratitude, he had contracted a warm friendship for the young man—a friendship springing from appreciation of his genius, pity for his poverty, and love for his geniality of humor and kindness of heart.

CHAPTER II.

TWELVE years had passed away, and still Rene Davoust, though no longer a refugee, lingered upon the American shores.

France was full of deadly memories for him, nor could Marie, now upon the verge of womanhood, endure the thought of a return to the scenes connected with the one great sorrow of her life.

"Let us live and die in this beautiful land," she would say, "loving it as the country of our adoption, even while France is not forgotten, though to think of her is to weep."

Fair young Marie! Promise fulfilled of a childhood as lovely as a dream of Heaven! What pen shall portray the idolatrous passion with which Norman, whose years rested lightly on his splendid brow, now regarded her. Every pure and holy thought of his heart was connected with her; every aspiration of his life was for her; in her "he lived and had his being;" his soul acknowledged her as its angel, and the day in which he saw her not was sunless.

And Marie—was she conscious of this adoration of tenderness? As the placid waters of a lake to the tempestuous waves of the ocean, so the heart of this girl to the heart of the man who loved her; and, as the calm lake-waters, in their inland home, reck not of the stormy waves lashing the shores of the world, so this heart, still throbbing to the music of childhood, knew naught of the heart whose chords the fingers of love were now touching into dream-like happiness, and now striking into passionate pain.

The years had not made any material change in the physician's worldly affairs. Still fortune mocked him; still the rich knew him not; still the poor loved him. But the sunny, blithesome spirit was a little sombre now. Love had suggested the necessity of wealth, thus sowing the seeds of discontent, near which joy may not flourish.

He loved Marie too unselfishly not to hesitate in asking her to share a life of toil and privation; and this very hesitancy, generous though it was, nearly cost him the happiness of a lifetime.

It was impossible that the girl's beauty of person and gentleness of demeanor should not attract admirers. One there was who beheld her humble home as the temple of a goddess, and who, having obtained access to the thus idealized abode, did not long delay the avowal of a love which, though it bewildered and flattered its recipient, had but the effect of awakening her to the knowledge of her hitherto slumbering, yet intense, regard for another—that other the Norman of our story.

No longer, now, might her heart be compared to a placid lake, so wildly it throbbed within her bosom. The serenity of childhood was gone forever. Love had crowned her with the diadem of womanhood, and poured its sweet, joyous essence into her young veins.

But he to whom this change was due stood sullenly

aloof, and, blinded to the truth by the fury of jealousy, watched gloomily for the hour of his rival's triumph—a formidable rival, indeed; young, wealthy, of fine personal appearance, moral, intelligent, and more than all, firmly determined upon winning the heart of the woman he loved, despite her first rejection of his suit.

Thus time passed on, until at length, one morning Marie, tortured by his apparent coldness, (he frequently absented himself from her presence for weeks at a time,) threw herself upon her father's breast, and amid tears, sobs, and passionate, incoherent exclamations, announced her intention of accepting the hand of the man whose affection she might never hope to return.

Then it was that gratitude and friendship triumphed over the promptings of pride and ambition.

That night Davoust sought Norman.

"You love Marie," he said, "speak ere it be too late."

"It is in vain—truly, too late," said the other, coldly. "This young man—this curled darling of wealth—has already won the heart I—"

"No more!" said Davoust. "The child loves you. She is mad with the thought that you care not for her."

"How know you this?" asked Norman, his soul vibrating fearfully between hope and despair.

"Did she not tell me this morning that she means to marry the man whom she confesses she does not love? Did she not weep in an agony of shame when I spoke of you? Did she not—"

The speaker was alone. Smiling to himself, he prepared to follow leisurely the swift footsteps which had preceded him.

"Truly, love is winged!" he said. "Eh, bein! A poor marriage for my little Marie the other would have been. Parbleu! let me not speak of it. What do I not owe this good American?"

In this strain he soliloquized as he wended his way homeward, even while Norman, with his young love pressed to his heart, was forgetting the hours of anguish he had known; and Marie, with perhaps a thought of pity for the lost cause, giving herself up to the divine joy of the present, not caring to look beyond.

Fortune, so long cold to the merits of the man, as if wooed by the loveliness of her whom he made his wife, smiled at last upon Norman Hope. A few years, and wealth and fame were his; but these his heart esteemed not, turning ever for its joy to the loves of Home and Heaven

A CALIFORNIA YARN.

THERE is a fellow over at Groundhog's Glory who has a rich claim for sale. Sam Hodgers heard about it the other day and went over there to see what the chances were for making a good bargain. Sam is a dissatisfied sort of a fellow, and is always trying to buy into something rich. So, as I was saying, he bulged right over to Groundhog's Glory the moment he heard of it.

When he got there he found that the owner of the claim and his wife had gone on a visit to another family in the Big Bug Canon. The only person about the premises was a small boy about twelve years old. From him Sam obtained some information which the owner himself might not have communicated.

Sam went down with the boy and took a look at the claim. While he was casting his eyes around, the boy sat on the bank and whistled "Oh Gosh! my own Jemima."

Having finished his survey, Sam went up and sat down beside the innocent juvenile.

"Bub," said he, "I've heard that this is a rich claim, and it does look pretty well. Now, to tell the honest truth, what does your father want to sell out for if it's as rich as they say?"

The small boy stopped whistling, cocked his head to one side, closed one eye, and squinted thoughtfully at Sam with the other.

"Stranger, have you got half a dollar about you? If you have, perhaps I wouldn't mind telling you."

Sam forked over the half dollar, and the boy looked at it a moment and whistled, "Get out of the Wilderness."

"Well, feller, bein' as it is you, I don't object to saying that the reason Dad wants to sell this here claim, is 'cause it is too rich."

"Too rich! Played out," put in Sam.

"Now, stranger, you jest hold your hosses till I get through, an I'll explain it to you. You see this ain't like other claims where the gold is in sandy gravel, and mostly in the bed-rock, but the bank here is nearly all clay, and there's heaps and gobs of fine gold all through it. The clay is the all-fired stickiest stuff that ever wuz, and you can't begin to work it. When Dad gets to work down there he naterally gets the darned stuff all over him, and when he comes in at night he's jest coated with it about six

inches deep more or less, and this clay is plum full of gold."

"I don't see that that's any reason for his wanting to sell out," interrupted Sam.

"Well, old hoss, you keep cool and don't get ram-pagious, and I'll tell you how it is. When Dad comes in at night he's mighty tired, but Mam, you see, is such an awful economical woman that she don't like to see so much gold wasted as Dad has about him in the clay every night, so Mam she allers turns in and cleans him up. At first she used to be satisfied with scraping him down with a hoe and panning him out. She made lots of money at that. He used to pan out rich, I tell you. But pretty soon Mam got unsatisfied 'cause it took too long to pan him out every night, and besides, she didn't get half the gold. The clay was so sticky it wouldn't wash good. Then she got a string of sluices out in front of the house and put up a little hydraulic and used to pipe him off. Dad was dreadful mad about it. You ought to hear him growl and cuss. He said it was too wearin' for a man to work in the drain all day and then to be worked himself at night. He had to give in, though. Mam said he shouldn't board with her if he didn't, and that fetched him, you bet.

"Things ran on in this way for some time. The old woman made two or three hundred dollars a week reg'lar. But as I told you before, she was awful savin' and she found she couldn't pipe him off clean, and lost ever so much in the tailin's. You don't know how sticky the clay is around here. The only way in which you can work it clean is to chuck it into a kittle of bilin' water and bile it for two or three hours. That's the way the fellow what first struck the claim used to work the rich crevices. Mam heerd of this, and she thought if she could work the old man in some such way, she could save the gold. Of course she didn't expect to bile him right down, you know. That wouldn't have been exactly on the square, but she thought if she could let him stand in the middlin' hot water for an hour or two every night, she could run him thro' the hydraulic then and wash him off pretty clean.

"Well, stranger, you mightn't think it, but Dad was so pesky contrary that he wouldn't do it. Mam said he'd got to do it, 'cause she wasn't goin' to see money thrown away by no such contrariness. Neither one of 'em wouldn't give in, so they concluded they'd split the difference by letting Dad sell out and go below and buy a ranch.

"That's jest how it is stranger; if you ain't married and want to buy this claim, you can make a mighty good thing out of it, but if you've got a wife she won't let you rest for tryin' to work you to good advantage."

Here the unsophisticated infant finished and walked away, calmly whistling, "I wish I was a Daisy," while Sam retired to reflect on the matter, for he was, and is, married.



GEOLOGY AND THE CREATION.

MR. J. SCOTT MOORE, an Irish geologist, has just published a volume entitled "Pre-Glacial Man; or, Geological Chronology." He regards each Mosaic "day" as an extended cycle of time, and believes that the Lower Miocene epoch commenced about 1,000,000 years ago, and the Upper Miocene about 825,000 years ago. The Upper Miocene blended with the Pliocene about 675,000, and the Pliocene with the Post-Pliocene about 350,000 years ago. The Post Pliocene *glacial epoch* gradually crept on about 350,000 years since, and lasted for 270,000 or 280,000 years. The recent period of geology succeeded about 50,000 years ago, and the current period, 6,001 years back, viz., at the time of the creation of Adam. He concluded that *pre-glacial* man existed on the earth more than 350,000 years ago, and that the *post-glacial* or present man has existed *only* 70,000 to 80,000 years.



FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

LIFE has been likened unto the passing of a vessel from shore to shore, and the artist, in his sketch on the subject, has given us a beautiful representation, true to the various stages of human existence. Time is at the oars, a veteran of uncertain age, who, since the first days of creation, has taken upon himself to take charge of all who arrive on this terrestrial sphere. And amid storm and shine we find the pilot at his post, the passing years having no other effect than to give him that mechanical sameness of action supposed to be acquired by long practice. With measured stroke his oar dips into the sparkling tide of years, and were it not that memory will oft revert to the

past, oblivion, like the wave, would hide from us the course we have come.

In the prow of our imaginary barque are two of the opposite sexes, who have attained that age when we first become conscious that it is impossible for human kind to live in the present, and with earnest glance they are viewing the distant shore. Hope has spread its bow in the dim distance, and experience has not yet taught them the lesson of contentment. They dream of the joys now in bright prospective, thinking little and caring less for present necessities.

And why should care its shadow cast,
When darker hours may come at last?
Why seek to dim hope's first fair light?
'Twill come full soon—the withering blight.

With sturdy stroke the boatman has propelled the frail barque of human existence o'er a lapse of years, and though experience has been limited, yet the zephyrs of time have left their impress on the heart, and childhood, with its imperfect conceptions of life, has merged into youth, when the soul goeth forth to mate with one of like passions. The gaze has been withdrawn from the distance of futurity, the bow of promise has come, and now centres upon the one object, the acquisition of which promises all that the present and future can desire. The youth has become a lover, and she, the object of his affection, has burst the bud of the early spring-time, and yielding to love's witching spell, lives only in the bliss of the present.

Little do they care what the future may bring;
Life is all flowers and the birds sweetly sing;
They hear not the dip of the silent oar
Wafting them across from shore to shore.

Youth is lost in the more advanced years of manhood; hope's first fair bloom has been blunted by the realities of life, and by degrees the soul has resumed its yearning for future things. The maiden became a wife and mother, and though love forsook not its throne, yet the ways of Providence are such that the things of this life fail to satisfy the longings of the heart. Her trust is in him who has promised to love, honor, and cherish, but she has heard the dip of the oar, and knoweth that she is fleeting to that bourne from whence no traveller returneth. And even when the heart is given to joy and revelry, the mystical bell of conscience will sound as if heard from afar upon the waters of life, while the chords of the heart

vibrate to the highest and holiest aspirations of human kind.

The mists of imagination rise from off the deep, and life becomes like the full-blown rose of the summer, which loads the air with its fragrance. Does the boatman ship his oars that we may enjoy this blissful season? Will he not stop for a brief time, that we may pluck off the perfect flowers, and drink in the beauty of matured experience?

He pauseth not from morn till e'en,
'Tho' the day is fair, and life's meads are green ;
But with steady dip of the silent oar,
Bears us along from shore to shore.

Ah! come we now to the last solemn stage of human existence ; and though we look back, and at times regret the swift passage of the years, yet we are nearing the shore of the eternal world, and the plashing of the waves are as music to the ear. Conscience is hushed by the conviction that life has been in accordance with the laws of God and man. White-robed Peace hovers o'er, with sweet assurance of eternal life, and with bowed head the voyager exclaims, "Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Has the boatman paused that we may the better be prepared to enter the spirit-world? Has anything been forgotten or misplaced? Or can we think of aught which, being left undone, must remain undone at last? There are times when it seemed as if the boatman paused and lay on his oars just previous to landing on the other shore, and life is prolonged beyond the average of human existence. The intellect becomes weak, reason totters on its throne, and man, yielding to the apathy of old age, once more becomes a child in thought and act.

And this is life, with its various changes ; but oft the Angel of Death, obedient to the will of the Master, will hover o'er us ; and when the shadow lifts, some one of our loved ones is found to have gone on before. Mortal eye hath seen nothing beyond this, and though human understanding may pierce the things pertaining to life, we cannot hope to look beyond the veil of human existence.

When the angel shall come with chilling breath,
And bid proud mortals robe for death,
Then may the soul gladly wing its flight
To that beautiful land where care is o'er,
There to dwell in love's eternal light,
Never again to pass from shore to shore.



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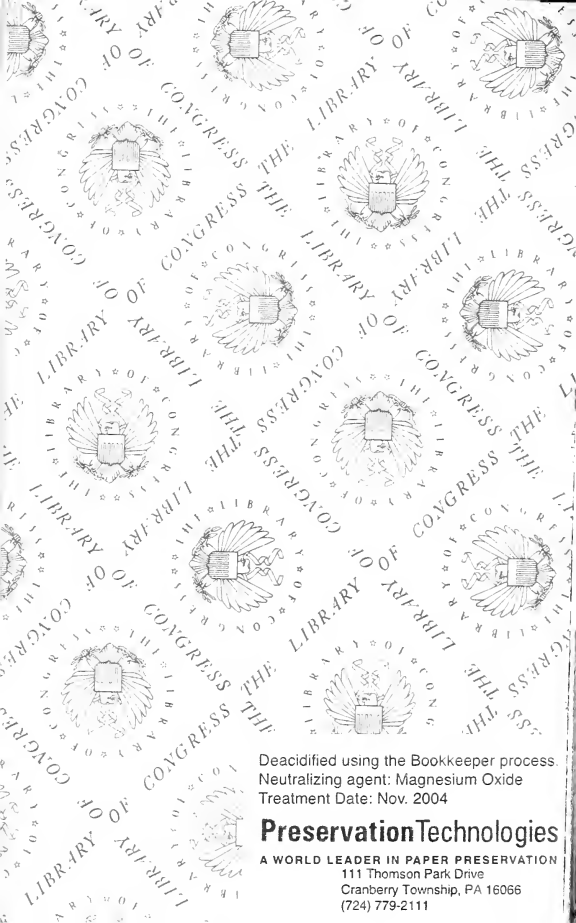
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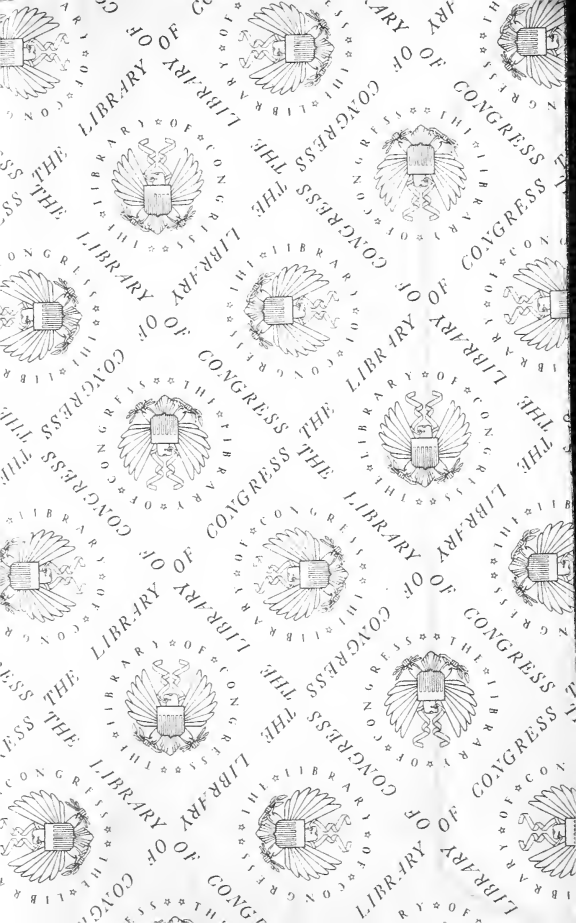


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